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THE

ROMANCE OF MISSIONS:

OR,

INSIDE VIEWS OF LIFE AND LABOR,

IN THE

LAND OF ARARAT.

BY

MARIA A. WEST,

MISSIONARY OF THE AMERICAN BOARD IN TURKEY,

AUTHOR OF "KEY TO OPEN THE BIBLE," AND "LOVING COUNSELS FOR THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN OF TURKEY," (IN THE ARMENIAN LANGUAGE.)

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION BY MRS. CHARLES,

AUTHOR OF

"THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA CHRONICLES," ETC., ETC.

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SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

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EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

TO

THE MINISTERING WOMEN

OF

AMERICA AND ENGLAND,

WHO, LIKE THE MARYS AND MARTHAS, THE JOANNAS AND SUSANNAS OF OLD,

FOLLOW IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE MASTER,

"MINISTERING TO HIM OF THEIR SUBSTANCE," IN PALACE BEAUTIFUL, OR IN LOWLY COTTAGE, IN "EVERY CITY AND VILLAGE" WHERE HE, IN THE PERSON OF HIS DISCIPLES, IS "PREACHING AND SHOWING THE GLAD TIDINGS OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD,"

AND ESPECIALLY TO MY BELOVED FRIEND

MRS. CHRISTOPHER R. ROBERT,

OF NEW YORK,

WHO, FOR TEN YEARS, VOLUNTARILY AND GENEROUSLY DEFRAYED THE EXPENSES OF MY MISSIONARY LIFE, AVOIDING ALL PUBLIC ACKNOWLEDGMENT, AND ONLY STIPULATING THAT I SHOULD REST, WHEN WORN AND WEARY,

THESE SKETCHES

ARE

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED.

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
JUN 12 1958

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

INTRODUCTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

"SCHÖNBERG-COTTA CHRONICLES."

MISS WEST has asked me to write an introduction to this record of missionary life and work in the East.

If her written words touch hearts in America, as I have seen her spoken words move educated women among us, and a company of poor mothers in the East of London, they will need no introduction from any one.

But a few words of most reverent and affectionate sympathy with the noble Christian work of American missionaries in the East, I feel it a delight and an honor to have an opportunity of giving.

I have seen and known American men and women devoted to those Oriental missions, who seemed to me to come as near to the first type and the last ideal

of Christian life as any I hope to know; lives laid down for the Master and the brethren with such entire consecration, and simplicity, and joy, that when, at last, from one of these,* the life was demanded, and laid down in death, we felt it was scarcely a fresh sacrifice, but merely the natural fulfilment of all that had gone before. Their motto might have been, from one of the finest of our Collects, "*That so they, being ready in body and soul, might cheerfully accomplish all that Thou wouldest have done.*" It was to no mere controversy with external error that these lives were devoted. It was to a penetration of dead words and dead forms with new life. It was to a piercing of consciences and kindling of hearts. It was to a bringing home of the lost and bewildered sheep—not into one human fold or another—but to the Shepherd of all the Flock of God, to the One Shepherd of the One Flock in heaven and earth.

May the record of such work in these pages, do as much for bewildered hearts which need it as much, in America and in England.

* Rev. Augustus Walker, of Diarbekir, Mesopotamia.

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLO

PREFATORY NOTE.

AFTER various futile attempts, and in spite of the distractions and diversions occasioned by travel, missionary work at home, and a long-continued search for lost vitality, this work—which was long urged upon me by friends abroad, as also in my own country—is now an accomplished fact.

As regards its aim and scope, it will speak for itself. Had it been my own work simply, to be portrayed in this volume, it would never have seen the light!

Should any be disposed to complain of a lack of groundwork in dates and statistics, I would with pleasure refer them for the same to a recent and valuable work on the "Armenian Mission," by the Rev. Dr. Anderson, former Secretary of the American Board. It may, however, be well to state, in this connection, that my missionary life was commenced in Constantinople, on the last day of January, 1853, when the dew of youth yet "lay upon my tabernacle," and the "world was all before me where to choose:"—that I did not offer my services to the Board, but was *called* to a work for which I felt unfitted, which I had never anticipated, and would never have dared to enter without hearing the Divine Command and Commission. And here I may quote, as my own experience, the testimony of Florence Nightingale respecting herself: "If I could give

you information of my life, it would be to show how a woman of very ordinary ability has been led by God in strange and unaccustomed paths, to *do in His service, what He has done in her*. And, if I could tell you all, you would see how GOD HAS DONE ALL, and I nothing. I have worked hard, very hard, that is all; and I HAVE NEVER REFUSED GOD ANYTHING!" . . . And now, in the prime of life, with renewed vigor (after five years of reluctant tarrying in the land of my fathers), I anticipate another campaign of missionary service, of my own free choice, as the grandest, the most ennobling, and inspiring ministry to which God has admitted the fellowship of man!

When the proposition to prepare these narratives for the press was first made, an almost insurmountable obstacle presented itself in the fear that such publicity, if known to our Armenian converts, might seriously mar the simplicity of their Christian character. This evil I have endeavored to obviate by changing the names of persons now living, whose history is briefly sketched in these pages. And I may add, that the pictures are not intentionally embellished; it has been my aim to adhere, faithfully, to the original in each portraiture, giving the very words employed by individuals, and truthfully stating both sides, so far as known.

Some of the specimens of Christian manhood and womanhood, shown as the result of only a few years of culture, remind one of the noble fruits produced by the virgin soil of California. And yet they are none the less the genuine outcome of a PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY, which everyone who bears the Christian name should show, as the evidence of being "rooted and grounded in Christ." If Christian culture were made as prominent and as thorough at home as in some favored por-

tions of the foreign soil, perhaps there would be fewer barren trees in the Vineyard of the Lord!

I cannot close this allusion to home-husbandry and home-piety without a word of grateful acknowledgment to those warm hearted, large-souled Christian "fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters," in whose homes, and by whose encouragement and sympathy, this work has been wrought out. Nor can I forget the friends of Christ in England and Scotland, who, when I was too exhausted to reach my native shores, and sadly needing the ministry of love, received the "American Missionary" as one of their very own, in many a home of the rarest refinement, culture, and elegance, and by many a cheerful fireside whose memory still warms my heart!

The abiding hope that the Master would use this offspring of much prayer and faith to advance His own Cause and Kingdom in the earth,—and thus redeem the years which, after a life of such active service, seemed running to waste,—has made the otherwise tedious and toilsome work of preparation a health-giving, soul-inspiring labor of love! And to Him, by whose aid alone it has been completed, I now commit it, with humble confidence that He will "prosper it in that whereunto it is sent."

M. A W.

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SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

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Scripture Motto.

"But the Lord said unto me, Say not, 'I am a child;' for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak:" "For God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: That no flesh should glory in His presence."

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

CHAPTER I.

BARDEZAG.

"TEACHER," said young preacher Hohannes, as he seated himself on the divan by my side, "I have come to talk with you about a very important matter. You see how much work there is to be done for the women of this village; and according to the customs of our country, it is impossible for me to go out and in among the families, and labor as you have done, during the weeks of your stay among us. None but a woman can do it; and therefore I wish you to give me Iskoohi, to be my help-mate in work for Christ."

The proposition was a great surprise, and I answered the young man with a decided negative: "Iskoohi is my assistant in the school at Constantinople; she has been carefully trained for her work, and there is no one else of her maturity of character, and piety, to fill the place. I cannot spare her." But my reply only served to increase his earnestness, and the young preacher urged his suit with so much vigor

and native eloquence, that I finally compromised by consenting to leave the decision with the maiden herself.

"And you will ask her to be my *wife?*" Hohannes said, as he was preparing to leave, with a very satisfied look on his face. This was new business for me, and I exclaimed at his presumption: "That is asking too much, Hohannes! you are trying to rob me, and will take my hand to perform the deed!" "Yes," he replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I suppose that is what you left America for—to provide Christian wives for us young preachers!" An argument which could not be gainsayed.

Calling Iskoohi to my room, I placed the matter before her, in all its bearings. She was sitting by the table, and as I proceeded, rested her head upon her hands, but made no response. Very reluctantly, I asked the important question —"Wilt thou go with this man?" and waited, in silence, and with an anxious heart, her answer. At last, she softly whispered, "Just as you please." The scale had turned against me, and Hohannes had won the prize! Then, lifting her blushing face, Iskoohi said, "Teacher, you know that I am nineteen years of age, which is considered very old in our country. My friends have long persecuted me because I did not marry. They say it is a shame, and a disgrace to the family. I wished to give myself wholly to the work of the Lord, as you have done; but perhaps I can serve him in this way."

This was the closing experience of a few weeks' visit, and work among the women, in the village of Bardezag—"little garden"—situated on a sunny slope of one of the mountains of Bithynia, ten miles south of Nicomedia, and about sixty miles south-east of Constantinople. It had never occurred to me that "match-making" would be one of the require-

ments of a missionary teacher, in a country where the mothers arrange all the preliminaries of marriage—a business mostly performed in the public baths and at church! But an abundant after-experience brought more knowledge, if not facility, in the novel task, until, greatly to my relief, the young theologues were permitted to do the courting for themselves! In due time, Hohannes and Iskoohi were united, and that first experiment proved a complete success.

AMOOJA.

Among the most pleasing incidents of my visit to that "mountain garden," was an acquaintance with Amooja, the first Protestant of the place; a noble-looking, patriarchal Armenian, whose benign countenance, and long white beard falling over his breast, with head crowned by a snowy turban, and flowing garments confined at the waist by an ample girdle, made me think that "Father Abraham" must have presented very much such an appearance. He saluted me with all the courtliness and polish which marks the Oriental, to which was added the warmth of a Christian heart. With glowing face, and easy flow of words, he told me in his own language the story of his conversion to pure Christianity; and I listened with intense interest to the thrilling recital. "You must know, Varzhoohi (teacher), that ours is a purely Armenian village, of about a thousand houses There are no Turks or Greeks living among us. As a people, we have little to do with the outside world, and we are very much devoted to our Church and faith. Some years ago, we learned that Protestantism (that, as we supposed, vile emanation from Satan) had entered the city of Nicomedia. The chief men of the place, of whom I was one, bound themselves by an

oath to keep it out of our village, or, if need be, to drive it out by the sword. But God is stronger than Satan, and truth than the strong man armed. My son-in-law was a traveling merchant; returning from one of his journeys, he brought a little book which had in some way fallen into his possession. Not being a reader, he gave me the tract, which I read, in ignorance of its source. It was entitled, 'Light of the Soul;' and, truly, it brought light to my dark soul! I saw myself a lost sinner, but I also saw the Saviour, who came to seek and save the lost, and accepted Him with great joy. Then I was sure that this was from the Protestant missionaries, concerning whom I had believed so many lies. Wishing to see how it would affect another, I carried the precious leaves to an intimate friend, who was also a reader, and he likewise accepted the truth. We were both hungry for more knowledge of this new way, and secretly sought an interview with Pastor Harooteun of Nicomedia. From him we obtained a copy of the New Testament, in our spoken language (in place of the ancient Armenian version used in the churches). Finding, after a time, that our visits to him could not be continued, we induced Pastor Resurrection to meet us on the Sabbath-days, in caves, or secluded glens among the mountains, that he might more perfectly instruct us in the truth. And I, being somewhat deaf, used to lean upon his breast, as did the beloved disciple upon the bosom of our Saviour, that I might drink in every word; for I hungered and thirsted for the Bread and the Water of Life! After a time, our friends suspected that we were straying from the fold, and came out with sticks and stones to find and punish us. For this reason, we repeatedly changed our place of meeting. At last, my conscience was

thoroughly aroused, and I said to my friend, 'I must come out, and confess Christ. It is like a fire shut up in my bones! I can no longer keep silence!' 'Very well,' he replied, 'you know what the consequence will be.' 'I know,' I answered, 'but I can no longer deny my Saviour.' The next day, I came out boldly in the market-place, and openly proclaimed the fact that I had become a Protestant, a follower of Jesus, rather than of the Virgin Mary. Immediately the crowd set upon me with stones and clubs, and anything within reach. I fled to the house of a brother-in-law, who was one of the head men of the place, and he said, 'I will protect you this time, but you must never look to me again, unless you come back to the Church.

"After various endeavors to induce me to recant, they put me in a church-office, the more effectually to shut my mouth. This for a time succeeded, for how could I preach Christ when serving the superstitions of our old Church? But I remembered that the Master said, 'He that is not with Me, is against Me.' Conscience spoke more loudly than ever, and after a brief space, I threw up the office, proclaiming more boldly than before the truth of the blessed Gospel; and it seemed very strange to me that, whereas once when I, as a ringleader, proposed any wickedness, my companions would clap me on the shoulder, and say, 'Well done! we are with you,' now they scorned to go with me in a good way. One day, while at work in my vineyard, the young men banded together and commenced stoning me violently. 'Stone away!' I said to them; 'I deserve it, for I denied my Saviour; but know that these stones will become the foundation of the Church of Christ in this place!' They left me insensible on the ground, thinking me dead; and when I recovered con-

sciousness, I gathered as many of the stones as I could carry, and took them to my house; and, 'varzhoohi,' he continued, while his eyes kindled with the glow of his soul, 'I have them now, and when our chapel is built they will be placed in the foundation.'"

THE CHAPEL.

It was on a Saturday evening in July, but a few hours after my arrival at the village in the mountains, when I listened to this interesting story. The next morning, I entered the rude place of worship adjoining the house occupied by the missionary family but recently stationed at Bardezag, who were newly learning the language. A strange scene met my gaze in that long, narrow room; eighty or a hundred people were seated upon the floor, which was covered with coarse matting—the men on one side, and the women on the other, with a sprinkling of children between. Unlike most of their Eastern sisters, these village women were unveiled, their head-dress resembling that of the Greeks. The short jacket, partly open in front, and full trowsers of blue cloth falling over the ankle, and confined by a girdle at the waist, was very similar to the dress worn by the men. Some of the older women wore long bib-aprons of blue cotton, covered with white figures in strange devices, somewhat similar to Masonic aprons. A few of the older men retained the turban, but the larger number wore the more modern "fez" (a red felt cap with blue tassel) for a head-covering, which was never removed except during prayer. Many of the young girls had gold or silver coin, and some even shells and beads woven among

the braids of their long dark hair, which fell loosely over their shoulders.

The dingy mud walls, and small windows, gave a sombre look to the place, which had been enlarged by taking down a partition-wall, and throwing two small rooms into one—a very common proceeding among missionaries in commencing their work in a new place. An "upper room" is usually secured, and when it becomes necessary to enlarge their borders, an adjoining apartment is taken in by removing the wall; as the congregation increases, another wall comes down, till there are no more rooms to be thus appropriated. In Aintab, where the ground-floor was used, the end wall was finally knocked out, and, as one of the missionaries said, "All out-doors let in!" And this we call, "Church Extension!" A striking emblem of other "partition walls" which are also being broken down by the Gospel of Love, and vital union in Christ. "For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us."

The service was conducted with much solemnity and earnestness by a graduate of the Mission Seminary at Constantinople. When the hymn was given out, the people united in singing with spirit, if not with "understanding," for the tune was unlike anything I had ever before heard. Such Turkish trills and quavers, now soaring high and quivering in the upper air, till one imagined they would lose themselves; then suddenly dropping to a deep, guttural base, with a dead pause at the end of each line. After listening intently to the singing of three verses, my ear caught a familiar strain, and wonderingly recognized "Old Hundred."

A WALK THROUGH THE VILLAGE.

Monday morning was spent in surveying the place, and calling upon some of the Protestant families with my missionary sister, Mrs. Parsons. As we passed through the narrow streets of the compactly-built village, I was struck with the primitive life of the people. Women and children were pattering about over the rough stones with bare feet, or clattering in wooden clogs, and most of their household employments seemed to be carried on in the open thoroughfare. Here and there were groups washing, or cooking, over fires built in the middle of the street. At one side, two women were beating out flax with heavy flails; at another corner, two more were pounding grain for family use, in the huge stone mortar belonging to the village, each in turn dealing a blow with her ponderous pestle; and the air resounded with their vigorous strokes. In the door-ways sat elderly matrons knitting, or busily plying the distaff and spindle; and, occasionally, a portly dame was occupied in bathing her own portion of the "rising generation," which swarmed at every step. Sixteen or eighteen children was a not uncommon family for a middle aged woman; but in every such household, eight or ten—probably the weaker ones—had died in infancy.

The people had turned themselves out of the best portion of their mud dwellings to accommodate the dainty silk-worms; and in not a few houses we found persons prostrate with malarial fever, lying upon couches spread on the ground, in dark, damp courts or passage-ways; and the air was heavy with effluvia from decaying vegetable or animal matter. Our progress was not infrequently interrupted by a fresh flood of water emptied from washing-troughs, or other de-

posits, made in the pathways by the busy housewives; and a gory stream which swelled the tide, betokened the recent slaughter of some animal in the public square. Although but a day's journey from the Capital, very few of these simple-minded villagers had ever traveled beyond the boundaries of their mountain home. The product of their fields and flocks, and the labor of their hands sufficed for most of their few wants; and their traffic with the outer world was usually carried on by agents, who came at intervals to purchase their home manufactures.

Knowing little of life beyond their own sphere, and content to jog on in the "good old ways of their forefathers," they were wholly guiltless of any modern device to evade the primal curse. Of "labor-saving machines" they had never heard; and the follies and fashions, the changes and upheavals of the great outside world, affected them no more than the angry roar and breaking waves of old ocean, the rugged rocks of some island shore.

Their houses, built of mud and sticks, were mostly two-story, unplastered and unpainted, with small windows filled with oiled paper in the winter season; the furniture consisting of a low divan, a few pieces of carpeting or matting; their beds of wool or cotton piled up in a corner during the day, and spread upon the floor at night, the entire family camping down in one room, and all eating from one dish upon the wooden or copper tray, placed a little above the ground. Trees were abundant and vegetation rank,—for frequent rains fell among the mountains, when the hill-sides of Constantinople were parched and burning with the summer heat, causing the public fountains to fail, and creating great distress among the poor.

The people generally had such a hearty, independent, satisfied air, that one could only desire to infuse the spirit of a pure Christianity which should leaven the whole mass, and bring in its train the blessings of a true civilization.

Our appearance among them excited not a little curiosity, and many a woman paused in her work, and stood with arms akimbo as she gazed upon us, while the children were not slow to manifest their sense of our presence by noisy ejaculations, and rude staring, as they gathered in our pathway. But we were cordially greeted by the few women belonging to the Protestant community, and a number of others promised to come to the meeting in the afternoon.

THE MOTHERS' MEETING.

At the appointed time, forty women gathered in the chapel and sat at my feet while I read to them the story of the woman of Samaria, and in simple language, as to children, tried to unfold the "Glad Tidings" of a Saviour for poor, sinful woman. The "old, old story" was new to many of them, and it was touching to see their interest. As one and another bent forward in her eagerness to catch every word, the big tears gathered and rolled down many a furrowed face, and dropped, dropped, unheeded on the floor. And I realized more fully than ever before, the blessedness of the missionary work; the high honor and sacred privilege of following in the footsteps of Him who "came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Suddenly, one of the women burst out with the question, "Varzhoohi, have you a mother?" "O, yes! a *blessed* mother," I answered. "Can she read?" asked ano her. "Yes, indeed; she learned to read when only four years old, and she also writes; sending many precious letters to her far-away daughter." "But how

could she give you up to go so far away?" was the next query. "Because she loves you so much. She prays for you every day," I said. "Now listen, and I will tell you all about it." New interest lighted up some hitherto stolid countenances as I told them of that saintly mother—how she loved Jesus, and trained her children for Him, and found in her Bible and prayer, blessed comfort and support in her widowhood, and the loss of three of her sons; that when the call came for me to leave all and go to a strange country in obedience to the great command—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," she said, though with many tears, "My child, I gave you to God in infancy, and if He calls I cannot withhold you. If *one soul* is saved through your instrumentality, it will repay me for the sacrifice I make in giving you up." This brief history of a mother, a woman—like, and yet so unlike, themselves, touched a chord which vibrated in the hearts of these simple children of nature; one and another nodded to her neighbor, wonderingly, as if to say, "*What love is this?* If *she* so cares for us, how ought we to care for ourselves." And then, it was easy and delightful to turn their attention to that *greater* Love, which spared not "His only begotten and well-beloved Son." Iskoohi offered a fervent prayer, and the meeting was closed; but the women lingered and gathered around me for a few more words. As they were slowly leaving, one of the more aged turned back, and throwing her arms around me, exclaimed, "You are an angel sent from God to teach us!" And again I thanked God for the privilege of breaking the bread of life to those starving souls. Ah! Love was the golden key which had opened those hearts; the most potent force in the universe.

THE SINGING-SCHOOL.

While we were seated at the tea-table that evening, Mr. Parsons was called away, but soon returned with smiling face, to say that a delegation had come from the men to ask if they could be admitted to the singing-school appointed for the women. That men were willing to be taught by a *woman* was an unheard-of thing in Turkey, and that women should have privileges in which their "lords and masters" begged to share, was indeed turning the tables. For, not content with ordinary restrictions, as sufficient to keep the "weaker vessel" in her proper place, the authorities of the village had framed a law like that of the Medes and Persians, forbidding any woman to go to Church till she was the mother of two children. This request betokened a fresh rent in the ancient walls of pride and prejudice, prophetic of their final overthrow. So we said to the men, "You may come, if you will behave as well as the women." The permission was joyfully received; and a few moments later, when we stooped to pass through a low door cut in the mud wall, we found a numerous company of men, women, and children, quietly seated in the chapel, ready for their first singing-lesson. After an appropriate prayer, the black-board was suspended and the musical scale written upon it, while every movement was curiously watched by the crowd. I told them that I was going to teach them the A B C of music, and soon all were engaged in repeating, in concert, the—to them—strange syllables, keeping time by swaying the body back and forth, as in Turkish schools. When the sounds were given they seemed much amused; but in a moment or two, were singing with all their might, and with much evident en-

joyment. A little drilling on "Old Hundred," proved that it was far easier to teach new methods than to reform the old. When it was correctly sung for them, they saw the difference, and one of the men who was spokesman for the rest, said, "Varzhoohi, we have never had any one to teach us. We have picked up all we know of Gospel-singing, second-hand, from some Protestant brother passing through the place; and we shall be very thankful if you will teach us." A little more of patient drilling, line by line, and they sang a verse of "Old Hundred" correctly, greatly to their delight; and then commenced learning a new tune, of light, rapid movement, and pleasing melody. But we took no note of time, and the evening was rapidly passing, when, during a pause in the exercise, I heard one woman say to another, "We must go home; you know we have had no dinner." "What! did you not eat before coming?" I asked, knowing that the evening repast was the principal meal of the day, and often the only cooked meal among Orientals. "No," they answered, "it was late when we came home from the fields; so we gave the children a piece, and left the dinner stewing over the coals." "Very well; then of course you will go home." "What's all this?" said some of the men, catching a few words of the conversation, and approaching the corner. "We can get dinner any day, but we can't get *Singing-school!*" So said the majority; and while a few mothers went home with their younger children, the rest remained, and sang away with unabated freshness and zeal. Their enthusiasm was inspiring. But by-and-by, my voice began to show signs of giving out, although the melodeon had been brought in to aid in guiding their vigorous, but untrained voices. Mr. Parsons looked at his watch, and

exclaimed, "Do you know it is almost eleven o'clock! These people would stay till midnight if we would let them!" So I said to them, "*Pavaganā; zhamanigā doon yertaloo*"—it is sufficient; it is time to go home.—But no one moved. "Why do they not go?" I inquired. "O!" said Mr. Parsons, with a pleased look, "these Protestants have a way of beginning and ending everything with prayer; and they are waiting for that." Preacher Hohannes was asked to close the exercises, and he devoutly gave thanks for the privilege of learning to sing God's praises on *earth;* after which, the people quickly dispersed. Standing by the open windows, we listened to the echoes coming back, as the various groups ascended the steep streets, singing all the way to their homes; and never did the "*Do, ra, me, fa, sol, la, si, do,*" sound so sweetly. "O!" said sister Sarah, "if *mother* could only have been here this evening!"

GOSPEL SOWING AND REAPING.

The next morning we sallied forth again, to see more of the people in their homes, that we might the better learn how to adapt ourselves to them; going first to a Protestant house. The small upper room was soon filled by those who had followed us, and others stood in the door-way, one head peering over another. Our hostess was poor, having neither cushion or divan, but she spread a piece of carpet for us on the floor, in one corner, and brought the Bible and hymn-book. The women were all very attentive and quiet, while a chapter of our Lord's teaching was read and explained; looking through the low window at my side, I saw the neighbors collected at their open casements, and listening, across the narrow street! The morning was spent in this way—a

sort of "protracted meeting;" the women frequently following us from one house to another.

No notice was given of a meeting in the chapel for that afternoon, for we had not expected to hold one every day; but greatly to our surprise and delight, sixty women presented themselves at the hour the meeting of the day previous had been held. This state of things continued, with increasing interest, from day to day, week after week; and yet there was no excitement; it was a deep, still current which bore us onward, out of and beyond ourselves: For "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

One day, when passing through the village with Iskoohi—who was a welcome guest among the Protestant families—we were startled to hear Amooja's clear, strong voice ringing like a trumpet, with no uncertain sound, through all the thoroughfares: "Come, all ye women! Come to the chapel and hear the woman-preacher!" This was a new thing for any country. Was it an inspiration? There were fully one hundred present that afternoon; and another day, when we were told that new women were coming from a distant quarter, the chapel proved too small for the gathering. Some sat in the windows, and others stood outside, that hot summer day, and listened, for the first time, to the Gospel message.

What a picture that company presented! All ages and classes were represented; there were hard, coarse, repulsive faces, upon which the soul, long given up to the sway of evil passions, had left its photograph; others, worn with many years of burden-bearing, yet not lacking in strength of character, and a certain degree of natural refinement. There were mothers with infants in their arms, and children of a larger growth by their side; and scattered among the crowd, here

and there, were youthful brides, and young girls, whose bright hazel eyes, and blooming faces, were very pleasant to look upon. It was such a company, doubtless, as Jesus often looked upon during His ministry on earth: And His teachings—so simple, and rich in illustration—never seemed to me so precious, as when attempting to instruct those poor, ignorant sisters.

Putting myself in their place, and telling the story of the cross in their mother-tongue, it seemed clothed with wonderful freshness, beauty, and power. It was almost like hearing it for the first time! verifying the promise, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." I noticed, on that occasion, a large boy, who sat in one corner, and seemed interested. Mrs. Parsons said that he had quietly slipped into a former meeting. I spoke to him, at the close of the exercises, and immediately the women began to tell me what a wicked boy he was; how he blasphemed, and threw stones at them on the way to the chapel, he, meanwhile, standing by, shrugging his shoulders, but saying nothing. After a little talk about Christ's coming to "call sinners, and not the righteous, to repentance," I told them the story of Morrison—afterwards missionary to China. The boy's face brightened, and he promised to come again. At another time, I was talking to the mothers about training their children, and referred to Hannah, the mother of Samuel. "What's that?" asked one of the women. "What! have you never heard that beautiful Bible story?" Instantly everyone gave her head that peculiar toss, with a negative elevation of the eyebrows, and audible touch of the tongue to the roof of the mouth, so common among the Eastern races. One of the three women belonging to the Bardezag (evangelical) church of ten mem-

bers, explained the reason of this ignorance: "Only three or four of us have learned to read; we have spelled out a few chapters in the New Testament, and that is all we know."

These women were quite young, and more tidy in their personal appearance than the others, and the love existing between them was very marked. Having frequently noticed an infant, tended and caressed by each of them, I finally asked which was the mother. "O, this is the only little one we sisters have among us; and it belongs to *us all*," was the reply. The Protestant women frequently told me how bitterly opposed they were at first; how, when their husbands became Protestants, they persecuted them in every possible way, even locking the doors, and keeping them out of their own homes for months.

After careful inquiry, we found but six women who could read, of all the hundreds in that village. They were taught by two small boys who attended the day-school.

SINGING THE GOSPEL.

Some of the women, who attended the afternoon meetings, frequently begged for a singing-lesson at the close, because, they said, their homes were so far away, that they could not come in the evening. The Friday evening lectures, on "Scripture characters," by preacher Hohannes, were very instructive and interesting; but when the hour was finished, the brethren and sisters never failed to petition for their singing-school!

Our argument, that one meeting should certainly suffice for an evening, did not satisfy them. They were "afraid they should forget much that they had learned, when the teacher went away."

The Armenians somewhat resemble the Germans, in their fondness for music, and gospel-singing is a power in Turkey! The hymns and tunes sung in the fields and vineyards by the Protestants, are frequently caught by those who are strangers to the truth, and can be reached in no other way. Many a poor, weak "brother," who cannot preach, can *sing for Jesus;* and in this simple way, saving truth is often carried, like wingèd seed, and lodged in the clefts of hitherto cold and barren hearts.

At Aintab, where the Sunday-school work has had unprecedented success, with 1,200 adults and children in regular attendance, at the Mission chapel, one of the indirect results is sometimes seen in the crowded thoroughfares of the city, in the shape of a veritable little Arab, all rags and dirt, sitting astride a loaded donkey, and singing, in Turkish, at the top of his shrill voice, "*I want to be an angel!*"

It is interesting to recall the fact that this delightful feature of modern Missionary work is but the reproduction of a custom which had wonderful power over the early Christians. "Go where you will," says Jerome, "the ploughman at his plough sings his joyful hallelujahs, the busy mower regales himself with his psalms, and the vine-dresser is singing one of the songs of David. Such are our songs—our love songs, as they are called—the solace of the shepherd in his solitude, and the husbandman in his toil." "In their songs of Zion, both old and young, men and women, bore a part." Such is the testimony of Hilary, A.D. 355. Ambrose remarks that the injunction of the apostle, forbidding women to speak in public, relates not to singing, "for this is delightful in every age, and suited to every sex." And Chrysostom says, "The young and the old, rich and poor, male and female, bond

and free, all join in one song. All worldly distinctions here cease, and the whole congregation form one general chorus."

At a later period, when the church was fast losing its characteristic simplicity and purity, those rude and solemn airs, and spiritual hymns, which so stirred the hearts of the people, and kept alive the greatest truths of religion, were exchanged for "heathen melodies," concerning which device of Satan, one of these church fathers writes, "Not with the voice, but with the *heart*, we sing praises to God—not like the comedians should they raise their sweet and liquid notes to entertain the assembly with theatrical songs and melodies in the church; but the fear of God, piety, and the knowledge of the Scriptures should inspire our songs. Then would not the voice of the singers, but the utterance of the divine word, expel the evil spirit from those who like Saul are possessed with it. But instead of this, that same spirit is invited rather to the possession of those who have converted the house of God into a pagan theatre." Finally, the more effectually to exclude the people from participation, the singing was in Latin.*

VENTURING INTO THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

One of the brethren who lived at the extremity of the village, surrounded by neighbors hostile to the Protestants, was very anxious that his wife should be persuaded to come to the chapel, and begged us to visit her. We asked some of our Protestant women to escort us, but no one was willing to go; they expressed great surprise that we should venture into that quarter, saying, "You have no idea how bitter they are against us. You will certainly be stoned, and very likely

* Coleman's Primitive Church.

meet with other abuse!" Finally, seeing that "none of these things moved us," they ceased trying to dissuade us, and one of the bravest consented to go also, though with much trembling and many fears. We found that neighborhood unusually quiet. The "lions' mouths" were all "shut," and we went on our way without a single affront, greatly to the astonishment of the good sister.

The mother of the husband met us at the door, on our arrival, and received us politely; but it was some time before the wife made her appearance, and then with much apparent timidity. For a while she was silent, taking no part in the conversation, which was principally concerning household matters, and the customs of our respective countries. But when we noticed the neatness of the house, and praised the finely-spun skeins of silk suspended upon the walls of the room where we were sitting, our appreciation of her handiwork seemed to have a mollifying effect; her face brightened, she brought some still finer silk from another room, and began to talk, in answer to our inquiries. It was evident, from the appearance of the two, that very amicable relations existed between mother-in-law and "bride," as the Armenians call the son's wife. The latter did not hesitate to speak in the presence of her mother-in-law, who, according to Eastern custom, is the mistress of the house. When the sons marry, they bring their wives home, and the mother-in-law generally rules them with a rod of iron. They are not allowed to speak in her presence till she grants permission, which is sometimes delayed for many years! In some cases, the mother-in-law dies before lifting the heavy yoke of imposed silence. The sceptre is then taken up by the wife of the eldest son, who, very likely, acts the part of "Re-

hoboam," as a sort of compensation for her long and bitter bondage. But, who shall say, henceforth, that woman cannot bide in silence?

By degrees, the bride's face softened, and her manner changed from the cold, formal stiffness she had at first maintained, to a genial warmth. The ice was at last melted, and she naively exclaimed, "*Why, you are just like other people!*" "Of course we are; what did you suppose we were like?" I laughingly asked. "O!" she replied, "I did not know exactly, but imagined everything horrible, and feared that you would work some Satanic 'spell' or 'charm' over me, so that I would be unable to resist your influence." We had a hearty laugh over the absurd stories with which her neighbors had filled her ears, and she seemed satisfied that they were fabrications, invented to keep people away from the Protestants. The "charm" was *Christian love.* She gave us a half-promise that she would learn to read, and accompany her husband to the chapel, to see and hear for herself; and we parted with much cordiality.

SEED BY THE WAYSIDE.

Another day, two of the Christian sisters accompanied me to the house of a sick woman; it was toward evening, and after a brief visit, we went to another house. As usual, the neighbors began to drop in; among them were three women from a village in the mountains beyond, who had come to Bardezag on business, and happened to be present during our call at the other house. As they entered the room, some one said, "Why, we thought you were in haste to go to your homes?" "The sun is still high," they answered; "we will go after a little." They had evidently come to hear more

of what was new to them. While I was speaking about glorifying God in all our works and ways, one of these women interrupted me with the question, "But *how can* I glorify God, or serve Him, when I must be in the fields at work all day?" After explaining, by a simple story, that it is the spirit in which we perform our daily tasks, that pleases and honors our Father in heaven, I tried, again, to make the way of salvation through Christ so plain to these souls, that if they never heard more, it would be sufficient to lead them to Him. They were but grown-up children, like all their country-women, unable to take in much at a time.

One truth, simplified, and illustrated from every-day life, and held up in various aspects, was all that their minds could grasp.

As the sun was sinking behind the mountains of Bithynia, those three women wended their way homeward, carrying with them the seeds of a new life, whose results none may know, till the "Day shall declare" all things. It was work fit for an angel's employ, but heavy with the weight of eternity.

Meanwhile, two letters were received from the Nicomedia church, complaining that they were passed by, like the cities of Samaria, while their "little sister" was enjoying such a refreshing visitation. They pleaded their claims of seniority and superiority, and urged immediate attention on our part.

Accordingly, a day was appointed, and I rode over one morning, a distance of ten miles, on horseback, accompanied by Mr. Parsons. An hour or two was spent in resting, and visiting with one of the families, after our arrival, and at noon, the meeting was held, in the city which was once the favorite residence of Roman Emperors. There was a goodly attendance of "sisters" at the commodious chapel, but

we were obliged to deny admittance to a number of the "brethren," who wished to come in and listen to the exercises.

Although the women were attentive, and seemed interested, I missed the moral magnetism which pervaded the atmosphere of our gatherings at Bardezag. Perhaps the Nicomedians were already beginning to be Gospel-hardened; or, more likely, the Holy Spirit was not working in their midst, as in the village; for, when God works, it matters little how feeble the instrument employed to gather in the harvest of souls. Many invitations were pressed upon us by the people to stay and spend a few days with them; but an injunction had been laid upon me by the Constantinople fathers, "not to tarry, even for a night," because of the fever which prevailed in Nicomedia at that season. So we mounted our horses soon after the meeting closed, and set forth on our return, taking a shorter, but rougher, path over the mountains. The day had proved oppressively hot, and the wind blew clouds of fine dust in our faces, a part of the way back, so that we were heartily glad when we reached the village, soon after night-fall. Twenty miles of horseback-riding over the mountains, to one unaccustomed to that mode of travel, was an experience which I did not care to repeat. The time was approaching when I must return to Constantinople to prepare for the school-campaign of another year, after these few weeks of vacation among the mountains, which, though delightful and refreshing to the soul, had proved exhausting to the "earthen vessel." The house must be opened and put in order, and the necessary stores laid in for a family of thirty or forty, besides a thousand other things which consume the time and strength of a missionary teacher and

house-keeper. But there yet remained a few final visits to be made among the women of Bardezag who professed to have accepted Christ as their Saviour.

EXAMINATION OF WOMEN FOR ADMISSION TO THE CHURCH.

"Varzhoohi, you know what I want to say! *I do love Jesus*, but I have no words to tell you!" Tears coursed down her pale face, and there was a world of meaning in the look which the humble, teachable disciple cast upon me, as she spoke. She had struggled in vain for utterance concerning her religious experience, and finally gave up the attempt. But I was satisfied. I felt sure that God had set His seal upon this poor woman; that she was His "*spirit child*"—as the Armenians call one who is adopted into the family. Ignorant indeed of creeds and doctrines, she could only say, "'I'm a poor sinner, just nothing at all. But Jesus Christ is my all in all!'" And who should deny her a place at His table? As I looked around the low, dark, rickety old room, and then upon the miserable bed upon which she was lying on the floor, suffering with chills and fever, yet rejoicing in God her Saviour, I thought of the "Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, *reserved* in heaven" for her, if truly "born of the Spirit." There were others of similar experience among the women whom I had been requested to examine for admission to the "Evangelical church of Bardezag." Their religious vocabulary was too meagre to express all that they really felt. But the outward change in their life and character gave evidence of that which was "inward and invisible." To such the Church must be a NURSERY, a *training-school*, as, indeed, it should be to all, for, how-

ever wise in the wisdom of this world, every new-born soul is but a feeble infant in the spiritual kingdom of Christ.

"I have as good a right to come to the communion as any other body! and truly, a *better* right than some; for I am a reader, and my husband was the first Protestant, and we have suffered the loss of much worldly goods for the cause!"

This was said by Mariam, the wife of Amooja, a vixen of the olden type—a very Xantippe—and for many years a thorn in the good man's side.

There was no Christ in her life; the surest token of no Christ in the heart: "Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His." Mariam represented a certain class of Protestants, not truly Christians, who still secretly held to the old belief in the sacrament as a saving ordinance. It was a great stumbling-block to such persons, that their children could not be baptized till the parents had been received as members of the church. The old Armenian church is essentially Romish in its rites and doctrines, and Protestants who are not truly "converted" are very much in the situation of the disciples to whom Paul said, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" and they answered: "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost!" "For they are not all Israel which are of Israel;" and the "mixed multitude" that follows the camp are ever a source of weakness and reproach to the true Israel; like their antitypes, they often "fall a-lusting" for the "flesh pots of Egypt."

"WORK FOR JESUS EVERYWHERE."

It was toward evening, at the conclusion of a round of calls; and while I was trying to make Mariam understand

the spiritual nature of the preparation necessary in a "communicant," Amooja came home. I was glad of the interruption, for his wife was evidently one of those before whom it is useless to cast the precious pearls of truth.

The good old man had a delightful story to tell. His countenance was radiant with some new joy which he longed to share with Christian hearts; and after the customary salutation, he seated himself on the divan, saying, "We have had a blessed time in my vineyard to-day! There are two or three young men working in a vineyard adjoining mine, who for a long time have not ceased to torment me in every way they could devise—cutting down my vines, spoiling my trees, robbing my fruit, throwing stones, and calling me wicked names. They were greatly delighted when they finally succeeded in turning off the stream by which I irrigated my grounds, using the vilest language of abuse at every remonstrance. But by the grace of God, I was enabled to give the 'soft answer that turneth away wrath,' and when they reviled, not to revile again; till, little by little, they softened, and became more respectful; and, *this afternoon*, those three young men came over the hedge, and sat down by my side, while I read a chapter of God's Word; and then we knelt together, on the green grass, under my mulberry trees, and I prayed!"

As Amooja finished the story, his fine face fairly shone with holy joy; he was "more than conqueror, through Christ," and the unanswerable logic of love! After a moment's pause, he said, "Ah, teacher, there is work everywhere—in the fields, the vineyards, the coffee-shops, the market, and by the way-side! *Work for Jesus everywhere!*" "Because your eyes and heart are ever open to seek it!" I

thought, and then said, "Your people are naturally religious, Amooja?" "Yes," he quickly replied, "I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge," taking his beloved Testament from his bosom, and at once turning to Romans x. 2. As he quoted those words of Paul, I was struck with his likeness, in character and experience, to the Apostle to the Gentiles. Like him, Amooja could say, in all sincerity, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ and be found in Him."

Surely, one such specimen of noble Christian manhood, among the Evangelical Armenians, should quicken the faith and open wide the purse of all who pray, "Thy kingdom come."

"The happy life and death of a true Christian woman"—as I had seen it—was the theme at my last meeting with the women.

The simple narrative of my Missionary sister, Mrs. Everett, showing what the grace of God could do for every one of them, seemed to touch their hearts. At the close, they gathered around me, saying, "O stay, and teach us *always!*" I told them that I would gladly stay, but God had given me another work—that of preparing teachers for them, and for their sisters all over the land—and they devoutly invoked His blessing upon my labors. Before we separated, I selected three or four bright little girls for our training-school at the Capital, and told their mothers to save them for me, and not allow them to be betrothed, or married—as is the custom, at a very early age. We rapidly reviewed the weeks so pleasantly spent together—the morning visitations from house to

house; the afternoon meetings; and the evening singing-lessons — with all their opportunities for learning how to serve and glorify God, and looking to future results, in time and eternity. Very grateful and loving words were spoken by the simple-hearted sisters, as they lingered long, reluctant to speak the final farewell.

A heavy rain had fallen a few days previous, over which the people rejoiced—"because it would prolong the teacher's stay"—and yet no storm was so severe as to keep them from the place of prayer. One day, when we did not expect anyone, the women had come in almost the usual number, through the pouring rain, unprotected by the modern "water-proof" or even umbrellas, in most cases!

A PARTING VIEW.

It did my heart good to see the earnest, honest faces of the "brethren," as they gathered for the good-bye. I had been impressed with the strong religious element in their characters, during the weeks of our constant intercourse; I saw how godliness quickened and developed all that was good and noble in their manhood, causing them to realize in some degree the possibilities of their higher nature. They must have felt themselves *growing!* It was beautiful to see the members of that little church, standing, shoulder to shoulder, mutual burden-bearers and care-takers in their youthful Zion! It was said of them, by outsiders, as of the disciples of old, "See how these brethren love one another!" Their appreciation of the Bible—that, to them, most wonderful Book—was delightful to witness; it was their strength and refreshment by day and comfort by night; a constant companion in all their goings out and comings in.

Their evenings, especially in winter, were spent in "searching the Scriptures;" often meeting in companies for this purpose, and sometimes holding discussions with those who still clung to the traditions of the old Armenian Church.

Flattery is a common commodity among Orientals; and the ease with which the lachrymal fountains overflow—when it suits their purpose—inclines one to be suspicious of any superfluous demonstration. But the childlike simplicity of these hearty mountaineers left no room to doubt their sincerity. They had sought only the best—spiritual gifts and teachings; and their warm-hearted expressions of gratitude, and Christian affection for the labors of the past few weeks were prized as coming from the heart. Surely, the Missionary brother and sister whose lot was cast among them, might have said, with the Psalmist, "We have a goodly heritage." And yet how few of those who dwell in "ceiled houses" at home, would be willing to live in that poor, uncomfortable mud-dwelling,—with the little study and kitchen both next the stable, opening from the dark, damp passage upon the uneven ground; and great cracks in the floors above, revealing all the family life; surrounded by an atmosphere often so impure and stifling at night, that refreshing sleep was sought in vain, and windows must be closed to keep out the offensive and poisonous effluvia. Ah! there are slow martyrdoms in the nineteenth century that cost infinitely more suffering than the short pang, and quick transition to heaven, by the stake or the executioner's block! But who that loves Christ, would not count it *all joy* to break the bread of life to such a people? and "willingly spend and be spent" for them?

Pacing slowly down the mountain side, and over the ver-

dant plain to the sea, through thickets of wild rose and shrub-oak, I turned my horse to look once more upon the place which had become so dear to my heart. A beautiful picture was spread out before me, tinted by the morning sun, in luxuriant vineyards, groves of mulberry, and fields of richest verdure, framed by a range of mountains sweeping around them, till they met the bright blue waters of the Gulf at their feet. Little villages peeped out from their setting of emerald, here and there among the lofty heights, like infants in the arms of a giant; and high up among them, was Bardezag—the Garden of the Lord.

CHAPTER II.

ADABAZAR.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, all the live-long day. Now passing over old Roman roads and bridges, and meeting long, narrow carts, with solid, clumsy wheels, drawn by buffaloes, and filled with lumber, or produce, or, perchance, a family, protected by a rude awning, and presenting some curious specimens of humanity; travelers on horseback—the stately Turk, with dagger and pistol in his cashmere girdle, his black attendant clad in loose garments of scarlet cloth; and veiled women riding, not "sidewise," but "*otherwise*," on mules or donkeys—sometimes with a large basket swung on each side of the saddle, from which peeped out the heads of children, like birdlings in a nest.

A train of camels in the distance added variety to the moving panorama, as my good steed paced steadily after the prophet's namesake, Ezekial, my Armenian escort. And now our path led us eastward, over the broad plain, away from the tide of life surging to and from the city which was once "a second Rome."* A range of hills swept nearly

* The historian Gibbon says, that Nicomedia was once inferior only to Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, in magnificence and populousness.

around the horizon, clad in misty robes of violet, with young forests springing up at their feet. The way grew narrower and pleasanter, fringed on either side with tangled wildwood, with little brooks purling through; scarlet berries gleamed amid the glossy green of the foliage, and trailing vines swung gracefully from trees and shrubs; the lazy piping of scattered birds and insects, and the monotonous tread of our horses' feet, alone disturbed the autumnal stillness which lay over the land that warm November day.

Again we emerged into an open space, with another stretch of plain, dotted over with clumps of grand old oaks, beneath whose shade we ate our lunch; and as evening approached, our path wound around the cliffs overhanging the lovely little lake "Savanja," the splashing of whose soft rippling waters upon the pebbly shore sounded like an evening song. The hills on the opposite side were lighted with rosy hues, playing amid the purple tinge, and in the distance lay the ruins of an old Greek town, built by, and named for, Helena, the mother of Constantine. A little later, and "the last faint pulse of quivering light" had faded out. The darkness deepened; a few belated travelers came up behind us, but soon turned off on other paths; camp-fires shone fitfully in the distance, and the tinkling of bells and furious barking of surly dogs, told of shepherds keeping watch over their flocks. A few pale stars looked out from their hazy shroud, but shed no light on the scene, and the last hour seemed very long as we went on, stumbling over unseen paths, rude bridges, and stony roads in the darkness.

Keble's evening song,—

> "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
> It is not night, if Thou art near,"—

served to solace and beguile the tedium of the lonely way; and never did those sweet words seem sweeter or more appropriate!

THE ARRIVAL.

But now lights began to gleam upon our gladdened sight: earthly lights, but needful and welcome to earthly travelers. We were nearing our journey's end. Our horses' hoofs soon clattered over the rough pavement of the town; street after street was slowly traversed, cheered by an occasional glimmering from some window, and at last we stopped before a door, which Ezekial opened, and I rode into the court-yard.

Mine host, Baron Kavork—Mr. George—came forth, and assisted me to alight, while he extended a hearty welcome to Adabazar.

At the head of the staircase, his daughter Prappion, my pupil, met me with a joyful greeting; she was followed by her mother, grandmother, and a troop of younger brothers and sisters, who had gone to bed, but roused up when they heard that the teacher had come. It was half-past nine o'clock; so late that they had ceased to look for us; but all seemed very happy over my arrival.

Prappion conducted me to a divan, in a room which I was told to consider mine, and the family gathered around for a little conversation, while she went to prepare a cup of tea, to refresh me after my wearisome ride of thirty miles.

The children were sent to bed, and soon a round copper-tray, with bread, honey, milk, and cheese, was placed before me on a low stool. B. Kavork reverently asked a blessing, returning thanks for Divine protection on the journey, and then partook with me of the refreshment; after which, Prappion spread a wool-bed in one corner upon the floor, and I was

kindly left alone, with full permission to prolong my slumbers in the morning as late as I pleased. Soon after I had retired, "Rest for the weary" floated to my ear from the outer room, where the children had camped down for the night, and were softly singing for my benefit. But sleep would not come at my bidding. The tramp, tramp of the horses sounded continually in my ears; and long hours of restless tossing intervened before "tired nature's sweet restorer" came to close my eyes.

When I left my room at a late hour the next morning, the family were scattered to their respective employments. But breakfast was quickly prepared for me, and to my surprise, the head of the house returned from his place of business to do the honors to his guest. A high, rude table had been constructed for the occasion, at which was placed two chairs, of similar workmanship; and upon the cloth were arranged plates, knives and forks, cups and saucers, and various dishes of food, after the European fashion.

My good host was very attentive and polite, but evidently not quite at ease in his new position.

It was very easy to trace these "new-fangled notions" to the daughter's influence, as a result of her "city education." But I was disappointed in not being allowed to mingle with the family in their accustomed ways, that I might the sooner get below the surface, and learn how to adapt myself to the real needs of the people among whom I had cast my lot.

After the repast was ended, I went into the garden, and finding Pailadzoon,—the youngest child and pet of the family—playing under the mulberry trees, tried to win the heart of the bright, brown-eyed little maiden. But she was very shy, and could not be induced to open her

lips to meet my advances. Aroosiag, the still young mother of a family of six children, was washing at a stone trough near the well, and the grandmother was sitting on a cushion in the door-way, busy with her distaff and spindle. The father had gone to his shop with his eldest son, a lad of fifteen, and the younger boys were at school. Prappion was singing at her work in the house.

It was a peaceful, pleasant domestic scene. The "little mother" in the foreground, looked very picturesque and graceful in her bright Turkish costume; her beautiful brown hair falling from beneath her head-dress in a broad sweep of fine silky braids, twenty or thirty in number, linked together by a tiny cross-braid, near the rippling ends which reached below her girdle. Her fair, oval face and dark eyes, were lighted by a very sweet expression; and when she spoke, I noticed the soft, low voice, which is esteemed "an excellent thing in woman," and thought the mother of my Prappion the most attractive Armenian woman I had ever seen.

THE DINNER.

In the evening, soon after dark, the family gathered for their principal meal; and I begged so hard to be admitted as one of themselves, that B. Kavork reluctantly consented, and all the fine modern arrangements disappeared. With true Oriental courtesy, he told me that I must consider his house as my own; myself a daughter, Prappion's elder sister; that if I wished anything, I had only to ask for it, and so far as lay in his power it would be granted "with all his heart."

The little stone-paved kitchen of this comfortable country house occupied one side of the front entrance; the lower

court, or passage, had no flooring but the bare hard earth, and from this open space, a few steps led to a broad platform at the foot of the main staircase. This platform, spread with strips of carpet, and with cushions ranged against the rough wall, was the dining-room. Here were two large trays placed upon low stools; each of these miniature tables was covered with a dark cloth of native manufacture, and another was spread underneath upon the floor, and brought over the lap to serve in place of napkins. The grandmother and part of the children gathered around one table, while the father and mother sat with the rest at the other; and my seat was next the head of the household. After all were quietly placed, the father laid aside his fez, and with uncovered head, devoutly implored the Divine blessing; he then replaced the cap, and proceeded to cut two loaves of brown bread, which one of the boys distributed around the edge of each tray.

The dinner consisted of four courses: first, rice prepared with various condiments, then a stew of mutton and vegetables, followed by roasted fowls, and lastly, some kind of spicy greens—uncooked—mixed with sour milk, which B. Kavork said was the farmers' favorite dish. He carved the fowls with his hands—having previously had water poured over them by the daughter, who "girded herself with a towel;" and offered me a portion without the intervention of fork or plate, remarking that they retained the customs of Abraham's time—which led us to speak of Joseph, who sent his brothers each a portion, when they sat at meat with him in Egypt.

The food was well cooked and palatable; Prappion served, and each course came on hot and smoking in a metal tureen.

When the cover was removed, I was requested to help myself, which I did with fork or spoon, keeping closely to my own corner of the heap, while all the rest dipped promiscuously into the common dish, the grandmother using her fingers for everything. I was reminded of our Lord's words as He sat with the twelve: "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me: he it is to whom I shall give a sop—morsel—when I shall have dipped it." This I saw the mother do, "sopping" a piece of bread in the stew, and handing it to little Pailadzoon.

We were conversing pleasantly about the customs of various countries, when a neighbor rapped at the door, came in, and was heartily invited to "sit by" and partake of the food; he declined, and we went on with our conversation, which seemed to interest him as he sat on the steps eating nuts which Prappion had handed him. As my host appeared to regret his inability to honor me by the style to which I was accustomed, I said to him, "If you should come to us in America, we could not change our way of living for you." "No," he replied, "but our customs are bad, and in time will change; they are now changing." "Well, if you adopt our customs, it will cost more money, and more time." "True," he answered, "it cannot be done at once;" but I fancied a shade of discontent in his tone. Was it the "divine discontent" so lauded by the poet and the philosopher?

THE FAMILY ROOMS.

After dinner, we repaired to the parlor, or "great room." The stair-way led to a large, almost square, central hall, from which opened four or five rooms. The huge pile of bedding in one corner, and the various articles suspended from the

smoky rafters of this hall, showed the simplicity of life, and the thrift and comfort of a family possessed of a competence. The walls were unplastered, and the wood-work unpainted and rough, with wide cracks, affording abundant circulation for currents of air. The "great room" was perhaps sixteen by twenty feet in size, and better finished; a low, broad divan extended nearly around three sides, covered with native carpet, of firm texture, woven in stripes; solid cushions ranged against the wall formed a back. Above the numerous white-curtained windows, a narrow shelf stretched around the room, upon which was deposited a few books, papers, pipes, etc., etc. And near the ceiling was a row of smaller windows, quite mosaic-like in the fanciful arrangement of glass, with bits of color between. The floor was spread with carpet similar to that on the divan, with here and there a thick rug, wrought in quaint devices and gay colors. A chest at one end, and a curiously carved little stand, completed the furnishing of the apartments.

It was a pleasant surprise to see pasted upon the wall, a picture of Washington, the "father of our country." Finding the familiar face in that far-off, out-of-the-way corner of the world, reminded me of a scene I once witnessed in the harbor of Constantinople. As our caique entered the Golden Horn, we suddenly saw the "stars and stripes" of our native land, flying from every mast-head of its forest of shipping; vessels of various nationalities seemed to vie with each other in their gay decorations for some festive occasion. For a moment we were puzzled, and exclaimed, "Why is it?" but when we remembered the day, the beautiful vision was explained. It was the 22d of February, Washington's birthday! Surely, "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Upon the wall opposite this picture was suspended a large card, with these words in English: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief;" and underneath was a translation in Armenian. This card was one of those sent from England for the soldiers during the Crimean war.

B. Alexan, the young preacher at Adabazar, came in and gave me a warm welcome to his native city. He had taught for a term or two, the day-school in our Seminary building at Constantinople, and it seemed like meeting an old friend. The old saying, "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," was not verified in his case. The Adabazar people were so anxious to secure his services, that they could not wait for him to finish his theological course at the Mission Seminary; and he consented to come and minister to them, on condition that he should be allowed three or four hours of uninterrupted study every day for four years; which they faithfully promised. The conversation turned upon an educated ministry. B. Alexan felt that it required much study and severe discipline of mind, to preach the truth with simplicity and clearness; but agreed with me, that not the wisest, the most learned and noble, but those most imbued with the spirit of Christ, are the most fruitful in the great end of preaching the Gospel; viz., the conversion and training of souls for the Master's service.

Taking from his pocket two newly-arrived copies of the "Independent," for which he was a subscriber, B. Alexan remarked that he had just been reading one of H. W. Beecher's sermons, and he gave me a brief outline of it in Armenian.

Mr. Beecher once said that "the Rocky Mountains were the back seats of his church," perhaps little dreaming that some of his great congregation were among the dwellers in Bithynia—where even Paul was not suffered to go—or that his utterances would be subjected to the criticisms of clear-headed young preachers of another race and tongue!

WORSHIP ON THE LORD'S DAY.

I was awakened at an early hour by the chattering of children in the outer room; soon they began to sing,—

> "There 'll be no more sorrow there;
> In heaven above where all is love,
> There 'll be no more sorrow there."

How sweetly it sounded! All nature seemed to rejoice in the blessed rest and quiet of the Sabbath morn. In the course of an hour the beds were removed from the floors and piled in their corners, and the family gathered in the "great room" for prayers. The picture presented by the assembled household was very impressive. The father sat *à la Turk*, at the end of the divan, his arm resting on the chest containing the family treasures, with the large Bible lying open before him. The grandmother sat opposite, surrounded by the older children, while the mother occupied a corner with a younger child on either side, and the other corner, which was the "seat of honor," was given to the guest. All were quiet and solemn while the father read the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians. Then every voice joined in singing a Sabbath-morning hymn; after which a prayer; then an exposition of the chapter read—which was a little preachment by the priest of the household; singing again, and a prayer by the

daughter closed the devotions. The boys were busy with their Bibles, in reviewing their Sunday-school lessons, and occasionally Prappion asked her father questions concerning the portion which she was preparing for her class. Half an hour later, we were called to breakfast; a cup of tea for me, in addition to the bread fried in butter and honey, and cheese and milk, which formed the simple morning meal.

At ten o'clock, we were summoned to public worship by the rapid strokes of a wooden mallet upon a thick board suspended above the roof of the chapel. The Turks have a superstition which has prohibited the use of bells, in the Empire; they believe that evil spirits are called down by their ringing; hence the "call to prayer" by the muezzin, who ascends the tall minaret of the mosque five times every day, and as he slowly paces around the narrow parapet, sends forth his clear, ringing tones in the words, "God is God, and Mahomet is His prophet; Come to prayers!" This vocal call to the followers of the false prophet in the land of the Crescent, is often used as the signal for a little company of Christ's disciples to meet in some "upper room," beneath the shadow of the Cross.

It was delightful to go up to the house of God on His holy day in company with this Christian family. The father, mother, and all the children, fresh and clean in Sunday attire, walked together to the place of prayer. And as my eye rested upon the pleasant group wending their way through the shady streets of that country town, occasionally meeting others whose feet were tending in the same direction, my heart was glad, and sent up a tribute of praise to Him who had permitted me to see such fruits of Gospel-seed

sown by the hand of His missionary servants. The gradual breaking down of social barriers, in a land where there is no such thing as unity in family life, where custom prohibits the husband and wife from eating together, or walking together in public, where people would be shocked to see a lady taking a gentleman's arm, or preceding him in entering a room, is one of the happy changes produced by the introduction of the Gospel leaven.

We entered the neat frame chapel, and took our seats upon plain wooden settees. There were eighty or a hundred people present. B. Alexan preached from the text, "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, and yet possessing all things;" a simple, earnest, practical discourse. We sang, "Just as I am;" and when we came to the words, "Thy blood was shed for me," large drops rolled down upon the book I held, and looking up, I saw them falling from the eyes of the good sister who looked over with me. She wiped them away—but the next verse opened afresh the fountain of feeling, and I rejoiced to see such tenderness.

The Sunday-school followed the morning service, and almost the entire congregation remained to take a part in it. I went with Prappion to the school-room below, and in a moment all the men and boys in the chapel were singing, "Would you be as angels are?" led by the pastor. We sang, one of the sisters prayed, and three of them repeated the lesson, which was in Acts; then Prappion commenced the exposition, as I had requested her to proceed as usual. There were twenty in the Bible-class, and they showed considerable acquaintance with Scripture. I joined in the interesting exercise, afterward addressed the younger ones,

and found it difficult to close at the end of the hour. Aroosiag's sister and her daughter went home with us, and we enjoyed a season of delightful Christian intercourse.

AT THE BEGINNING.

B. Kavork gave us a most interesting account of the rise of Protestantism in that city. "More than twenty years ago, a sick man by the name of Sdepan went from Adabazar to Nicomedia, to consult a doctor; and while there, he heard of the missionaries who had come on a visit, and went to see them. He could read, and they gave him tracts—'Light of the Soul'—(which was first written in Arabic by Mr. Whiting, a missionary of the American Board in Syria, and was so useful, that it was translated into Armenian, by a missionary at Stamboul;)—also one entitled 'Sermon for all the World;' and another called 'Head of the Church;' and they told him that 'Christ was the only Mediator, the only way of salvation.'"

This man went home and secretly told some of his friends, and one day his physician whispered to B. Kavork that there was a "new religion, a new faith sprung up; and, strange to tell, a new Bible!" That was all; but it affected him so much, that he could not sleep that night, and early the next morning went to see Sdepan, who was angry, and said, "Who told you?" When he replied that he need not be afraid, he only wanted to learn what it was, Sdepan softened, told him what the missionaries had said, and lent him the tracts. He read them—he had before considered himself very religious according to the Armenian Church—but light sprang up in his soul. The 5th of Matthew was a revelation!—Christ the only Mediator! "Then,"

said he to the man, "the *Saints* are not necessary to us!"

When Sdepan went to Constantinople, Kavork accompanied him, having business, and through his means, the Missionary Dwight came to their room. Sdepan said, "This is their bishop;" but when he saw him without a beard, he thought it could not be, "for he was but a boy!" But Mr. Dwight instructed him more fully in the new way, and constantly turned, while speaking, to passages in the New Testament, till Kavork said to himself, "He knows it all by heart!" Before leaving, he invited them to come on Tuesdays and Thursdays, to a room in the khan where he met Armenian merchants, and traders, who frequented the Capital on business. Afterwards, various missionaries visited Adabazar, where the truth had begun to take root; but they had to be very cautious, because of fierce opposition from the Old Church. Mr. Hamlin was once in danger of losing his life from a mob which surrounded the house where he spent the night, and only escaped through the friendship and bravery of his Turkish host.

But a little thing which appeals to Oriental tastes and sympathies, has sometimes turned the tide in favor of Christ's ambassador. Among the most bitter and unrelenting enemies of Dr. Azariah Smith of Aintab, was an old priest of the Armenian Church in that city, who had never seen him, and who, as he said, never wished to behold the "*missionar*." But it so happened that one day the two unexpectedly met in the house of one who was very ill, and in his extremity had availed himself of the doctor's acknowledged skill. The priest was for a moment confounded and amazed, when told the stranger's name; then gazing with softened

emotions upon the doctor's magnificent black beard, he approached, and gently stroking it, said, "God must love you very much to give you such a beard!"

At two o'clock we attended another service in the chapel. The subject of the Bible exposition was the feast of the passover, and the atonement made by the Lamb of God.

When we returned, I met the grandmother—who was neither a Protestant, nor a rigid Armenian, in matters of faith—and asked if she had enjoyed the Day of rest. She simply answered "Yes;" and I rejoined: "But you have not enjoyed spiritual refreshment as we have: you do not go up to the Lord's house to worship with His people." "No," said the old lady, "but I worship at home; wherever we pray, God is present to hear." "Why then did God manifest His presence in the temple of old? Why does the Bible say, 'Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is?'" She had no answer for this, but by-and-by began to tell me about the early times among the Protestants, and how much she had suffered, because her children were of the number. "Their windows were broken, and they were stoned and beaten till blood flowed!" B. Kavork joined in the conversation, and asked if she knew how much my forefathers had suffered for Christ—which was owing to a little sketch that I had given in our conversation at noon, about the "Pilgrim Fathers" of New-England.

THE EVENING SACRIFICE.

The glowing sun had sunk to rest in his couch of gold, beneath a canopy of gorgeous hues, which tinted all the sky; a soothing hush seemed to fall upon nature, as if a

gentle mother were calling her tired children to repose and prayer; and in that calm twilight hour, we again gathered in the "great room," for family worship. After reading a few verses of Scripture and singing a hymn, the father asked his children in turn, if they remembered the subject of his morning discourse; and the words were repeated, "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." He then turned to the "little mother," and said, "Wife, what is it to be newly created?" and she answered simply, "It is to be born of the Holy Spirit." He afterward recapitulated the different divisions: to have new ideas of God, new conceptions of His character; of Christ, and the work of salvation; new experience of the workings of the Spirit in the heart, live a new life, etc." He then turned to me and invited me to speak. I said that I had been thinking of the new love which made all things new, changed the aspect of everything: that love impelled to action; the newly-created in Christ is led to inquire like Saul, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" "How shall I show my love for Him who gave Himself a ransom for me?" A new principle is infused into his life. B. Kavork frequently assented, and when I finished speaking, proceeded to catechise the younger ones according to their capacity. There was nothing in the appearance of the children to indicate distaste for such an exercise, or bring to mind the complaint against God's ancient people: "Ye said also, Behold, what a weariness is it! and ye have snuffed at it; saith the Lord of hosts." On the contrary, they appeared to enjoy it as a luxury, for which the busy week days left little time. The services of the day were briefly reviewed, another hymn of praise was sung, and then the father called upon the eldest

son to pray, which he did most appropriately and briefly. It was a Sabbath scene over which angels might have rejoiced.

At eight o'clock, we started for the monthly concert of missions. There were present about the same number of attendants as at the morning service. The pastor read a portion of Scripture, commented briefly, and then called upon the brethren to pray. All immediately arose, and without a moment's pause, one of them offered prayer.

Foreign missionary intelligence was given from the Avedaper—Messenger, or Good-News-Bringer, published by the Missionaries at Constantinople: Items from Paris, Italy, Russia, Japan, and other countries. The singing was truly congregational, all uniting heartily in swelling the inevitable missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains." And at the close I was touched to hear the pastor pray most fervently for America; that war and blood-shed might cease, and true peace prevail; that the principles of the blessed Gospel might be established in that land!

THE CHILD-WIFE.

After our return we heard a sound of chanting in the streets. It was a wedding procession, taking the bride to her home. B. Kavork remarked that it was a widow, or widower, otherwise the "crowning" would take place on Monday morning, in the church: that a second marriage was not esteemed as holy as the first. He asked about our custom, and then repeated their marriage service in ancient Armenian. Said his wife was but eleven years of age, and he was twenty-two when they were married; that he was a father to her; she would often fall asleep at the evening

meal, and he would carry her off to bed like any child. He had a difficult time in teaching her to read, for she was fond of play, and did not care to learn her letters! Aroosiag nodded a smiling assent, while her husband told the story of her early married life; and he went on to say that Prappion, her first child, was born when she was fourteen years of age, and the child-wife was utterly innocent and ignorant of the great mystery of motherhood. It seemed that Aroosiag's mother was left without a head to her house, and was only willing to marry her remaining daughter to a Protestant because he had no mother living, and hence she could take the position of mistress—universally accorded to the mother-in-law in the East—and save her child from the despotism of some hard-hearted, cruel woman.

Aroosiag afterwards spoke of her husband's kindness, and how her life had been shielded from much of the sorrow and trial which had fallen to the lot of other women in her country. She had certainly developed into a very noble and beautiful woman, both physically and spiritually, and much credit was undoubtedly due to her fatherly husband.

"NO WORK—NOTHING TO DO."

Monday morning we went to the sunrise prayer-meeting at the chapel; there were thirty or forty persons present. The theme was Christian work and individual responsibility; every one building before his own house, as in the time of Nehemiah. The brethren prayed without being specified, and the singing was full of spirit; there were some full bass voices, trained by the pastor, and the good old tunes to which I had listened in childhood, awoke many tender associations. Among other speakers, the head of the Prot-

estant community said that as yet there were few men among them who were ready to deny themselves for Christ.

When he was last in Constantinople, he saw some educated men going about idle, and asked the cause. "No work," was the reply. "Yes, there is, plenty of work; open your eyes and look about you! If there is no work you can do here, go to some village in the country; content yourselves to live as poorly as do others; open a school, and you will soon have enough scholars. Go on in your self-denial for a time, and you will reap a rich reward. By-and-by you will secure a reputation and an influence in that place as a wise man. In time your circumstances will improve, and you will elevate those around you; you will become a father to that people! If you have no money to go with, I will help pay your expenses." This was good sound advice, even if mere talk, but it met with no response.

On our way home a Turkish woman met me, and gave me a pear. She afterwards followed us, came to my room, opened the door, and found me reading. She wanted to know what book it was, and I told her it was my Bible—the "Holy Book." We could only interchange a few words, and then laugh at our ineffectual attempts to understand each other.

After the morning work was done, the grandmother came into the big hall with her distaff and spindle, and seated herself upon a cushion on the floor. Taking a seat by her side, I asked her to teach me to spin. She looked greatly surprised, and exclaimed, "What! *I* teach you anything!" When assured that I was in earnest, and would gladly learn from her, she was much pleased, and gave me my first lesson. She had hitherto been inclined to hold herself aloof from

me, but her prejudices melted away, she was quite won over, and ere long opened her heart, and told me her sorrows—of her widowed daughter left with no means to provide for her little ones; and that she herself was early left a widow. I tried to direct her to the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless; told her of my own mother's experience, and repeated some of the sweet words of promise that had so comforted her in her widowhood and the death of four sons. The dear old mother listened with rapt attention; she did not oppose the truth, but mildly adhered in heart to the faith of her forefathers, and the history of another widowed wife and mother touched a tender chord. Just then B. Alexan's sister came in, and, after a little chat, invited Prappion and myself to lunch with them that day. The weather was exceedingly oppressive; a south wind was blowing, and instead of my hat and shawl, I accepted the loan of a "teulbent"—thin white muslin veil—which Aroosiag threw over my head and shoulders. The family were much pleased, and said I was now an "Adabazartsi!" When we arrived, B. Alexan came down to meet us, and exclaimed at my Oriental appearance; but they all said it was very becoming.

THE PASTOR'S HOME AND WORK.

I found B. Alexan's mother, married sister, and two brothers, living with him; the eldest brother a "helper" at Koordbeleng—a very pleasant family. After a little preliminary conversation, we partook of the luncheon, consisting of pilaff, poached eggs, brown bread, and honey, followed by nuts, and discoursed about the missionaries and some of their trials in the work at Stamboul. B. Alexan was sensible and moderate in his views. He said that some

new change was needed to awaken the Armenian nation; that he thought about it day and night, but as yet without any result. He could learn nothing of the late disturbances or disaffection at the Capital, but "this and that missionary said thus and so;" "they say such and such things"—the complaints of various Protestants and preachers. He himself once heard a missionary say, "I would sacrifice all the native churches before I would give up one of the principles of the Board!" and thought they were harsh words. "It is a pity that they were not explained," I said, "for I think that many of the people confound principles, with rules. Now, you know that rules should be made, like leather, to bend to circumstances. But principles lie at the very foundation of things; and if you sacrifice them, you sacrifice everything." The pastor acknowledged that there was great lack of Christian spirit among the restless complainers; they appeared to be spiritually dead; had left off preaching Christ to quarrel. It seemed a repetition of Paul's experience with the Corinthians.

He then showed me his little study, and said it was the room in which he was born. I looked over the book-shelves, containing mostly Armenian translations of the Tract Society's works—the writings of Baxter, Doddridge, Bunyan, and others of the old divines, D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, Dwight's System of Theology, Barth's Church History, Cruden's Concordance, besides Wayland's Moral Science, Upham's Mental Philosophy, Abercrombie's Mental Culture, and various other text-books prepared by the missionaries at Constantinople for their training-schools. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Robinson Crusoe" peeped out from one corner in their Armenian dress, and Young's

Night Thoughts appeared in Turkish; these last having been translated and published by a sect of Armenian-Catholic monks, who styled themselves "Mechetarists"—comforters—and many years ago established an efficient press at San Lazaro, Venice. By the suggestion of Lord Byron, who was for a time their guest, and amused himself with the study of Armenian, they prepared the large and very valuable English and Armenian dictionary, which eventually paved the way for missionary work among that race. Prominent among the few English books on the shelves, was Barnes' Notes on the New Testament. B. Alexan had just finished reading the "Great Teacher," and "Great Commission," by Harris, which I had lent him from our school library; also, Boardman's Higher Life, which he styled "a king among books." He remarked that in reading the works of the old divines—the "fathers of the Christian Church"—he was more and more convinced that there was nothing new under the sun. He "sometimes fancied that he had an original thought, but a careful scrutiny of their pages took down the conceit, for it was all written centuries before he was born."

The appointments of the room were very plain and simple, and the library scanty, in comparison with that of the missionaries, and ministers at home; yet my heart did reverence to this valiant young soldier who was so faithfully bearing aloft the banner of the cross, and leading his people on to fresh conquests over sin and Satan—"the rulers of the darkness of this world." He was the teacher of the Protestant day-school, training and moulding the lads who would be the next generation of Christian men in that interior town.

Monday was his recreation day; he had then no school, but visited the sick, and walked about trying to do good, and gaining in bodily strength. He told some interesting incidents connected with these visits and walks in the country, unconsciously revealing the secret of his success, and the kindly relations which he sustained toward all classes of people. Like the Master in His Galilean walks, he constantly found fresh opportunities for doing good springing up in his pathway.

Going some distance from the town one day, and gathering the flowers that grew by the way-side in his ramble, he met a countryman with an araba, or rude wagon, of flour. The man stopped, and, noticing the flowers in his hand, inquired if he was a Hakim, wishing to consult him respecting an ailment. This led to a long and deeply interesting conversation about the health of his soul, which emphasized the words of Holy Writ, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

The visit closed with a pleasant walk to the stream—a half mile or more distant—which supplied the town with water; and our little party chatted merrily the while we watched the great, ponderous water-wheels as they slowly revolved.

The old and the new seemed strangely intermingled every now and then. When B. Kavork came home that evening, he said that he had been sitting with the "elders, or rulers, in the gate of the city," to represent the Protestants, of whom he was the chosen head. The expression carried me back to Old Testament times. I thought of Job, and Abraham, and Boaz, and the kings of Israel. There were no walls to this country town of perhaps eight or ten thousand inhabitants,

and, consequently, no gate; it was an old-time expression, meaning the place of public assemblies, where justice was administered. While the father was gone to a business meeting of the church, the boys begged me to read to them in English, which I did, and the eldest, who had studied with the pastor, translated for the family as they gathered with eager interest on the floor around us. An hour was spent in this way, when the mother requested me to conduct family worship. I read the 23d Psalm; we sang, "When all thy mercies, O my God," and I called upon her to pray. She offered a most fervent, excellent prayer, saying, among other petitions, "We ask not for long life or earthly good, but Thy favor, and everlasting life in the world to come. Bless the children," etc. She won upon my heart more and more as I saw her in her daily life: truly a lovely woman, with a naturally fine mind, bright, quick, intelligent, and humble. And again I said to myself, as I saw such precious fruit from soil so little tilled, THE BIBLE AND THE HOLY SPIRIT ARE WONDERFUL EDUCATORS!

MISSIONARY POLICY.

After their father returned, and the children had gone to bed, we had a long and deeply interesting conversation concerning the subject of discourse at the pastor's house. We went back to the beginning of things, and the brother thought that the missionaries should have taken such a course that they (the Evangelicals) might have remained in their nation without any division; saying, very decidedly, that it could have been done. He gave me thrilling details of those early days when the fires of persecution fiercely raged among the converts, after they were thrust out from

their own so-called "Christian church" with bitter denunciations, and a hatred that pursued them to prison and almost to death. The Armenian ecclesiastics and rulers forbade the people to buy of, or sell to, the "apostates," or to hold any business or social intercourse whatever with them. The vilest indignities and insults were heaped upon the "brethren," who meekly bore the heavy cross which their confession of Christ imposed. And then was fulfilled the words of the Master, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." The old, inevitable conflict between light and darkness. The history of that period, as given by Dr. Dwight, of Constantinople, in his "Primitive Christianity Revived in the East," has well been styled "A SECOND EDITION OF THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES." "We were all thrown out of employment," said B. Kavork, "and some of us would have starved or have sealed our testimony with our blood, if it had not been for the missionaries. They visited those of us who were imprisoned and supplied all our wants, while they persistently appealed to the Turkish Government for redress through the English and American embassadors."

"And, Varzhoohi," he continued, after a moment's pause, "I sometimes think it would have been just as well if we had not looked to man, but had left our cause wholly in the Lord's hands; a few men would have laid down their lives for the truth, as did the martyr Stephen, but in time we might have come out purified and vigorous from the fires. Of one thing I am certain, the missionaries should have done *less* for us, or *more*."

"What do you mean by their doing less?" I inquired. "Why, only this: we left our father's house, where we had

everything; were told that we should have help; and because we left with that encouragement, they were bound to help us. And they did help us; so much at first, that we were led to expect that they would always provide for us. You see how it would work!" "Yes, I see; but you said that you left your father's house, where you had everything. Did you not leave it because it did not furnish food for the soul? Or, rather, were you not thrust out by your own priests and people, instead of voluntarily leaving it, and this simply because you accepted the pure Word of God instead of the traditions of the Church?" "Yes; but it might have been very different if we had been left more to ourselves. It came to be understood that the American Board furnished money for us, and that the missionaries were the agents to expend the funds." "Ah, my brother! how cruel you would have thought the missionaries if, after bringing to you the open Bible, they had left you to yourselves when the fires of persecution began to burn! Are you not looking back to the 'leeks and onions of Egypt?' And now tell me, how was it under the old system? Did not you have to pay for what you received?" "Yes; it is true that our priests were continually begging for money, and taxing us for every service they performed; but we were 'Anathema maranatha'—accursed and cast out from all support and sympathy of our people when we became Protestant; and we came to consider Protestantism a religion that did n't cost anything! I mean for us it was a Free Gospel."

"WILL IT PAY?"

"Ah! now I understand; as a natural result, many unworthy persons would be attracted by the prospect of 'loaves and

fishes.' I know that men have come to the missionaries in Constantinople, unblushingly asking how much they would give them to become 'Protestant!' One man even set his price, naming so many thousand piastres; and professed great surprise and some indignation, when assured that the missionaries *never had*, and *never would* offer any pecuniary inducement to a man to leave his church and join them. You know that is the method practiced by the Roman Catholics all over Turkey, to secure proselytes, and yet they meet with very little permanent success. But please tell me, B. Kavork, what do you mean by the missionaries doing 'more?'"

"Well, as I said, we were led to expect more aid, and increasingly more; but of late years we have received less and less. Some of the old helpers have been turned off by the missionaries; there was Der Matteos, who suffered more than many of the early Protestants. Before he was imprisoned he was dragged about the streets by his beard, and then the priestly appendage was shaved off, and he was put on a donkey with his face to the tail, and paraded through the streets of his native city amid the jeers and hootings of the crowds that collected to see his downfall. After he became old, he was dismissed from the service. Now I maintain that such helpers have a right to their support as long as they live! And it comes very hard to us poor Protestants to be continually told that we 'must learn to take care of ourselves!' You understand what I mean—the support of our churches, preachers, and schools. For instance: a teacher who is very useful to us, is removed to another place; and when we remonstrate, the missionary says, 'If you want him, take care of him!'"

"I understand; but that is only love in disguise. The

case is very similar to that of a sick child whose father has tenderly carried him in his arms, and anticipated all his wants; but after the danger is past, puts him, little by little, upon his own feet, that he may grow strong by exercise. And the boy complains and thinks it very hard, because he has learned to expect that he will *always* be carried and waited upon."

"But is it not cruel and unjust to cast off men who have long been in the employ of the missionaries?"

"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE!"

"It looks hard at first sight; but is not the same thing constantly done by merchants and other business men, when they cannot afford to keep more than a certain number of employees? They retain those who best serve their interests. You would do the same in your own business. The American Board is not a 'charitable institution;' it was founded solely for Gospel-work in foreign lands, and is wholly dependent upon the American churches for its funds. Sometimes the supplies do not equal the demand, as the work increases from year to year. Then the missionaries must curtail their outlays in the way which will do the least damage to the general work. Der Matteos received his support long after he ceased to be of much use, and when he had, as some of us knew, become embittered against the missionaries, and was in fact secretly using his influence against them. But there have been other cases of helpers who were cut off, and yet 'the love of Christ constraining,' they served the cause uncomplainingly, according to their ability, till death. There was good Amooja, of Bardezag, whose story of persecution I can never forget. He was so useful

as a layman, that the missionaries employed him to work among the villagers as a colporteur, and he was very successful in his labors. When word came from Boston that the funds were low, and missionaries in Turkey must retrench, Mr. Parsons called Amooja, and sorrowfully told him the necessity for cutting off his small monthly stipend. The good man received it very meekly, and simply said, '*Badveli, I will work for Jesus just the same.*' And so he did till his Master called him to receive his heavenly reward."

BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.

"That is all very well; but when the funds are low, as you say, the *missionaries* are kept on just the same, and live as usual. Why do they not send away some of their own number, or live more cheaply?"

"Because the missionaries are always too few for the work to be done; surely, the churches who furnish the means, have a right to select their own agents! and missionaries only live as they have been accustomed to at home—often not so well, and have nothing to lay up for sickness or old age; they could not live more economically without injury to their health. You cannot judge them by your standard. The American Board authorizes them to live comfortably, and, in fact, enjoins it upon them. It would be poor economy to send men and women to a foreign land at so much expense, and then keep them so low that ill-health would soon compel them to return. Besides, there is not a *really useful* missionary in Turkey, who would not receive much more at home; and some of them would fill the highest places in their native land, with large salaries at command. This I know, for they have been offered to them and

declined, because they felt called of God to missionary work.

"It is not for any Church or Board of Missions that they do this work, but for CHRIST: He only is their acknowledged Head and Master.

"There are many wrong impressions and false ideas afloat among the people about this thing. They cannot understand a disinterested benevolence; and, judging others by themselves, attribute purely selfish or mixed motives to those who are striving to follow His example, who, 'though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich.' Some months after I assumed the sole charge of the Mission Boarding-school in all its departments, I incidentally learned that it was whispered about that I received the sum of 10,000 piastres per month as compensation for the greatly increased care and labor. And though missionaries pay little attention to mere gossip, I did not wish my pupils to labor under that impression, and when a suitable opportunity offered, I simply stated the fact that I paid the cook in our kitchen more wages every month than I received myself. No sum of money would have proved a compensation or an inducement to undertake such work. People are differently constituted, but God only knows the suffering it cost some of us to give up home, and friends, and country, when the call came, and we dared not say *no* to the Master! If anything less than HIS LOVE brings one into this field, you may be sure he will find his way back before long."

"But the missionaries should teach us how to better our temporal condition. I claim that if a missionary knows how I can make two blades of grass grow in place of one,

I have a right to that knowledge, and it is his duty to impart it to me."

"I have heard that argument before. A Protestant Armenian friend said to me some years ago, 'The missionaries commenced at the wrong end;' and when I asked him to explain, he said, 'They commenced by Christianizing instead of civilizing; for instance, there is not a Protestant Armenian family in Constantinople with whom the missionaries associate precisely as among themselves.' The man who uttered that complaint had received more at the hands of the missionaries than almost any other Protestant at the Capital. He was taken, a poor boy, into the Mission Seminary and educated; and afterward, because he preferred to go into business, was helped to a good situation in the United States; on his return he was received into the family of his teacher, sat at his table almost as a son, and in every way was kindly assisted to lay the foundation of his fortune. I think, however, he was feeling more for his people than for himself. He was impatient for results, and wanted them to leap, at one bound, into the enjoyment of all that other nations have secured after centuries of painful struggles and costly sacrifices — not infrequently the culmination of traits transmitted, and character built up by a godly ancestry.

LITTLE ROSA, THE SPIRIT-CHILD.

"I had an experience, soon after the commencement of my missionary life, which threw much light on this point. The youngest pupil in the boarding-school was a pretty child of ten years, with fair complexion, and the bright blue eyes that are so rarely seen among Armenians. But little

Rosa was very sad and depressed; nothing seemed to rouse her from her apathy. The assistant teachers said she was home-sick and stupid; I pitied the poor little creature, so far away from her mother, and with no friend in Constantinople to furnish her a home during the holidays; and finally took her under my wing, providing for her necessities from my own supplies, and making most of her clothing myself. This love and care produced an almost magical effect upon the child; her face brightened, her mind waked up, and she seemed another being. Her schoolmates were pleased; they called her the Varzhoohi's *hokee-zavag*—spirit-child (*i. e.*, adopted), and expressed their entire approval of the relation. But after two years had passed, I one day received a letter from Rosa, bitterly complaining because I did not do more for her; and I said to myself, 'I see that I have done too much for you, young lady.' With the consent of the 'Station'—*i. e.*, the missionaries who conduct the business of the station—I placed her in a good Protestant family, to pay her own way by assisting in light domestic work and care of the little children. When she returned to the school, two years later, she was fully prepared to appreciate its privileges, and her grateful, humble deportment, was sufficient proof of the good the change had accomplished. It is human nature, B. Kavork.

"I often think of the colored preacher's climax to his sermon on the fall of man. After an original reproduction of the conversation which took place when Adam and Eve had sinned, he thus portrayed the sequel: 'Den de Lord he take dem bof and tro' dem ober de fence, and say, "Dere, now! go work for your libbin!" That is God's way, is it not? Look at the Apostle Paul's experience among the Corinth-

ians. Hear him say, 'I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.' That is the principle upon which the missionaries are sent out to work—the preaching of Christ first and last. Incidentally they may teach many other good things which shall help in temporal affairs, but that is entirely a secondary matter. Civilization as surely follows in the footsteps of Christianity, as the fruits of the earth spring up beneath the warming rays of the sun. You find no hospitals, orphanages, asylums, reformatories, colleges (or schools worthy the name) in pagan lands; no railways, steamships, telegraphs, or printing-presses. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' and these are the fruits of Gospel lands. You know that there was no hospital in Constantinople, nothing but a horrible 'mad house,' till the Christianity of other lands established those humane institutions in the capital of the Ottoman Empire. But perhaps you never knew that the first hospital in the world was founded there in the time of Chrysostom! When the light of a pure Christianity died out under long and unrelenting persecution, its fruits also disappeared.

THE REAL WRONG.

"The fact is, B. Kavork, the great wrong that has been done to your people is just that of which Paul wrote: 'Have I committed an offence in abasing myself that you might be exalted? because I have preached to you the gospel of God freely? I robbed other churches, taking wages of them to do you service. And when I was present with you, I was chargeable to no man.' You were speaking the other day about the very small wages the missionaries

give to the Protestant Armenian preachers. Let me tell you how the opposite course has worked in another place in this part of the land.

"The missionaries at Constantinople sent one of the oldest and most experienced of the Protestant pastors from the Capital, to be settled over the church in a country village; and as he had an expensive family, they continued his salary of 1,200 piastres a month, though you know it costs much less to live in the country than at Stamboul. The work in that place had been very prosperous till some root of bitterness sprang up, and the love of many began to wax cold. Still, there were warm Christian hearts in the church, and they only needed a strong bond of union such as a loving and beloved pastor might have proved. One evening, a good brother was in the market buying provisions for his family, and among other things, he selected a very large fine melon; another member of the church happened to be near and seeing it said, 'Brother, what are you going to do with that great melon with your small family?' 'O,' replied the other, 'it is not for myself; I am buying it as a present for our pastor!' 'What foolishness!' exclaimed his friend. 'Why should you make *him* a present? Don't you know that he gets more money in a month than you or I can make in half-a-dozen!'

"That checked the outgushing of the good man's heart, and he threw back the melon. Now think of the loss of love and sympathy between that pastor and his people. He was to them a '*hireling*,' and they could never expect to make him their very own by supporting him themselves, unless his salary should be proportioned to their means. Our home-missionaries in America are supported in this way.

Some of the noblest and best educated men and women go voluntarily into the Western wilderness on very small salaries. They share the poverty of their people, endure great hardships and privations, and by-and-by, when better days come—it may be after many years of patient toil—they reap of their prosperity. You see the difference between the foreign and home workers."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WORK FOR JEWS, AND WORK FOR GENTILES.

"Do you remember what the Master said to His disciples after He had trained them for missionary work, and was about to send them forth to preach among their own people? 'Freely ye have received, freely give: Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves: for the workman is worthy of his meat.' But just before His crucifixion, He said, 'When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything? and they said, Nothing.' And then He said to them, 'But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip;' because He knew that they would soon be scattered abroad among the Gentiles. It was to the *Gentile churches* that Paul wrote of his being 'chargeable to no man' in his Apostolic work; but he says also, 'If we have sown unto you in spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?' and exhorts them to abound in this grace also, providing not only for their own teachers, but also making some return to the 'saints at Jerusalem,' adding—'For if the Gentiles have been made partakers of their spiritual things, their duty is also to minister unto them in carnal things.' Now it is not expected

that your people will support us foreign teachers, but only your own home-missionaries, and that to promote your highest good and greatest growth in all the Christian graces."

"Well," said B. Kavork, after giving me a patient hearing, "let us learn from you how to work, so that we may not always be dependent. The missionaries come occasionally on Saturday evening, spend a communion Sabbath, and go away early Monday morning. Why not stay longer and counsel us? inquire more particularly into the state of the church and Protestant community, and guide us in our affairs?"

I hinted at a lack of humility on their part; he frankly acknowledged the fact, and then went on to make an estimate of their pecuniary ability. "Of the forty members of the Adabazar Church, twenty are able to pay something; fifteen earn but little more than their daily bread; five have a competence; the rest merely make a living, no more."

For taxes, contributions to aid in church expenses, the school, etc. — including the collections of the Mothers' Society, and the children's offerings—the sum which the Protestants paid last year, amounted to 14,000 piastres—$560.00. He candidly acknowledged that the tendency of help from other sources was to diminish their own contributions; saying, "It amounts to this: if I am able to pay twenty piastres, I pay only fifteen, so long as I know it will come from another quarter." His good wife nodded assent, and turning to me earnestly said, "That's so!" and I thought, "You would n't pay anything if you could help it; for that is human nature the world over!"

THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

I spoke of ingratitude, and quoted some things said by the disaffected ones, and they both exclaimed, "It is all wrong!" "Why," said B. Kavork, "if I have a cow that gives me milk, I learn to love that cow."

He was present at a meeting with some of the complaining brethren, and asked them these questions: "Do you say, 'What have the missionaries done for us?' Who gave us the Word of God in our spoken language? The missionaries. Who prepared books and printed them? The missionaries. Who opened and taught the schools? The missionaries. Who raised up preachers? Who employed colporteurs? The missionaries. And what have *we* done? No answer.' And he added, after a moment's pause, "We have been children long enough; it is time for us to be married—that is, be men—and support ourselves!"

"And that," I rejoined, "is just what the missionaries want you to do."

We sat till a late hour that evening conversing on this deeply interesting subject, so vital to the establishment of Christ's kingdom among their people; and the discussion was resumed the following day. I asked B. Kavork how much it cost him to live, and he said from 6,500 to 8,000 piastres per annum—about $260 to $320—if he had to hire a house, it would cost another thousand. I then asked him whether the worldly condition of the disaffected Protestants would really be better had they remained in their own nation, supposing that the missionaries had never come, instancing one of their leaders. He said, "I will tell you; I know just what he was, and what he now would be. The

tailors steal pieces of cloth and sell them to people, who sell them to those who make them up into garments: he would be a *piece-maker*."

Afterwards the sturdy, out-spoken brother and I had a pleasant talk about some of his plans for his people, one of which was to procure a small printing-press, and have B. Alexan prepare leaflets, Sabbath-school songs, etc., for circulation. One of the school-boys was learning the business at Constantinople, and his own boys could, he thought, translate little books from English into Armenian.

This was really getting at the bottom of things — the under-current of thought and feeling; and I felt that the insight would be invaluable in my future labors among the people. My note-book received full additions in the very words used on the occasion, and I was led to query whether, indeed, there had been a radical evil from the first, in the distance between the missionaries and the people whom they were seeking to evangelize. Does our style of dress and living, however plain and simple it may seem to us, strike the masses as high in comparison with their own standard? Could we conform to the people in any degree? These problems were the more forcibly presented to my mind by my host asking, now and then, if I was "content with their way of living?" I mentally reviewed the early days of my connection with the Constantinople school, where I found a system established, and had to build, as the Apostle says, "upon another man's foundation." Could one begin at the beginning with this intimate knowledge of the people, what a gain it would prove! how many mistakes might be avoided in laying foundations, and establishing *precedents* which have such weight with Orientals, among whom the sway of cus-

tom is all-powerful. I felt unfit for the work: "Who is sufficient for these things?" And then I thought of our Great Prototype, "*Who suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow in his steps: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again: when he suffered he threatened not, but committed himself—his cause—to Him that judgeth righteously.*" And again I heard Him say, "IF ANY MAN SERVE ME, LET HIM FOLLOW ME."

Of one thing I was assured—that nothing less than patient, self-denying, self-sacrificing LOVE could ensure permanent success in missionary work. The love of a mother for her children, however sickly, fretful, wayward, and self-conceited; and the greater love of Christ, which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." To lack this DIVINE ELEMENT is to lack everything.*

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* Of one who, though reared among the cultured aristocracy of England, with all the fastidiousness and refinement of gentle breeding, was eminently successful in teaching the poor and ignorant, it was written: "It seemed a marvel that one whose knowledge lay so much more in books than in men; whose mind was both by nature and by culture raised above the common standard, should condescend to men of low estate. The poverty of their minds, their inability to follow a train of reasoning, their prejudices and superstitions were quite unknown to him. But the mystery found its key in the simplicity which belongs to the substance, not the shadow of learning. The chief means, however, by which the want of experience and knowledge touching the minds and habits of the poor was overcome, was the *love* he felt toward all his fellow-creatures, and his sympathy in all their concerns; this CHRIST-LIKE MIND, toward friends, toward servants, toward all. It now taught him to talk to his poor parishioners and enter into their interests with the feeling of a father and a friend. He had the power of throwing himself out of himself into the feelings and interests of others; nor did he less draw out their sympathies into his own, and make them sharers in his

FLITTING OF HOME MISSIONARIES.

Wednesday morning I went with Aroosiag, Prappion, and the pastor's mother, to call upon the family of an excellent helper who had been recently appointed to Nicomedia. We found them packing their effects, and preparing to leave the old homestead. It was a rude, rough dwelling, with great cracks in the floors and mud walls; and the unfinished rafters overhead made me think of the upper loft of an old-fashioned barn. But it was dear to them. They were good-looking, intelligent people, and I was much interested and pleased with their frankness, simplicity, and genuine hospitality. The father, an open-hearted, genial man, told the friends that they should keep open house for all who should come to see them in their new home. When I asked them if they disliked to go, they said, "We are ready and willing

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pleasures and concerns. It was the mutual interchange of feeling of one who loved to forget the difference of station to which each was called, and to bring forward the brotherly union as members of one family in Christ, children of the same Heavenly Father, in which blessed equality all distinctions were done away. Often would he ask their counsel in matters of which he was ignorant, and call upon their sympathy in his thankful rejoicing. His garden, his hay-field, his house were, as it were, thrown open to them, as he made them partakers of his enjoyment, or sought for their assistance in his need. In him they found a friend ready to listen to all their little grievances, and prompt to remedy them when it was possible to do so. Nor did those simple-minded people fail to look on him with reverence when, seated in his study, in the midst of his books, they beheld the sources whence he drew so much of knowledge and wisdom. He threw aside at once the more regular form of sermons to which he had been accustomed, and wrote down as if he had been speaking, and in the plainest words, such simple instruction as seemed suited to the wants of the people untaught in the first rudiments of Christian faith."—That man was a *model missionary!* Clothing his thoughts in language

to go where the Lord's work calls us;" and the mother, who looked worn and weary, added, "Where we can best serve the Lord, there is the best place for us to live; otherwise, we should prefer to stay in our own native place." Their son, a fine youth of eighteen years, who worked at the trade of silversmith, was assisting them, and the three younger children looked bright. One or two relatives had come in to help, and I was pleased to hear a tall, cheerful-looking man humming, "Try, try again!"

A low stool was given me, and the others sat on cushions wherever they could find a corner; and the work went on, enlivened by cheerful conversation, and many a pleasant turn from the good brother who was superintending. After a little, the wife sat down and uncovered her foot, which had

suited to their capacity, he drew copious illustrations from the commonest things which he witnessed in their daily life, in his walks and visits among them. Thus imitating Him of whom it was said, "the common people heard Him gladly." How the people, the poorest and most ignorant, loved and listened to him! how they treasured up his words, which, in due time, brought forth precious fruit to the glory of God! When reading the Word of God, they could never forget his injunction, "Settle your thoughts on what you read, and try to suck the honey out of it, like the bees." Nor, when troubled at their slow progress, this comparison,—"You can no more see a Christian grow, than you can see the corn grow. Compare it with what it was two months back. So may you discover whether you have grown in grace." Or this, "How often do we see the sinner perched on the dunghill of his vices, clapping his wings in self-applause, and fancying himself a much grander creature than the poor Christian, who all the while is soaring on high like a lark, and mounting on his way to heaven."* This method of instruction is admirably suited to the Oriental mind.

* "Memorials of a Quiet Life," by Augustus J. C. Hare.

been badly scalded. It was a deep burn, covering the entire foot, and yet the poor woman had gone on with her work uncomplainingly. A dish of excellent apples was brought in by the merry "superintendent," of which we partook, and then bade them good-bye.

The parting between the sisters in Christ was affecting: they clung to each other's neck, while tears silently flowed.

THE MISSION MOTHERS' MEETING.

Ten or twelve of the sisters were going down to the river-quates, two miles away, to hold their mothers' meeting, and stopped for us, soon after the "mid-day call" of the muezzin, which served in place of a "town clock!" The heat was still very oppressive, and the air heavy; and as my shawl was too cumbersome, and Eastern custom rendered a "covering" imperative, I again donned the muslin veil. The sisters nodded approvingly, and said, "Now you are one of us!" They carried their knitting-work of coarse woolen hose, and swiftly plied the needles as they walked—(using but three, instead of our customary four, and commencing at the toe, where we finish!) When we had passed beyond the houses, set in the midst of gardens, and had come out into the open fields, the little band commenced singing, as if it were a customary thing,—

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move."

And then we chatted as we walked, and many questions were asked about spiritual things by the simple-minded sisters. It was a happy company of Christian women. Sara, the sister of preacher Alexan, had taken her sturdy boy of

two years, who soon became tired of walking, and his mother shouldered the little fellow the remainder of the way. Now and then we rested in some shady spot, to relieve the weary mother, who was reluctant to share her load with the willing hands that offered, and when the river Sakaria (the ancient "Sangarius"), which empties into the Black Sea, was seen glistening in the sunlight, and our path lay along its banks, one of the party commenced singing, "Shining-Shore," and a full chorus rang out upon the still air. Pleasant greetings awaited our coming from the four or five sisters and their children living in that distant quarter, and I found it was the custom of those in town to adjourn their regular weekly prayer-meetings to that place, once in three or four weeks, because it was so far for them to come in every time.

We were shown into the upper-room of a new house; the floors were clean, but there was no furniture, and not a pane of glass to the windows, only heavy wooden shutters. It was Sara's turn to lead the meeting, but she requested me to take her place. I declined, because I wished to see how they did when by themselves. As no missionary family had ever lived in Adabazar, I fancied that the sisters had developed more self-reliance than if accustomed to lean upon a "hanûm," or lady, as they style the wife of a missionary.

She was flushed and heated with carrying her boy, and Prappion gave out the hymn, and read at her request the 13th of John. Sara then offered an excellent prayer, and, still holding her child in her arms, spoke of our Savior's prayer for His disciples; of their great responsibility as mothers, and their duty to each other. I took part in the free and informal interchange of thought and feeling which followed, and was much touched by the child-like simplicity of some of the

expressions and prayers offered by those earnest Christian women.

Before the meeting closed, Sara opened her bundle, and took out the "Society-book," containing subscribers' names, etc., and two of the women paid their dues. There were twenty members, some paying 40 paras monthly, and some 25, and others even less. 115 piastres were collected the last year in that way for the support and spread of the Gospel. When I saw the account, I repeated, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," etc. After a few final words of our Father's House, where we hoped to meet and spend an eternity together, we bade them farewell, and started on our return. At the river-side I refreshed myself with bread and grapes, not having eaten since a late breakfast.

A strong wind sent clouds of dust flying into our eyes, and great drops of rain falling every now and then, made us quicken our steps. I was very weary, my head aching sadly when we arrived at the house; and when my host came home, he kindly inquired after my welfare, and said that he had several times thought of sending a horse for me.

THE YERKERAN.

Preacher Alexan came in one evening for a little visit. We were grouped around the great brass candlestick, which stood on the floor holding a tallow candle that needed repeated snuffing to furnish light sufficient to read. An hour or two passed pleasantly away in conversation, relating anecdotes, and singing. While we were learning a new piece—the hymn, a fine translation of the "Wayfaring Man," by the young pastor—we heard another strain,

and pausing, a full chorus came from the hall where the children were laid away to rest for the night. "Happy Land;" "Sing His Praise;" "Cross and Crown;" "Around the throne of God in heaven;" followed each other in quick succession. It was inspiring, and I thought of the words of a wise man, "Let me make the *songs* of the nation, I care not who makes its laws!" "Precious little book!" I said, as we again turned to look over the pages of the "Yerkeran." "I am thankful for you, my Armenian friends, that God put it into the hearts of His servants to prepare these songs for you and your children." "We also are thankful!" they responded, "both to God and to the missionaries." As we sang one and another of those sweet Sunday-school songs, we recalled the name of the missionary who wrote or translated it. We spoke of singing in heaven, and that opened a delightful conversation about the employments of our future home. And good Aroosiag had many questions to ask, showing a bright but undisciplined mind. When speaking of degrees in heaven, she said, "I thought it meant that the best and wisest would be up high in a room by themselves; the next best lower down, and so on, just as in a house; some would be down in the dark near the kitchen; but," she added with glowing face, "let me but get safely there, I 'll take the lowest seat!" "Dear soul!" I thought, "how much higher she will rise in the heavenly world, than some of earth's wisest ones who know not Christ! 'for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

We spoke of capacity, as the measure of happiness in the future state; that every soul would be as full as it could hold, but some would contain much more than others, because they had been receptive, and had grown, on earth:—

"For unto every one that hath, shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath—seemeth to have, or thinketh that he hath." The pastor gave it as his opinion that whatever is good and beautiful in this world, will be found in perfection there. I saw that he had been reading "Dick's Philosophy of a Future State." I told them of "Dummy," as she was familiarly called by the neighbors: a woman about forty years of age—a mute, who once lived with my mother as a servant. That she was greatly distressed because she thought that when she died and went to heaven, she would be so ignorant that she would have to sit alone in a corner and study, while all the rest were enjoying themselves! and her intense satisfaction and delight, when I caused her to understand—by the language of signs—that God could make her wiser in a moment than all earthly teachers in years. They were greatly interested in the workings of such an isolated mind, and especially to know the process and the argument by which I finally acquired her consent to leave my home and friends: the simple fact that I was going to teach the ignorant the way to heaven! And that led us to speak about the Bible, that wonderful Text-book, and fountain of all wisdom which the Great Father had prepared for His children; and its translation from their ancient, dead language, into the modern, spoken language of the people.

"*THE GOD-BREATH.*"

The Armenians profess to have been converted from paganism to Christianity, early in the Christian era. Until the fourth century, the Bible was read in Chaldee in their churches, when the language was reduced to writing by

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Mesrob, a royal secretary who invented the Armenian alphabet of thirty-eight letters—somewhat resembling Greek—and translated the Word of God from the Septuagint. For centuries it had lain entombed in the massive stone churches profusely scattered over the land, wrapped, mummy-like, in embroidered cloths, and only brought forth from its *sarcophagus* on special occasions for the people to reverently kiss, and again hidden in the deep darkness of those gloomy vaults to await its resurrection day. The ages slowly swept round their cycles, till the day appointed in heaven's calendar. And then, as at the first, God said, "Let there be light, and there was light!"

"Asdavadzaschoonch,"—God-breath—is the Armenian word for Bible. It was indeed a "valley of dry bones" into which the breath of life entered, and a nation awoke from the sleep of ages! for "there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding."

The modern Armenian version of the Scriptures is so pure and classical that it will be the standard of the language for future generations. This translation was the work of Dr. Riggs of Constantinople, whose Chaldee grammar, prepared when he was a student in his minority at Amherst College, is now the standard text-book in the University of Edinburgh, Scotland.

FEEDING THE LAMBS, AND FEEDING THE SHEEP.

At ten o'clock on Friday morning, I accompanied Aroosiag to the chapel to attend the weekly lecture for women by the pastor. We were quite early, and visited the schoolroom on the lower floor. B. Alexan was surrounded by fifty children, from four to fourteen years of age—a rather

rough-looking company, full of motion. They sang for us in Armenian, "How doth the little busy bee;" "Try, try again;" and "Happy Land," at the top of their voices. It was ear-splitting! Then one and another came with a brief written exercise, on slate or paper, for the teacher to correct. B. Alexan told us of his resolution at the commencement of this school, not to get angry, but to make his scholars love him, and then gradually reduce them to order, with their own consent and good feeling. His younger brother was going about as monitor. Some of the older pupils had made commendable progress in English, and a couple of boys translated quite correctly from the New Testament. Their teacher had succeeded in inspiring them with something of his own spirit, and his musical ability was turned to excellent account in the management of a flock so unaccustomed to restraint. "Next to theology," said Luther, "it is to music that I give the highest place and the greatest honor. A schoolmaster ought to know how to sing; without this qualification I would have nothing to do with him." Occasionally the exercises were varied, and the monotony relieved by a verse or two of some lively song, reminding one of the words of a distinguished overseer of an institution for juvenile offenders in Berlin: "I always keep these little rogues singing at their work, for while the children sing, the devil cannot come in; he can only sit outdoors there and growl!"

B. Alexan left his younger brother in charge of the school, while he delivered a plain, practical, yet most appropriate and excellent lecture upon obedience, in the chapel-room above. He spoke of the virtue as characterizing both parents and children. The lecture abounded in Scripture illustrations,—Moses and his father-in-law, Isaac, Jacob,

Ruth, and Naomi, Solomon, the Rechabites, and lastly, the example of our blessed Savior. From each of the examples specified, he drew forth special lessons, and applied them to his hearers in their various family relations and every-day life. As I listened to the admirable discourse, I was deeply impressed with the fact that no foreigner could thus enter into the family life of the people; the preacher had an Armenian mother and sister, and had grown to manhood among his people. I wished there were a hundred mothers and daughters there to hear, instead of a dozen or two! "Why this waste?"

It was wise policy in the American Board to make the training of a "native agency" one of their first and most important aims in evangelizing the Armenian race. In looking over the early numbers of the "Missonary Herald," I find it made very prominent from the beginning; looking to the ultimate establishment of self-propagating, self-supporting churches, as illustrated in the Hawaiian Islands.

It was twelve o'clock when we left the chapel, and Aroosiag proposed that we should call upon some of her wealthy Armenian relatives. The weather had become cold and rainy, and I demurred a little when told that we should be gone three hours, because I needed some nourishment for the body before the late dinner, and proposed that we should first go home. But my good hostess was intent upon her object, and replied with much earnestness, "You know our Savior said, 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me.'" I felt rebuked and said no more. As we were passing through a narrow street, an Armenian woman came from the opposite direction, and looking me full in the face, exclaimed, "Shātan munā!" — It is a Satan! Aroosiag was

much disturbed at such an affront offered to her guest; but it was now my turn to quote Scripture! "Don't you remember that Christ said, 'If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more they of his household?'" The woman probably recognized me as the Constantinople "*teacheress*" of whom she had heard, and took occasion to show her hostility to the Protestants.

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE GREAT.

We entered a spacious court-yard, in the centre of which stood a large, well-built house; another of ample dimensions occupying one side—the old family residence of Aroosiag's mother and grandmother, long left untenanted because of some family feud. The house we visited belonged to her mother's brother and his son. The old lady was absent, but we were cordially received by the son's wife—a young and lovely woman, whose fair, sweet countenance, at once won my heart. We were shown into a large upper room, where I was conducted to the corner of the divan. The lady of the house, her sister, two children, and a servant-woman with her daughter, a girl of fifteen years, seated themselves around us, and in a few moments we were speaking of the precious words of Jesus.

Only one of them could read—the daughter of the servant-woman; and I noticed that both she and her mother shared in the general conversation, as if members of the family.

The Bible was brought, and I read the 14th chapter of John. When those exceeding rich and precious promises were unfolded to their minds by simple and familiar illustrations, they listened eagerly as to a revelation! Occasion-

ally tears dimmed their eyes, and again they sparkled with pleasure, as the force and beauty of some expression broke upon their minds; and they gave utterance to their feelings in simple, earnest words, which encouraged me to go on. Thus two hours passed swiftly by; and yet their hungry souls were not satisfied. "O!" said our young hostess, "if she would only stay and speak to us often in this way! I never understood these things so clearly as now." She promised to try to learn to read, but after a moment's thought, wistfully said, "If I ever get to heaven, I shall *be so ignorant*, so much behind the rest! must I then study? or what shall I do?" The very thought that troubled poor Dummy!

A tray was brought in, loaded with the fruits of the season;—grapes, melons, apples, pears, chestnuts, with bread, cheese, and honey. When Aroosiag saw the bountiful preparation made for our refreshment, she whispered in my ear, "Are you not glad you came? You know it is better than meat and drink to do the will of our Father in heaven." The good woman seemed indeed to have feasted on heavenly manna. She rejoiced that the way had been opened for a full presentation of the truth to her kinswoman (through the absence of the mother and husband, who were opposed), and her own soul was refreshed. Aroosiag had informed me on the way thither, that the wife liked to hear spiritual conversation; and I felt sure that she had tried to teach her whenever an opportunity offered; for the poor woman was not permitted to approach the Protestants, or listen to the preaching of the Gospel among them.

When we were seated around the tray, Aroosiag told them that the Varzhoohi would ask a blessing. This was some-

thing new, but they gladly acquiesced, and afterwards said as if much surprised and pleased, "Why, she asked God to remember the poor!"

It was hard to part with those new-found friends. They thanked me again and again for the words I had spoken; and when I said that they were Christ's words and not mine; "Yes," they replied, "but spoken to us through your lips." And while we lingered on the threshold, the servant-woman "lifted up her voice"—like one of old—and uttered the very words of blessing spoken to our Savior, as recorded in Luke xi. 27. It was so unexpected, and peculiar in phraseology, from one wholly ignorant of the Gospel, that I felt sure it must be an old-time saying among the Orientals; a "foot-print of past ages."

THE HOME OF AN EASTERN NABOB.

We visited another great house of Aroosiag's kindred. But it was plainly evident that our presence was not welcome. After sitting by the side of the mistress awhile, and trying in vain to open some profitable conversation, we rose to leave, and she then invited us to "walk the house," meaning an inspection of the dwelling; a common practice in the East, and often a great source of annoyance to the missionaries in the interior, when crowds of idle women insist upon satisfying their curiosity by entering every room, and examining all their contents. We passed up the stairway, and were shown into a room where the daughter, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years, was seated before a low embroidery frame, weaving flowers in a girdle for her "betrothed." The material was coarse, and the pattern rude. Four young girls were sitting near her, assisting

with their needles in the preparations for her approaching marriage. These, we learned, were her pupils in needle-work, but not one of them could read! We dropped a few words about the worth of the soul, as compared with the body, and of Christ, as the "way, the truth, and the life," and passed on, with a silent prayer that the seed scattered by the way-side might not be lost. We were crossing the large central hall where were huge bags of cocoons for the silk factory, when the master of the house came up the stairway, and swept by us in lordly style. His portly person was enveloped in a costly, fur-lined robe; a rich cashmere shawl formed his girdle, a smaller one was wound around his fez, like a turban, and a massive ring shone conspicuously upon the little finger of his right hand. Altogether he seemed an Oriental of the old school, fast disappearing from the great commercial centers of Turkey. It was amusing to see the servility inspired in each member of the household by the presence of their "lord and master."

Seating himself, with an air of fatigue, upon the cushions of a corner room, he called his servants, in loud, imperious tones: "Sarkis! Apraham!" Everybody seemed to fly at his bidding. One "girded himself with a towel," and poured water over his hands; another brought the "chibouk," or long pipe, with amber mouth-piece, which he lighted, and obsequiously handed to his master, placing the bowl in a brazen receiver upon the floor; and still another hastened to bring a tray of refreshments. While this was going on, the mistress invited us to seats upon the divan where he was sitting; and I was willing to comply, solely that I might see more of one who seemed another "Nabal."

THE GIPSY BRIDE.

Presently, the "bride" entered, with a little tray, upon which was a small glass of "rakee," or brandy, and another of water. This he could take from no hand but hers; she presented it with a profound "salaam" and a touch of her lips to his hand, and then gracefully drew back, and stood, with crossed hands, while he held the liquor to the light, glanced at us, and exclaimed "Gēank!"—life—then quaffed it at a single draught. The "bride" stepped forward, took his hand, conveyed it to her lips, then to her forehead, and thence again to her lips, and again drew back as before, obsequiously waiting his commands:—A tall, slender, gipsy-like girl of fourteen or fifteen years, with clear, dark complexion, large black eyes, and raven hair. Her head was encircled by a broad gold band, composed of three rows of gold coins; a similar band, with pendants, encircled her neck. Poor creature! she looked so sad, that I inquired concerning her history, and Aroosiag told me that she had but recently been married to the eldest son of the family, and he was an idiot! *Sold, by her mother, for gold!* When the master of the house had been somewhat mollified by his rakee, and while he was partaking of the bread and fruits placed before him, he seemed in a more genial mood, and vouchsafed a few words to us. He spoke of the war in America, and said that wars would be waged between the nations while the world lasted: "If universal peace should prevail, the Bible was a *lie!*"

There was a bitterness in his tone which plainly showed what manner of spirit he was of, reminding one of the description given of his prototype, the surly, churlish Nabal:

"He is such a son of Belial, that a man cannot speak to him!" It cost no effort of the imagination to fancy him roused, and venting his wrath upon every object within his reach.

When his repast was finished, a second glass of spirits was brought, by a servant girl, and a salaam accompanied every act of service.

We made our formal obeisance, and were about to leave, when a servant stopped us in the hall, and insisted that we were to go into another room, where refreshment was served to us—honey, cheese, bread, apples, melons, and sausages.

The mistress seemed softened, and made some apology for not having called, or invited me to her house, but she scarcely lifted her eyes while speaking. Perhaps the plainness of my dress had something to do with my cool reception, in addition to a general hostility to Protestants; for Orientals, particularly the unchristianized, are strongly affected by externals, and, like all uncultured people, are apt to judge persons solely by their attire. Prappion had manifested some surprise and a little disappointment, that I had not brought a silk, or at least something brighter than my gray traveling dress; saying, partly to herself, "When she has so many dresses, why not bring one?" This was in reference to my visit at the "great house," where she wished me to make a favorable impression. And I said to myself, "Truly, it is difficult to steer between 'Scylla and Charybdis!'"

We tendered our parting salaams, and left the dwelling of that Eastern nabob—over which the angel of Peace could never fold her wings—for the more humble, yet happy abode of Christ's disciples; and the sharp contrast filled our hearts with the melody of thanksgiving for the blessings which the

Gospel brings in its train. "Give me neither poverty nor riches;" for, "Godliness with contentment is great gain; and they that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and many hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition."

We called, on our way home, to see Aroosiag's sister, and found the widow clothed in black, and sitting upon the floor, surrounded by her fatherless children. The house was poor, and small, but neatly kept, and the loss was a heavy one for such a family; but the mother "sorrowed not as those who have no hope." She, like the departed husband, was a Christian, and stayed her soul on the widow's God. After a pleasant conversation, in which she manifested cheerful submission to the will of her Heavenly Father, she anxiously put the question, "Shall I know my husband in heaven?" I gave her all the Bible evidence on that point, and my own conviction that we should certainly know *no less* in heaven than on earth; and while we spoke of the enjoyments and employments of the redeemed in the heavenly world, her eyes kindled, and her face glowed with delight. We sang together, "How firm a foundation;" and commended the household to a covenant-keeping God, before we left; and then went home with hearts singing for joy.

FIRE-SIDE CHAT.

When we had taken off our street-wraps, the grandmother called me to her side to inquire how I liked her relatives. "*Your* relatives," she said, for she had adopted me as a daughter; sometimes lovingly calling me her child, and sometimes Maritsa—Maria. A fire had been kindled on the hearth in the winter-kitchen, up stairs, and I shared the cushions

which she had spread before it. I was very weary, but thought, as she was not spiritually minded, I might benefit her by rehearsing part of the conversation at her nephew's house—the comparisons illustrating Christ's words about the "many mansions," etc. She listened with earnest attention, and repeatedly thanked me for going. By and by it grew dark, the master of the house came home, and grandmother said to me, "He is looking for you." In a moment or two he came in, pleased to find me there, and anxious to know about our visit. His wife left her work to tell him, with a full heart, and they rejoiced together. The trays were spread, as in winter, near the fire, and mutton was broiled, especially to suit my taste, as they insisted upon knowing my favorite mode of cooking meat. My good host said again, as often before, "Ask for anything in my power, and you shall have it! Say, '*We*,—what have *we* in the house?' not, '*you*, what have you?'" Adding that he would be glad to have me stay a month. The children's beds were piled up in one corner, and a rude lamp was hung near the fire-place. "Don't tell them *that*, when you write," said the father; "not all the little things." The good man had frequently found me busy with pencil and paper, and his quick perception divined that I was sharing my impressions with friends at home. His remark naturally introduced a little chat about those friends, and I took the opportunity to give them the history of a Christian merchant in one of the great cities of my native land: how he began his apprenticeship for a business-life, when but a lad, just entering his teens, but with firm purpose of heart to serve his Divine Master first and best of all! that he not only laid aside a tenth of his earnings, but "traded with the same" to gain "other talents;"

for he, with another lad, who was like minded, bought candy with this money, and, by permission of their employer, placed it in a corner of a show-case, to sell for the Lord, and succeeded beyond their expectations. How God blessed him in all he had, and increased his store, year by year, and he rose in honor and wealth, till he gave every year, for missions throughout the world, the sum of $10,000. But that was not all; he looked over our great country of the United States of America, and saw the hundreds of thousands of emigrants pouring in year after year, and settling over the western prairies, and he said, "Now we must have young men—those who understand human nature better than books—trained to go and live among them, and preach the gospel, establish schools and churches!" So he put a notice in the newspaper (without giving his name), saying that he wanted fifty young men of undoubted piety, love for Christ's work, and ability to teach others, but who could not afford an education; and he would pay for a few years of training to fit them for that labor.

When the great financial panic came, in 18—, and so many rich men lost everything, he also lost much money. At that time I was a guest in his house "Beautiful," which was indeed a home to me, and I heard him say to his wife, "Whatever comes, we must not dismiss the young men (there were thirty then); we will not buy a thing this year, not even a pair of shoes; but we will keep those young men!" And God kept him, and he went on prospering, and making money to use in serving the Master he so loved. That I knew the secret of it all: No matter how much business pressed, he always began the day with a quiet hour alone with God! The family listened with great interest, and one of the boys, who had been drinking it all in with

eagerness, whispered to me, "That is just what Deros and I are going to do!—make money to support preachers and schools for our nation!"

A SOCIAL EVENING VISIT.

A message was brought from the pastor, with an invitation for the family to spend the evening with other friends at his house, and word was returned that we were coming. After an exercise in singing with the boys, nearly all the household went to B. Alexan's, and we met there a room full of Protestant friends. The evening passed delightfully in genial conversation, singing, relating anecdotes, etc. There was no lack of pleasantry and sallies of wit that frequently called forth a merry laugh. One topic of conversation was smoking—the universal use of the "American weed;" and it was generally conceded that if the Protestants would deny themselves the useless luxury, they might spend their money to far better purpose; in schools and other institutions, for elevating their people. But the self-denial was too great!

While we were talking, one of the older brethren went out to "drink" his tobacco, and his wife smiled when she saw the gleam of the cigarette, as he paced back and forth before the window, saying that the little one had called out, "See! fire comes out of his mouth!"

The accent of the Armenian language—first and secondary—a disputed point among some of the missionaries, was another theme of discussion. And between the singing of various pieces, some amusing stories were told of the old Armenians. The brethren laughed heartily over the fact that instead of the old chants of the church, the Armenians at the river-quarter had lately adopted for wedding pro-

cessions, a Protestant hymn which was utterly incongruous for such occasions. The tune was well enough—"Far, far at sea"—but the words were expressive of sorrow and tribulation in this dark, sinful earth, and a longing to flee away and be at rest! About as appropriate for a wedding as "Hark from the tombs a dismal sound!" By and by the conversation, which was general and unrestrained, took a more serious turn concerning our individual responsibility as Christians: that every one has a work to do for the souls around him.

Every heart seemed in tune, and I was particularly gratified with the pleasant relations existing between the "brethren and sisters;" there was freedom without familiarity, instead of the great distance and almost unbroken silence which usually characterizes the social relations of the sexes among Eastern races. Reference was made to our prayer-meeting at the river-side; and one of the sisters told "how the Varzhoohi wore a veil just like the rest!" "Good!" said the preacher, "now we must call you *sister Maritsa!*" And all found frequent occasion to give me the new title, which seemed so much to please them. It was remarked that the Protestants in Constantinople would wish me to wear the ferijee, or street mantle; but I said, "No, the sisters there had gone far beyond us in dress," and they confessed that it was true.

Tea was served around, followed by sweetmeats and fruit, and before we separated, a chapter was read in the Bible, with a few words about the "bow drawn at a venture," and our being "immortal till our work is done;" and the thought was repeated in the prayer which followed. The evening closed with singing, "Sweet the hours rich in blessing." The pas-

tor's mother and sister loaded me with presents of fruit at leaving, and thanked me again and again for coming to Adabazar. Altogether, it was one of those rare, never-to-be-forgotten reunions which serve as a sort of social cement, drawing hearts nearer, and knitting them together in Christian love and unity. The Old Church Armenians have so many festival occasions, that Protestants are really in danger from the fact that they have almost none. It is contrary to human nature, and God provided them for His ancient people.

A HAPPY CHRISTIAN, "SINGING ALL THE WAY TO HEAVEN."

One day Aroosiag said that she wished to talk with me privately. I supposed it might be about some family affair, but was pleasantly surprised when she began to speak of her religious experience; the possibility of her being deceived. She said, "I often hear that we must mourn over our sins—be in sorrow on account of them. When we sisters come together, we often speak of these things, talk over our state, and ask each other questions. They frequently say that they are sorrowful and unhappy because of their imperfections. But I cannot speak of any such thing; I am always happy. I don't mean that I am better than others; and when I hear them talk so, I feel afraid that I am wrong. But then I say, 'I love my Savior, I believe His word; and when I go to Him and confess my sins, He pardons me, and I go away singing. Why should I mourn? Is He not a perfect Savior? Did He not come to save just such sinners as I?' Still, at night, when I think that others seem to feel so differently, I fear I may be mistaken. What do you say, Varzhoohi; am I right, or am I wrong?" And

she turned her soft, dark eyes upon me with unaffected earnestness and child-like simplicity. Her simple story and undoubting confidence that I could settle the question which troubled her tender conscience quite touched my heart; but I asked, "Have you spoken to your husband and your pastor on this subject?" "Yes; but once only; husband said, 'Go on rejoicing; you are in a good way!' and the pastor said he had known of few such cases. It has troubled me for years, and it was principally for this thing that I visited Stamboul, that I might converse with you on the subject. I thought you could set my heart at rest; but it was the busy examination time and there was no opportunity; so I came home without being satisfied. But I then made a vow that if you ever came near enough, I would send for you to come to our house. So that when we heard you were in Nicomedia, I asked my companion to send Ezekial with a horse to fetch you; and for that reason he traveled all night." "But suppose you have fallen into temptation and committed sin against God, can you then be happy?" "O, no!" she replied, "but I run at once to my heavenly Father, and He forgives me and I go away rejoicing." "Aroosiag, what *is* sin in your eyes?" I inquired. "Whatever grieves my heavenly Father; whatever is forbidden in His Word," she answered. "But tell me, what do *you* do which you consider to be sinful and needing pardon?" "I sometimes get angry, and speak unkindly, and punish the children because I am cross, and am selfish, and proud. At night, when I look back on the day and see where I have failed in duty, have spoken improperly, have gone to an Armenian house without speaking a word for Christ, I feel sorry and cannot rest until I go to my Savior, and ask Him to pardon me and

help me in future; then I am happy again. But I think that is wrong, and try to make myself mourn over it still; but I cannot! He has forgiven me, and why should I not be happy? Does not the Bible tell us to rejoice *always*, and in everything give thanks?" As I looked at the beaming, intelligent face of the dear disciple, I gave thanks to God for such an evidence of the teaching of the Spirit. But I wished to test her a little more, and said, "Well, if you are so sure that He forgives you every time you ask, perhaps you don't mind it so much when you do wrong?" She looked up almost reproachfully. "Why, Varzhoohi! It makes me more watchful, more careful, because of His love! How can I grieve His heart?"

> "Why should the children of a King
> Go mourning all their days?"

I said to myself. Was not this the "rest of faith," the true "higher life" of the Christian? "I thank Thee, Father, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes!"

I told Aroosiag that natural temperament had something to do with the type of a Christian's character, in this respect: Some had naturally more to contend with than others; but that God, who looks at the heart, and knows all that is hidden from the eye of man, will judge every one accordingly. That she should not feel herself better than others, nor judge them uncharitably; but be thankful for the sunshine around her pathway, and be watchful over her heart. That if she had a tender conscience, alive to the least approaches of sin, she need not fear, while journeying onward and upward, if her mouth was filled with songs of rejoicing and praise all the day long!

I inquired concerning her conversion, and she told me more of her early married life; how tenderly her husband cared for and trained her when she was but a child; adding, "Truly, I knew nothing of girlhood, for I was not quite eleven years of age when I was married. I looked up to my husband as a father, and when he had taught me to read the Testament, my prejudices against the truth gave way. I united with the church after the birth of my third child, when I was sixteen or seventeen years of age. But though enlightened, I was not spiritually minded till two years after. I attended all the meetings, and went on in a cold way; I had not tasted the preciousness of Christ. But after that, I began to wake up; I saw that I was a sinner, and was much distressed for a long time. But one day, while reading the hymn, 'I saw One hanging on a tree,' Christ was revealed to me as my Savior!

"O, Varzhoohi! I can never forget that verse,—

> "'A second look He gave, that said,
> I freely all forgive;
> This blood is for thy ransom paid,
> I die that thou may'st live.'

"What joy filled my heart! New life sprang up in my soul; and since then, I AM HIS, AND HE IS MINE; and I have gone on my way rejoicing!" I inquired into her daily life, and she said, "When I awake in the morning, my thoughts go up to God in gratitude; the rays of the sun cause me to pray for the warming Sun of righteousness; when I wash and dress, that I may be cleansed and clothed by His blood and Spirit; when I sweep and clean the house, that my heart may be purified. When I am at my work, I am almost always in communion with Him"—(ejaculatory prayer).

She spoke of her greatest trial being the training of her children. But I had noticed her sweet and tender ways with them, and toward her aged mother, and saw how she obeyed the Scripture injunction, "And the wife see that she reverence her husband."

It was a happy, affectionate, Christian family; the four older children had given their hearts to Jesus, and were very gentle and loving in their ways with the younger ones. For the first time I had heard the endearing diminutives, "maierēg koierēg"—little mother, little sister, etc. And at an early hour every morning, I heard her voice singing the songs of Zion over her household work, "making melody in (her) heart to the Lord." "Happy, happy woman!" I said to myself. "In her tongue is the law of kindness; her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Aroosiag's neighbors bore abundant testimony to her consistent Christian walk, and I was satisfied that she was truly honest and sincere in thus opening her inner life for my scrutiny. Would to God that so rare an experience might be multiplied in this and every land! Turning to the Word of grace, I read a few passages in confirmation of the full assurance of faith: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness: And the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from *all* sin: If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love: These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might *remain in you*, and that your joy might be *full:* Ask and receive that your joy may be full. If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and *we* will come unto him, and make our *abode* with him." We were so absorbed in the delightful

employment, as not to be aware of the lapse of time, till B. Kavork tapped at the door, and told us it was time for the meeting. He had closed his shop an hour before sundown, and the two sons had come home with him, in order to attend the preparatory lecture.

Aroosiag said a few words about her daughter's prospects, and then we joined the little company of believers in the chapel. It was an interesting service. The subject, Half-awakened sinners, and sleepy saints; from the words, "To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not." Afterwards we went to see the silk factory. There were fifty girls of various ages winding silk from cocoons; lamps of olive oil were lighted, and the scene was a lively one. The factory was established by Prussians, but had passed into the hands of Catholic Armenians. Each girl received twenty piastres—about eighty cents—weekly. I told the bright girl who was overseer, how happy I should be to see them all learning to read, but she made no response. When we came home, I went to my room to rest a little before dinner; but the grandmother stole softly in and said, "Now talk to me; you have not said much to me!" So I roused myself, and at her request, told her more about my mother; translated a portion of her last letter, and explained the sacrifice she had made in giving me up; that nothing but the "love of Christ constraining" could have enabled her to do it.

COMMUNION.

On the afternoon of Gēragē—the Lord's day—we assembled to celebrate the Lord's Supper, and I never enjoyed the solemn ordinance more than on that occasion. I was in

a strange land, surrounded by people of another race, speaking another tongue, and yet I felt at home with them; for, "we who sometime were afar off," had been "made nigh by the blood of Christ;" and were "no more strangers, and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." Blessed union and communion, in which "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision or uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all!"

"One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath."

It was a sweet foretaste of the feast which the family of the redeemed will enjoy, when gathered "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation," at the "Marriage-Supper of the Lamb."

That evening, B. Kavork read the 34th Psalm at prayers, and commented on the words, "O taste and see that the Lord is good." He alluded to the fact that many of their neighbors did not appreciate the things so dear to them, and said, "You may tell a man that a certain fruit is delicious, and praise it as much as you like, but he will conceive no idea of its peculiar flavor until he has tasted it for himself. So the world knows not what we mean when we speak of God's peculiar love as manifested to us individually, or of the richness of His promises. They have not tasted for themselves." I quoted,—

"The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know."

And "Unto you which *believe*, Christ is precious." That led to a few words about faith; we turned to the 5th chapter of

Romans, and it was very pleasant to hear the husband say, "Wife, what is faith?" "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," answered Aroosiag, without hesitation. "Avedis," said the father, turning to his eldest son, "can you give another definition?" "Faith is trust, confidence in what we cannot see," said the lad. "But what is justifying faith?" continued the father; and after a little, he explained it himself, and finished by reading the blessed 8th chapter of Romans; and we closed the day with a family prayer-meeting.

THE LAST EVENING.

My good host and his wife had planned to take me for a visit of two or three days to a mountain village, a few hours' distant, where there was a little band of disciples. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons went from Nicomedia, and spent most of the summer there, and a humble chapel was built during their stay.

Our arrangements were all made, and I anticipated much pleasure and profit from the novel trip, when lo! the project was upset by storms of wind and pouring rain.

The children of the family, however, rejoiced at the providential detention, and hoped the rain would not soon cease, that my stay might be prolonged! They were never weary of hearing about America, asking me questions whenever the opportunity offered—though not in an intrusive or disagreeable way—and seeking additional instruction in singing.

After the evening meal of roast chicken, fried egg-plant, boiled chestnuts, and the usual accompaniment of bread and honey, I gave the boys another lesson in the cultivation of the voice, taught them one or two exercises in vocalizing,

and, at their request, sang some English songs as specimens, which greatly pleased them. The father listened attentively; said he had no idea that the human voice was capable of such culture, and asked if he could learn. So I set him to singing a simple exercise, and found that he could increase his vocal capacity. He then referred to the disadvantages of his early life, and concluded by saying that "the Lord had brought him thus far on his way."

We were sitting around the ojak, or fire-place, in the winter-kitchen, watching the cheerful blaze of the long, crooked sticks standing upright in the open-mouthed chimney. There was no "jug of cider," but nuts and apples, the old-time accompaniment of a fireside scene in the country, were not wanting in the picture; and I was reminded of an old-fashioned farmhouse where I delighted to visit when a child, and revelled in the ruddy glow of the great "back-logs" and "fore-sticks," so skilfully laid in the ample fireplace: and the never failing fun and pleasantry that accompanied the discussion of walnuts, butternuts, and delicious, rosy-cheeked apples, which filled the well-stored cellar whence they were brought with a fragrance never to be forgotten.

"O, Varzhoohi! tell us all about it!" said the boys, when I alluded to scenes of by-gone days in my native land. "If you please," said the mother, smilingly, as she glanced at the eager group which surrounded me. "If you please," they echoed. And they listened with open mouths and eyes while I described the farmhouse, its inmates, and their daily life; the great barns, and granaries; the cows, sheep, horses, and oxen; fowls, bees, and birds; the gardens, and the fruit-laden orchards; the waving fields of wheat and corn; the meadows, fragrant with the sweet breath of clover; the won-

derful machines for sowing, mowing, and reaping; and the ingathering of the harvest, followed in due time by the Thanksgiving season, with its joyful reunions, ending in a sketch of our great Western country, with its wide-rolling prairies, its broad rivers and lofty mountains; and of steamships, and railways, with their rushing trains and panting locomotives, carrying vast multitudes throughout the length and breadth of the land. Then they asked me for a description of my native town; and I told them of a time when the wild Indian roved over the hills and valleys, and hunted game through the forests and by the streams of that goodly western portion of the State of New York; and how the "white man" came from old Connecticut, and Massachusets, and Long Island, with wives and children stowed away in great covered wagons, well-stored with needful provisions and cooking utensils; how they formed a settlement on the banks of the "Ganargua," laid out a town with broad streets, cutting each other at right angles, and planted forest-trees on either side; built a school-house for their children, and a church, which crowned the summit of a hill, that they might "go up" to the house of the Lord, to worship the God of their fathers; and how the Lord prospered the enterprise, and how it grew and their numbers increased and wealth poured in; of the pleasant homes, surrounded by shaded gardens, where the birds sang, and flowers bloomed, and little children played unmolested; of the shops, offices, hotels, mills, and factories; the schools and churches, that multiplied with the years; and the lovely cemetery where those who fell "asleep" were laid to rest in the shadow of the hill-side, beneath the sighing pines and the weeping-willows, with the waving branches of a young forest inter-

spersed, flinging out their autumnal banners of crimson, gold, and purple to crown the glory of each dying year. Tender memories were stirred as I spoke of the graves of my kindred—the tomb of the kingly Christian father, by which I made the final consecration to missionary service in a foreign land; although a decade of years had not passed over my head when he was called up higher, yet the holy life and the well-remembered prayers of that father bore blessed fruit in after years.

Our conversation ended with a talk about Heaven. The children had gone to bed and were fast asleep; we older ones were still sitting on the cushions around the fire, continuing the conversation about the future life in the Better Land. "When we get to heaven," said the "little mother," "I shall sit by you, just so!" drawing nearer to my feet, and taking my hand. "Yes, and leave me off here!" cried Prappion; adding, "And where will grandmother be?" "O, mother will sit in the corner!" Aroosiag answered, glancing at the chimney-corner where the dear old grandmother had fallen asleep—her head bobbing up and down: "Baron will sit in the middle, Prappion by his side, and"—"And *we* will lie here!" piped out one of the younger boys, lifting his head from the pillow at the back of the room, his eyes twinkling with fun. We were much amused, and the good "Baron," looking over to his wife, half fondly, half-deprecatingly exclaimed, "*Surprising woman!*" I had made several attempts to retire, but it was our last evening together, and all seemed unwilling to separate. At last, seeing that the hour was late, I made another move, saying, "I will arise,"—"and go to my Father's house!" said Aroosiag, quickly supplying the rest of the sentence;—"And to-mor-

row morning you will be gone, and we shall be alone!" I sang in reply, "My days are gliding swiftly by;" and Prappion took up the strain, causing her parents to laugh at her doleful rendering of the next line or two; but I responded with another, "I 'm a pilgrim, I can tarry but a night!"

The dear girl, whose filial piety and modest Christian deportment had been to me most satisfactory, accompanied me to my room, which, by the way, was her own special apartment; she having slept in a corner of the "great room" during my visit; the father and mother also having a separate room by themselves with the youngest child, which arrangement was probably a fruit of her school-life at Constantinople. She spread my couch on the floor, saying with a sigh, "It is the last time!" A few moments later, the mother came to speak once more of a matter which weighed on her heart respecting her daughter, whom she earnestly desired to see united to a certain young preacher, and spending her life for the Master.

I told her our views of marriage, saying, "This is a very delicate matter. Trust God, and don't take it into your own hands." And she answered, "Truly, you think finely, make fine and nice distinctions."

THE DEPARTURE.

I was awakened at an early hour in the morning by the children singing, "A, B, C," and other exercises which I had taught them. Before it was light, some of the sisters came to bid me "yertak parov"—go with good. And one of them brought me a pomegranate from her garden.

At family worship, the father read the 133d Psalm, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to

dwell together in unity;" and we sang, "When shall we meet again?" He prayed most fervently for heaven's blessing to rest upon me, "their child," as I went forth from them, thanked God for our delightful season of Christian intercourse, and asked that we might all meet in heaven. While I was eating my breakfast of chicken-broth from a small bowl, a Christian brother came in, and Aroosiag invited him to partake with me, which he did. The proximity was closer and more trying to my fastidiousness than any previous experience in that line; but we dipped our spoons, one after the other, as if accustomed to such fellowship all our lives!

Preacher Alexan came to see me off, bringing a present of fruit, etc., for some of the missionary children at Constantinople, saying that he awoke in the night and thought "she must not go empty-handed."

The farewell with the family was really affecting, for I had become much attached to them all, and they, apparently, to me, during the ten days of my visit. But finally the last embrace was given, the last word said, and with their warmest blessing, I mounted my horse, and set forth on my return to Nicomedia. It was a pleasant morning, bright, but cold, and a hoar-frost lay thickly on the ground. B. Kavork accompanied me on horseback for an hour or two, and beguiled the way by conversation. He pointed out, not far from the town, an old Roman bridge with ten arches, as perfect as it was 1800 years ago! But the ancient Sangarius had entirely changed its course, leaving but a dry bed where it once spanned the rushing river on its way to the Black Sea. "In the spring time, the river Sakaria often overflows its low banks," said B. Kavork; "the streets of the town are sometimes flooded, the lower part of our dwellings become wet and damp, and

in consequence, there is much malaria, producing chills and fever."

After many thanks expressed on both sides, for good received and pleasure enjoyed, I parted with my kind, hospitable host, who bade me "God-speed" on my way, and with a faithful Armenian escort, turned my face westward, retracing the journey of thirty miles to Nicomedia.

The long, weary day was drawing to its close, when to my delight I saw my good missionary brother, Mr. Parsons, coming to meet me, holding his sleeping baby-boy before him on the horse. The fair face, flushed with exercise, the closed eyelids, and drooping eyelashes resting upon the soft, velvet cheeks, and the half-parted cherry lips, made a beautiful picture. A half-hour of climbing up the hillside, and I was once more welcomed and at rest in the missionary home of the old capital of Bithynia.

CHAPTER III.

NICOMEDIA.

IN the days of its glory, as the seat of empire, Nicomedia is said to have spread over more hills than Rome itself. Though Paul and Silas were not suffered by the Spirit to testify in Bithynia, the seeds of truth were there sown in after years, and many of the people became followers of the despised Nazarene, sealing their testimony with their blood, under the reign of the infamous Diocletian. But the glory departed from that second Rome; and the Lord's tabernacle was removed, leaving but the *empty shell* to testify that it once had a dwelling-place within its walls. Centuries passed away before the "Day-spring from on high (again) visited the people—to give light to them that sat in darkness, and in the shadow of death."

Two missionaries from Constantinople had been silently witnessing the senseless round of ceremonies, and vain mummery enacted within the walls of one of its Armenian churches; and as they turned away with saddened hearts, one of them dropped a little tract in the outer court, with a silent prayer for the Divine blessing. The tiny seedlet was picked up by a priest. It took deep root in his heart, and was also used for the conversion of a brother-priest. Little did Leigh Richmond dream when penning the simple story

of the "DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER," that he was setting in motion a mighty wave of influence which should reach to the uttermost bounds of the earth! And it is doubtful if the faith of him who scattered the seed by the way-side, was strong enough to grasp such a grand possibility as lay hidden within the germ of life! That little tract was the means used by God for the establishment of the first Evangelical church among the Armenians of Turkey, and ultimately of two others. Eternity alone will reveal its wide circling sweep, with the heavenly harvest borne upon its bosom!

A ROYAL HUNT.

When the morning sun streamed over the sea of Marmora, the blood-red banner of the Turk, with its national historical emblem—the "crescent and star"—was seen flying from two or three steamers lying in the harbor. His Imperial Highness, Sultan Abdul Aziz, had arrived from Constantinople with his suite, on a great hunting expedition among the Bithynian mountains. People were collecting from every quarter to see their sovereign enter the city, and we decided to "go with the multitude."

We found an open hillside at the outskirts of the town, covered with crowds of all ages and conditions. The women were mostly enveloped in their white-sheet veils, looking like so many ghosts sprinkled thickly through the gay groups to be seen in every direction. After waiting for an hour, the booming of cannon announced the debarkation.

A company of porters passed by, laden with tent-poles, and cloths—of the sacred green, used only by the lineal descendants of Mahomet—stuffed arm-chairs, a sofa, etc., etc., which they conveyed to a new palace near the shore, in

process of completion. The old Serai had been newly repaired and fitted up, but the odor of paint so disgusted his Majesty on a previous visit, that he ordered it pulled down, and another one, of stone, erected in its place. A specimen of Turkish economy with borrowed—English—funds; showing that it is vastly easier to spend other people's money than one's own!

THE GRAND SEIGNIOR.

A mounted officer, followed by others on foot, dashed up the hillside, brandished his glittering sword, and loudly ordered the way prepared for the coming of the king!—reminding us of the words of the prophet Isaiah, and of John the Baptist: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert, a highway for our God."

The crowd fell back, and soldiers were stationed on either side of the road.

At last shouts greeted our ears, and the Sultan made his appearance, mounted on a coal-black steed, followed by his scarlet-clad, sable attendant, with a train of gaily mounted pashas and officers. The tall, dignified, portly person of the Grand Seignior was simply attired; but his physique indicated less intellectuality than fondness for sensuous pleasures; in striking contrast to Ali Pasha, and Fuad Pasha —the *thinkers* of the Ottoman Cabinet.

The children of the Protestant day-school were stationed at the summit of the hill, and sang, at the top of their voices, an original hymn prepared by their teacher, in honor of his Majesty. He merely deigned a glance at them; and as the gay cavalcade rode into the grounds of the new palace, a procession of priests and children from the Old Church

Armenians passed by. Each boy carried a wax taper in his right hand, and a wreath of laurel in his left. Their heads were closely shaven, and bound with rose-colored ribbon, tied in a bow at one side; and the two last next the priests were crowned with wreaths of artificial flowers. They were all clad in full white robes, with a broad green collar upon the neck, edged with gold, and with the cross conspicuously embroidered upon it. Their monotonous chanting was quite a contrast to the spirited singing of the Protestant children.

The Greek school was also out in full force and festive array. But all were alike disappointed; for there was no royal bounty, no scattering of coins to be eagerly caught by the throngs on the highway; and no presents made to the various communities, or schools, as in former times.

In two or three days the Sultan departed, and from the current reports, we inferred that he did not win much favor among the people by his visit. Royalty had cost them dear! It was costly sport, of which they might well have said, "It may be fun for you, but it is death to us!" The country had been scoured for horses for the great hunt; and wherever found, were taken, without any compensation, or so much as, "By your leave." Two hundred horses were thus secured, though a number were brought from Constantinople, in a steamer which was sent down, on Sunday, laden with provisions, arms, etc. A large tract of land was surrounded, into which the game, such as wild boar, deer, antelopes, wolves, foxes, jackals, and, possibly, bears, were driven for the Sultan to shoot! He was said to be very fond of athletic sports, and anxious to revive the ancient games.

FRUIT OF THE CONSTANTINOPLE SCHOOL.

In the afternoon I met, by appointment, at the house of one of their number, the former graduates of the Constantinople school, living in Nicomedia. We had a pleasant, and apparently, a profitable interview, conversing with each respecting her stay in the school, and her subsequent course.

All were married, and four of the five were mothers, with several children. Two of them had each a small school in her own house; and one who had no children, had for years taught a home-school of from twenty to thirty girls, receiving half-pay from the Mission. One of the other schools—of twelve pupils—was entirely self-supporting. After the review of past years, I read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, and dwelt upon the parable of the ten talents, trying to bring home to their hearts its solemn truths. Then we knelt in prayer, and Elbice offered a fervent petition for Divine assistance; after which, we conversed concerning the best way in which they could exert an influence among their people, and I tried to interest them in gathering children for Sunday-schools, establishing infant Sunday-school classes, and prayer-meetings for the women, in various quarters; and then we spoke of their duties as mothers, and of the light of example, which cannot be hid. While we were talking, the wife of the pastor, an early graduate, came in, evidently out of sorts. Poor Juhar! She had just enough religion to make her unhappy; trying to hold on to earth with one hand, and heaven with the other!

A word in season to her, about her duty as a mother, during the first years of her children's lives; the importance of

laying foundations, etc., and it was nearly dark; but all protested against breaking up any earlier, "because," they said, "we do not often enjoy such an opportunity." Several of them seemed impressed by what had been said of their increased responsibility as Christian mothers, and one of the youngest, and most interesting, said, with emotion, "I acknowledge that I have not been as faithful a mother to my children as I should have been; but I will try to do better hereafter."

The next day I called to see an Armenian girl, who, after a few terms, had been dismissed from our Mission-school at Constantinople, and had opened a school for her own support. Twenty little children were seated upon the floor in a miserable room of her grandmother's house. They seemed very quiet and orderly. Their teacher had seen me coming, and left the room, but the poor girl burst into tears when we met in the passage-way.

She was weak-minded, with a heart corrupted by evil associations in early life; yet not wholly hardened, or closed against good influences. Her pupils were thirty-one in number, all from the Old Church Armenians, and what was more remarkable, all pay-scholars, each one paying about five cents per week for tuition. A half-hour was spent in talking to the children of God, and their relations to Him.

They seemed very ignorant and stupid, but after illustrating and simplifying the truth, their minds seemed to wake up a little, and they began to answer my questions in a more lively manner. Before I left, they sang a Sunday-school hymn very nicely, and I encouraged their teacher to go on and retrieve her character.

The Protestant pastor conducted the usual meeting for

women in the chapel that day, and preached a rather stilted discourse, from the pulpit, instead of sitting down among them for a good, plain, practical talk—a setting forth of their duties, and the helps to perform them. After the meeting, I spent a little time in the day-school, on a lower floor, where fifty children, mostly Protestant boys, were assembled.

The teacher had long and successfully taught in Adabazar; and after many vain efforts, was finally secured for Nicomedia; and much was expected from the school under his faithful instruction and excellent influence. With his permission, I occupied a half-hour in addressing the school, and asking questions. They sang two or three of the new Sunday-school songs with much enthusiasm; and then, Marta, one of my pupils, who had come over from Bardezag, called with me at the house of the pastor, particularly to see his daughter (who was one of the number that we could not retain in our school when the Mission funds were reduced), and, if possible, induce her to teach a little class in the Sunday-school. Mania seemed willing to undertake it, but her mother thought she needed more instruction herself, and gave her no encouragement. It was evident, that unless she had a helping hand, and the aid of example, very little usefulness could be expected from her.

Marta accompanied me to the school for girls, long established in Nicomedia by one of the first pupils of the Mission-school, who had married and settled in her native city. This also was a home pay-school; and the instruction given by Armevinê in ornamental needlework, attracted many girls from Armenian families. Courtesying, and shaking hands, seemed to be one of their modern accomplish-

ments; and each one came forward to show a proficiency, with which I could well have dispensed.

Toward evening, we went out for a quiet walk. Marta chose a retired path among the hills, and we talked over plans for her future course. She seemed earnestly desirous of more active usefulness among her people; and feeling the need of guidance, came over for counsel, on hearing of my arrival in the city. Her humble, earnest desire to know and do the will of her Heavenly Father was very pleasant and encouraging to witness, and compensated for years of toil in learning and using a strange language in a foreign land.

A SOCIAL VISIT, AND AFTER-CONCLUSIONS.

On our return from the pleasant ramble, teacher Arakeal, with a number of lads, and a few Protestant friends, came, by invitation of the missionary and his wife, to spend the evening.

Pleasant conversation and singing, of which the people never weary, accompanied by the melodeon, caused the time to pass very swiftly, and brought us nearer to each other in the bonds of Christian love and sympathy. We had a long talk about the "smoking mania;" and Mr. Parsons maintained that if the Protestant brethren would deny themselves the use of tobacco, they could easily sustain their pastor and the school: "Impossible to do without it!" exclaimed one. "We eat less food in consequence," said another.

Brother Apostle had pledged himself to abstain, but after a trial of two months gave up the attempt. His experience was very different from that of brother Resurrection, who could not endure the atmosphere of the "vile weed," and

did not drink either tea or coffee. But the controversy was carried on in an excellent spirit, and we had some bits of fun over the discussion of nuts and apples, which followed the dish of graver talk.

When the little company separated, my mind was more deeply impressed than ever with the necessity of such friendly, familiar, and frequent social intercourse to successfully establish the somewhat abnormal relation of the foreign missionary to the people among whom he dwells.

My good missionary brother and sister canvassed the oft-discussed and perplexing subject of "missionary policy" with renewed interest, after hearing somewhat of my experience at Adabazar. Mr. Parsons set forth the extent and the needs of his great diocese, comprising a wider territory and a greater population than the entire Mission to the Nestorians of Persia,—the Nestorians numbering but 60,000 souls, with a full staff of missionaries, and he was but one man for more than 100,000 Armenians, besides Turks, Greeks, and Jews! He brought out a map which he had prepared, of the plain of Nice, with its teeming towns and villages—where sat the famous Ecclesiastical Council of old;—a field ripe for the harvest, but with no laborers for the ingathering;—and invited me to accompany him, at some future time, on a tour through that portion of his field, where hundreds of Armenian women would gather to hear my words.

Some years before, the village of Bardezag had been committed to the care of faithful preacher Hohannes, and his good wife, and Nicomedia became the missionary residence, and centre of evangelistic work in that region. But with such a vast field to oversee, Mr. Parsons felt it impossible to expend upon the central point the time and strength which he

deemed really essential to the best interests and truest development of the outlying districts. There we sisters differed from him in opinion; and though missionary wives are styled "assistant missionaries" at headquarters, and never expected to have any voice in the disposal of vexed questions, or the business of the Stations,—and the single sisters seem to be an *unknown quantity*, for whom even Paul made no provision!—we did not hesitate to assert our conviction that the centre of missionary operations should receive the most careful culture, from the fact that the surrounding towns and villages naturally looked to it as their model. We believed that, in the end, it would prove infinitely better to cultivate thoroughly one portion, which should be fruit-bearing and self-propagating, than to merely scratch the surface of half-a-dozen! But the missionary was strongly impressed with the necessity of freedom and self-control for the infant evangelical churches, and said that he had left the city church, with their pastor, to manage their own affairs. He did not even attend their business meetings, and had no voice in the settlement of questions that might arise, except in so far as they sought his counsel. He had conscientiously carried out his theory of non-interference, believing that they would grow in self-government, and learn by their own mistakes. We, on the contrary, felt that so long as the church was supported by the Board, the missionary should have a share in the management of its internal economy; and that while "infants," they needed fatherly guidance, if not control.

Mr. Parsons had, from the first, been an earnest advocate of self-support; his theory was practically this, that the stipend of every preacher should be graded by the cost of

living in the place where he labored; giving him one-third more than the wages of a resident first-class mechanic; which would not be too much for the people to assume, in due time, and no more than they would be willing to allow their pastor, for their own self-respect. But the old system, still retained in that city,—which was more or less under the jurisdiction of Constantinople,—allowed the people to make the yearly estimate for their pastor's salary, with a promise to pay a certain proportion. And hitherto they had virtually rated it so high, that they paid nothing, year after year! A very unfortunate education for them—those paper promises,—and crippling to their real growth; for, true independence is the result of manly self-support; and as a rule, that is most prized which costs most. We concluded that very much depended upon the *animus* and energy of the pastor who should lead the flock; and certainly the church under consideration did not present much life or activity. Before we dismissed the subject, the gentle, yet efficient and far-seeing brother, who had long contended for the "apostolic method" of planting the Gospel amid many difficulties and perplexing antecedents, read to me his late letters to the Missionary House at Boston. The little courtesies, and the delicate attention which he never failed to bestow, showed a respect and esteem which was very gratefully appreciated; and his excellent wife, with her clear perceptions, sound judgment, and faithful co-labor, did not fail to receive the honor which was her due as a "full missionary."

INTERIOR OF MOUNTAIN VILLAGES.

One morning, after breakfast, we started to visit some of the villages within two or three hours' ride of Nicomedia, and

Mr. Parsons took his little daughter before him on his horse. Our narrow path lay up the mountain-side, a part of the way, through a forest of young trees, and a heavy undergrowth of shrub oak. Wildbriar roses bloomed in profusion, pinks, "sweet williams," and the blue-eyed orchis, with other familiar home flowers, looked up at us from the way-side, and the hand of the little maiden was frequently outstretched to gather the wild honeysuckle or clematis, whose trailing branches hung over the way. The soft call of the cuckoo sounded sweetly in the cool recesses of those green bowers, and we greatly enjoyed our ride.

About half-way from the village of Ovajuk, we saw eight women at work in a field, digging the ground, pushing the rude, forked pick, or spade, into the hard soil with their bare feet, while two stalwart men stood by, looking on.

We passed by two great, lonely farmhouses, owned by some wealthy pasha, who farmed out his extensive lands, receiving in return a certain proportion of the produce. The country was too unsafe for a family to live in such an isolated situation, and the great buildings were only occupied as a lodging-place for laborers.

On our arrival, we rode to the house of the chief Protestant, but found only the grandmother and a grandson at home, who was for a time a pupil in the Mission Seminary at Constantinople. He was quite young, but bright, and had "walked straight through geometry" the last year; but was cut short in his studies, owing to a suspension of the "Secular department" of the school. His subsequent course in business, proved that cleverness is not the grand requisite for missionary training. One room of the house was used for Sunday services, conducted by the missionary, or the preacher

from Nicomedia, and about forty persons usually collected to hear the truth. The people were enlightened, but not converted.

We visited the school established two years ago by the Old Armenian Church, in opposition to the small school opened by the missionaries in that village, and found a good substantial building, the principal room well lighted by numerous windows.

The teacher, a young man of pleasing appearance, received us kindly. There were about a hundred pupils present, seated closely on cushions spread upon the floor; twenty girls of the fifty in usual attendance, occupied one corner; and a few advanced pupils were in another room, engaged in "higher studies" with their teacher.

Taking up a good-sized book, I was surprised to see that it was Scripture history, in modern Armenian. I hastily glanced over a few pages, and was pleased with the valuable compilation of facts, dates, etc., in the spoken language of the people. The pupils were well supplied with those expensive, well-bound volumes, prepared by the Catholic press at Venice; and I found, upon inquiry, that they had purchased them for themselves; and the larger girls of eleven and twelve years of age were studying them. A smaller book in the hands of the younger pupils proved to be a brief catechism in modern Armenian. The first few pages contained nothing to which I could not assent; and though there was undoubtedly much error mixed up with the truth, yet the introduction of such books into an Armenian school was a great advance on the past, and could not fail to pave the way for a more general diffusion of knowledge, and lead to the study of the pure Word of God.

An unmistakable sign of the "good time coming" was the fact that not a few schools in connection with the Old Armenian Church had previously adopted Protestant text-books, which contained the very essence of Christianity!

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Leaving the school-house, we visited the church near by—a large stone building, capable of accommodating all the villagers.

"What a nice chapel this would make us!" observed Mr. Parsons, as we glanced at the solid walls and vaulted roof. Its interior was much like that of all the Armenian churches throughout the land. The marks of past prosperity, evident in these structures—for which the wealthy had given their money and jewels, and the poor their time and labor—were found in the poorest villages. Signs of a deep-rooted superstition met us at every turn, in the rude pictures of Virgin and Saints, and the faint flickering of a few lighted tapers placed before them. The tomb-like atmosphere, never penetrated by a ray of the glorious sun-light, the odor of incense, and the "dim, religious light" (so largely imitated in modern church-buildings at home), carried us back to the dark ages; for it lacked the breath of moral healthiness! Cushions and carpets were scattered about upon the matted floor, and a little latticed gallery for women, occupied one end over the porch.

We paused to examine a large, rude representation of the Judgment, suspended upon the wall of the inner court, opposite the main entrance.

The three persons of the Trinity were painted conspicuously in the centre. God the Father, represented as

the "Ancient of days"—a venerable old man, with long, white beard, sitting high over all; the Spirit, in the usual form of a dove; and the Son, as a young man, upon the judgment-seat. On his right hand, and on his left, were throngs of people; rows of saints as in a gallery above, and those who were being judged, below.

An angel, with a pair of scales, stood near the throne, and a priest was advancing to be weighed. Those who were found wanting in the balance, were thrust down by an angel on the left hand, into a lake of fire, whose forked flames seemed like so many devouring tongues, writhing to seize their victims; while those who were tested and approved, were ushered by another angel at the right, through a portal, to the seats of bliss above, to join the crowded ranks of stiffly-seated saints, tier on tier, where angels with trumpets seemed flying about in every direction!

The world of woe was crowded by miserable beings, who seemed gnashing their teeth in despair. Upon the forehead of every one was written the sin for which he was doomed: envy, lust, dishonesty, etc., and former instruments of wickedness were evidently employed as means of torture. The miller had his mill-stone hung about his neck, and others were similarly punished, "according to the deeds done in the body!" Quite a number of priests figured prominently in the crowd,—known by the long beard and cowl,—and intermingled, were plenty of hideous fiends, who seemed tormenting the lost. Some of the wicked imps had climbed up on one side, and fastened chains about the necks of those who were yet out of the fire, and were clinging in despair to their vain supports! and others, with the sharp prongs of their long iron forks, thrust

back the wretched creatures who were trying to escape from the flames.

It was a coarse, horrible caricature, reminding one of Dante's Inferno; but the pictured lesson was plain; educating conscience, and keeping alive in the minds of the people, a belief in the immortality of the soul, and a final retribution: "For, we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

THE AMAZONS.

The theological students at Bebek, Constantinople, were often employed during their summer vacations, as colporteurs in the Nicomedia field, and their efforts to spread the truth sometimes resulted in considerable opposition among the people. On one occasion, a violent outbreak had occurred in a little village where a couple of students were at work; and a week or two after, I accompanied Mr. Parsons to the place.

We passed through the streets without meeting any insult; but found the roadside leading to the house of the only Protestant—where the two students had lodged—lined with scraps of paper, shreds of books, and tracts, torn to pieces and scattered to the winds, by a mob of two hundred infuriated women! They had chosen their time on a market-day, when the men of the place were all absent at an adjoining town; and came upon the young men in a vineyard, where they were engaged in reading the Bible to some laborers. They were hard-handed, strong-armed women, accustomed to field-labor, and they went at their work with a will!—probably instigated by their Armenian priests,

—for Turkish law does not recognize a woman's individuality, and hence she is irresponsible, and meets no punishment at its hands. Seizing the young men by the throat, they nearly choked them to death; and after beating them thoroughly, and almost tearing off their clothing, they left the field with flying banners! Going next to the Protestant house, the exultant company surrounded it, while a "special committee" tried the strength of their arms upon the poor, lone woman within, giving her a "sound beating" because she harbored the "Protes!" Then, finding the baskets of books, they tossed them out of the windows to the surging crowd below, who speedily wreaked their vengeance upon the silent, defenceless witnesses for the truth, and sent them flying in tiny fragments through the air! Just as the work of destruction was finished, some one on the look-out heard the sharp creaking of the rude wagons returning from market, and gave the alarm. The women hastened to disperse before the men should arrive and find them at their lawless work. "To me, it was a terrible time!" said the wife of the Protestant, as she told of the raid upon the house in her husband's absence. "I think I never was so glad to see anybody in my life, as I was my companion when he returned that evening."

One of the students was so intimidated by the treatment he had received at the hands of the Amazons, that he fled from the field! The other was made of sterner stuff, and manfully stood by his colors; but he had something besides "pluck" to sustain him in his lonely position, surrounded by the enemy, and fighting the battles of the Lord single-handed.

The *faith* of that young David was better armor

than any that the "god of this world" provides for his Goliaths!

"I used to think," said Keropè, "that I could never have special fellowship with the martyrs, when admitted to the society of heaven, because I had never suffered persecution; but after this thing, it comes to me, that I can say to them, 'I also am one of your number; for I, like you, have suffered for the cause of Christ.'" And the ruddy face of the youth beamed with joy as he spoke, reminding me of the words of the apostle to the Gentiles: "From henceforth let no man trouble me; for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Preacher Hohannes, our old friend, joined us soon after our arrival, and the three men went out to survey the field of battle. While they were gone, four or five women came to see me, and one of them brought a bunch of roses and white lilies as a sort of peace-offering. They were evidently moved by curiosity, never having seen a foreign missionary lady, and deprecated any allusion to the outrage of the week or two previous, or an implication that *they* had a share in it. After quietly listening awhile to the simple exposition of a few verses of Scripture, one of their number, looking out of the window, gave a signal to the others, and they withdrew. She had seen the master of the house in the street, and a moment after he came in and greeted me cordially. His wife listened to our conversation, but took no part till I mentioned America, when she said, "*America*, what's that?" Before I could reply, her husband showed his superior wisdom by answering, "America is a city as big as Stamboul!" It was quite as difficult to cause him to understand the extent and magnitude of our continent, as in the case of some more learned ones beyond the sea, who have never seen it with their own eyes!

By-and-by the surveying party returned, fully satisfied that retreat was out of the question; the field was to be won for Christ at all hazards. Satan had been roused because he saw his kingdom in danger; and there was reason for encouragement instead of despondency. Such zeal and energy in behalf of their old superstitions gave promise of equal earnestness as working Christians, when the people should accept the truth.

It was long after midday, and the good wife hastened to place before us a tray of food. Thin cakes of dark, unleavened bread were placed around the edge, and a dish of poached eggs in the centre; but there were neither forks or spoons with which to partake of it. My morning ride had given me an appetite, but how to secure my portion was a puzzle. In this dilemma, I watched my companions, and saw them double bits of bread and use each as a scoop or ladle. I imitated their example, but the eggs were only slightly cooked, and each dainty morsel that I sought to secure, "fell out by the way!" Meanwhile, the supply was rapidly diminishing, for four hearty men were dipping into the one dish. Despairing of my futile attempts, I observed the preacher more narrowly, and noticed that he so inclined his head, that the transfer of food to the mouth was a very short journey, accomplished by a quick, skillful movement, which left little chance for escape. I followed suit successfully, at last, just as the dish was being emptied of its contents! The next course was a pan of soured, curdled milk, for which black wooden spoons were provided, but I finished my repast with the black bread alone. After the meal was concluded, the Bible was brought, and we had prayers. Preacher Hohannes read a portion of I. Peter, third and fourth chapters, and wisely commented upon the words: "If ye suffer

for righteousness' sake, happy are ye: be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled: For it is better, if the will of the Lord be so, that ye suffer for well-doing than for evil-doing: But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or an evil-doer, or as a busy-body in other men's matters: Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed, but let him glorify God on this behalf."

Passing through another village, on our return, we met a number of women engaged in spinning, preparing bulgoor, and other domestic employments in the streets. They saluted us, and inquired why we did not stay longer. I commenced speaking to some of them about spiritual things, when one said, "Come now, sit down and talk to us; what is the need of your going so soon?" After speaking a few moments of the food and raiment that God had provided for the soul, which has another life to live, I promised to come again and stay longer, and they bade me "go with good."

Not far from Nicomedia, we came upon a cluster of deserted buildings, falling to decay, which told a sad story of Turkish stupidity, and envy that overreached and punished itself.

It was the old story of the dog in the manger. Enterprising Englishmen had, about ten years before, successfully established a manufactory for superior "broadcloths" from the fine wool of that region, especially that of Angora, so famous for its length and silky texture. They had brought their families, and were peaceful citizens, a source of revenue to the Government, and of employment to numbers of people, aiding the missionary work by their sympathy and influence. But Turkish officials took alarm at their prosperity, and the

Government compelled them to abandon the work at a great loss.

ANOTHER TRIP TO BARDEZAG.

Six or seven years had passed since my first visit to Bardezag, and I was reminded of Paul's words to Barnabas: "Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do."

Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock, I started in company with Hovsep, and while waiting at a shop, B. Kerope came along with a packet of letters from Constantinople. I opened it, and found one for myself from the home-land. We crossed the Gulf in a rude sail-boat, like those used on the sea of Galilee in the time of our Savior; and I looked with interest upon the "hinder part" of the "small ship," where one could crawl in to sleep "upon a pillow."

There were twelve passengers besides the three men who managed the boat; and while the sun was going down, I read my letter, looking up now and then to enjoy the soft rippling of the blue waters, and the lights and shadows playing upon the "everlasting hills" which lifted their heads around the horizon. We found it difficult to procure a horse on the other side, and I had decided to walk the few miles, and started off, but was called back to mount a pack-saddle, fastened upon what seemed a bundle of bones! The unnatural position was very uncomfortable, and I did not envy my Oriental sisters their freedom to ride "otherwise."

The summit of the mountain in the distance before us, was lighted up by wood-fires, looking like a volcano with streams of red-hot lava pouring down its sides.

It was late when we reached the village, and picked our

way along the dark, narrow streets, till we drew up before the pastor's house—the same formerly occupied by the missionary family; he and his wife and children, whom I had known in Constantinople, came out to welcome me, and when I was refreshed by a cup of tea, some of the brethren and sisters came in with warm greetings, to enjoy a good talk.

After family worship, a bed was spread for me upon the floor of the room where we had spent the evening, and I was left to rest.

Early the next morning, I was awakened by the sweet sound of the Sabbath-bell! It was the gift of some church or Sunday-school at home, for the new chapel; and its echoes among those mountains, sent a gush of gratitude through my heart. There were no Turks living in that village to forbid the innovation, and that accounted for the novel fact.

Soon after sunrise, the people answered to the call, and assembled for a lesson in the catechism; breakfast came at 8½ o'clock, after prayers—brown bread, cheese, and stewed quince—preaching at 11 o'clock, followed by a church-meeting. And after the dinner—of meat-stew, with bulgoor, or cracked wheat, cheese, and bread,—seventy-seven women came to our meeting. The pastor's wife talked and prayed, and afterward took subscriptions for their "Benevolent Society," while I looked on and listened. Another preaching service followed at 3 o'clock, which seemed dry and prosy, and I could scarcely keep awake; after that the Sunday-school, which was very interesting.

CHANGES.

Many changes had taken place since I last gathered with that people. Good Amooja was not there to welcome my coming. He had accomplished his earthly work and warfare—"faithful unto death"—but his memorial "stones" were firmly embedded in the foundation of the new and commodious chapel. The people were perched upon high seats, during the Sunday services, and seemed uncomfortable in the strange position. A number of the men, and women also, drew up their feet, and sat upon them, according to their custom; and there were empty seats in the large audience-room, and an occasional bonnet and dress in European style—in imitation of the pastor's wife and one or two others from Stamboul: and the pastor's discourse lacked the freshness and animation of the former preacher; and there was not the same earnest, wide-awake attention on the part of the people; I saw several persons nodding, and others looking around during the sermon. Altogether, the change seemed not for the better. I longed for the "good old times" in the little, dingy, crowded chapel, when the people sat down together (as in all Eastern places of worship), and heart responded to heart, and Christ's disciples were in the fervor of their "first love," and had lost none of their childlike simplicity. Could it be possible that the "noble vine" planted by God's hand—"wholly a right seed," and giving promise of much fruit,—had already begun to degenerate? The thought was too painful.

"Little foxes" had indeed entered that vineyard of the Lord, and injured the vines, with their "tender grapes." Some "stone of stumbling" caused a partial division in the

church; it was a slight thing, and might easily have been healed at first; but it grew, and finally resulted in a rupture between the preacher and his people, and he sadly left them, to labor in another place.

It afterward appeared, that the trouble might have been averted, if Hohannes had been settled as their pastor, receiving his support in part, or as a whole, from the people, which he at last offered to do, expecting to live accordingly (although his home and surroundings were exceedingly plain and simple). But the marriage between preacher and people had been too long delayed, and the betrothment was the more easily broken! It seemed a sad mistake; and mistakes are far more fatal when foundations are being laid, than afterward. But the missionary was away, spending much of his time and strength in other portions of his immense field; and the matter seemed too far advanced for settlement when it came before him. The remedy was sought in installing a pastor over them at an early day; he was elderly, and experienced—a good man, but the union lacked its vital element—love!

A longer stay, and a deeper insight, revealed some pleasanter changes, and rebuked my want of faith. Sunday evening a brother came in who seemed another Amooja; the people looked up to him as a holy man, and I was told of his rising in the night, and going by himself to read, and think, and pray; that he said to his brethren, "If you want to know what happiness is, you must do the same!" "His wife, a pleasant woman, and his five children, sit in a room together, every evening, and each repeats a hymn, and prays. Lemuel peddles calico, and preaches the Gospel to all the women, and they like him; and everybody sees a great

change in him since he became a true Christian," said the friends who were telling me the story.

On Monday I visited the new silk factory, with my hostess, and found sixty ignorant and indolent girls there employed; a field for Christian work! As we were passing along the streets, a number of women who were spreading bulgoor on sheets to dry, or doing their family washing, said to me, significantly, "*You* do not do such work; *you are rich!*" The remark revealed one of the hinderances in the way of the Missionary. Of work which is not physical, the people have not the faintest conception! It brought to mind a speech made in my hearing, when but a child, by a narrow-minded old farmer who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow: that "*Ministers* should work for their living as well as other people!" and threw additional light on the vexed question of ministerial support.

THE WORK AMONG THE WOMEN.

We visited several Protestant families, and I asked the sisters how they had gone on in their way heavenward. They confessed that their love had grown cold, and that they often asked themselves, "Where is our first love?" One of the brethren came in while we were talking, and said that children, work, and care had kept them back; but I told them that earthly cares should lead them nearer to Christ. That they should blend Him with all their daily life; tell Him all their troubles, and get help from the only source of strength.

It was sweet to talk to them of Christ as the Burden-bearer, and ever-present Helper; and they thanked me repeatedly, and hoped that they should grow in grace hereafter.

After supper, I called to see the father of one of my pupils, —a man of some property, but close and avaricious,—and had a long talk with him about his daughter. He was a Protestant, but not a living Christian; and after appealing to higher motives, I was compelled to work upon his pride and ambition: telling him that I must report at home what his daughter was doing. That he had been at little or no expense for her during the four years she was at school, and that she was now under obligation to employ her time and talents for the Lord.

The force of example was also brought to bear upon him, in the case of another Protestant father, similarly situated, who established his daughter in a school mostly at his own expense. The man proved a "tough subject;" he had set his face like a flint against Noonia's attempts to teach, and the mother was equally worldly, calling all her daughter's plans for usefulness, laziness; telling her that her desire to go to meeting, give lessons, etc., was merely to get rid of work!

In the estimation of both parents, nothing was of much worth that did not promote thrift, and the increase of worldly goods. But the father finally surrendered, threw down his arms, and promised his consent to the daughter's teaching a school, and some assistance towards paying for the room!

A rather uncouth, yet honest and kindly Protestant couple from Tamluk, spent the evening at the pastor's, and I greatly enjoyed hearing them tell of the progress of truth in that region. After family worship they left, and "Mrs. Variety" had the divan-cover gathered up and taken away, with a significant look, which I understood.

She said, in apology, that she was frequently obliged to do

this, to prevent the scattered vermin from collecting upon her children,—a thing which I had never yet seen a missionary lady do, though one of the trials of life in that land. Even in Constantinople, I had sometimes known a missionary to be compelled to change his clothing after a Sunday service. But, as a general rule, "native helpers," accustomed all their lives to the "plagues of Egypt," make far more ado about the trial, in their evangelistic tours, than a foreign missionary, to whom the self-denial is tenfold greater.

It was good to meet again a company of women in the former chapel-room. As of old, the floor was thickly covered with mothers and children; and after the usual exercises, I started the inquiry as to how many could read, and found, to my sorrow, that but a small proportion of those present had learned. Commencing with the oldest, I begged her to promise me that she would give at least fifteen minutes a day to the task. She said that she was too old; but at last promised to give some time, and I held her to the fifteen minutes. Next, her son's wife, and so on, enlisting all who could read, to teach the others. This they promised to do, and the work of selection commenced.

Those who were scarcely beyond Aip, Pen, Kim,—A. B. C.—were to teach the letters to beginners.

It was a lively scene; the room was filled with the hum of voices, in eager consultation; the waters were stirred, and a new life seemed to move the mass. I told them that I should take a list of their names, and hold them to their promise; that Marta would write me of the result, and if God willed, I would come again, and see for myself. "O, yes," they all exclaimed; "come, and stay longer the next time!" There were a number of Armenian women present from the Old

Church, and one of them invited me to visit their school for girls, which I promised to do.

After a serious conversation with two mothers who seemed to spend much time in adorning the persons of their little ones, while they neglected the instruction of their hearts and minds, we separated, with many thanks from all, and a hearty God-speed in my work for the Master.

MARTA.

One of the bright little girls whom I selected, at the close of my first visit in Bardezag, for training in our Mission-school, had finished her course of study, and was a successful teacher in her native village; and, before I saw for myself the precious fruit of Christian culture, Mr. Parsons had written most cheering testimony concerning Marta's usefulness:

"I am very much pleased with the order and prompt obedience maintained in her school, and the manifest interest of the pupils in their studies. Marta is fond of children and of her work. Her interesting Scripture-lessons will never be forgotten, because her heart, her very soul, seems to go with them as the chief element; and the soul-nourishment which they become will appear in after-growth. She is the best teacher we have had in Bardezag.

"Her labors out of school are also very promising of good. Taking a few tracts, she goes out where the women and children are found, in the mulberry orchards, under the pear trees, and in the vineyards. Wherever she goes, she is welcomed, and her instructions and tracts are most gratefully received. She has ten adults under instruction, who receive regular lessons in reading at their houses. Her six days'

work is happily crowned by the Sabbath's more abundant labors. One-half of the school-room is filled with middle-aged women, young women, and girls. The other half is nearly filled with children, under the instruction of Noonia, with the little aid which Marta's presence affords. Last Sunday, Noonia had thirty little girls in her class. One of the brethren has the little boys, and the pastor's wife another class of women upstairs. After the Sabbath services, Marta occasionally goes to the further end of the town, and holds a meeting for the women of that quarter.

"They urge her to come regularly, because it is so far to the chapel, and they have to pass through so many crowded streets, that they cannot come. Her head and heart are full of plans for doing good.

"I told her of the congregation we had yesterday in Ovajuk, where the women were so fierce in their opposition; and she asked if she could not go there to work during the fifteen days' vacation which she expects to have in August. Noonia is also trying to do good. She has a circle of ten women, whom she teaches to read, besides her work in the Sunday-school. But her situation at home is very trying. Her parents are both worldly, and her mother has no religion with her worldliness, and hinders her in every possible way. Could Noonia have more command of her time, she would do a great deal of good. She acknowledges that she is often restive under the restraints laid upon her, and sometimes gets angry and makes improper replies to unkind remarks made by her mother. But she appears to be striving to overcome herself and do her duty. Marta will be a great help to her."

HECHENA.

Quite a little romance attaches to the history of Hechena, or Helena, the brightest and most attractive of the three girls educated for Bardezag.

A fine-looking young theologue, at Constantinople, had nearly completed his course of study, and was appointed to a field of labor. He naturally sought a help-meet, and his choice fell upon Helena, whose excellent letters of advice to her brother in the Seminary, containing apt quotations from "Wayland's Moral Science," he had occasionally been allowed to see. Opportunity was afforded for a slight personal acquaintance between the two, and a formal (written) proposition was made by the young man to Helena's widowed mother and a pious uncle, who acted as her guardian. The affair was pending for some time. Finally, it was agreed to let it remain in *statu quo* for two years, till they should see how the young man would turn out. In speaking of it afterward, the uncle observed: "One can't tell, nowadays, whether a man will be stable and remain true to his profession, or not. Who knows? Asadoor may turn aside from preaching and become a doctor, or go into some other business. If it was B. Alexan, now! I would give her to him in a minute."

The remark reached the ear of the young preacher at Adabazar. His people had long been anxious that he should take unto himself a wife; and, in fact, they would not settle him as their pastor till he should marry some one in that region; they feared that a wife whose friends lived at a distance would in time draw him from his people. B. Alexan had seen the maiden; he was pleased with the spirit

manifested by her guardians, and came, post-haste, to secure the prize. He took no preliminary steps; "conferred not with flesh and blood;" but, walking directly into the room where Helena sat with her sewing, at once offered his heart and hand, quite startling the gentle girl by his abrupt wooing—a marked contrast to the courting done by proxy in that place, six years before! The marriage was celebrated with more than usual "pomp and circumstance," and there were great rejoicings in both towns over the auspicious event. Helena's mother possessed some property, and she procured her daughter's "tocher," or bridal outfit, from Constantinople, purchasing a couple of silk dresses and a gold watch, among other things. But the dear young bride was a true Christian, and, when once settled in her new home, among her husband's people, she laid aside the finery which was not of her own seeking, adopted the ordinary dress of the women, and gave her heart and soul to the work of a pastor's wife, at home, in the Sunday-school, and among the families, winning all hearts by her bright face and modest, gentle deportment. B. Alexan was soon installed over the church at Adabazar, and had the honor of being the first pastor in the "Western Turkey Mission," who relinquished his more liberal and sure salary from the American Board, and accepted whatever his own people would give for his support. But it required considerable self-denial on his part—the "wearing an old coat, for Christ's sake," and other domestic economies, which in time might become irksome, unless his people should keep pace with him in Christian growth, and learn that the preacher earns his due, as much as the doctor, the lawyer, or the baker; and that every member of the church and congrega-

tion is under unquestionable moral obligation to pay his proportion; and that it is as truly dishonesty *not* to do it as it would be to occupy a seat in a steamer and refuse to pay the fare! For, "Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." "Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges? Who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit thereof? Or who feedeth a flock, and eateth not of the milk of the flock?" Which plain and faithful truths it was very unlikely the young pastor would preach to his flock, from the same sensitiveness and lack of moral courage which has kept a large proportion of ministers at home unduly silent on the subject, resulting not only in their meagre maintenance, but also in immense loss to the cause of Christ, from the popular impression that the support of the Gospel is a CHARITY!

A SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS.

There was a large and flourishing school connected with the Old Armenian Church in Bardezag, and the teacher of the Protestant day-school for boys (who was on friendly terms with its superintendent) offered to accompany me thither. I was hardly prepared to see so lofty and noble a school-room as that into which we were ushered, on our arrival. The head teacher met us with many salaams, and conducted us to a divan upon the dais, opposite the door. There were thirty-two windows in the spacious apartment; these were very high, and thrown wide open on either side, making the ventilation perfect. The air of the room was as fresh, as it was surprising, in a country where no attention is paid to sanitary surroundings! Three rows of low desks, conspicuously numbered, were ranged on opposite sides, and

their occupants sat cross-legged upon cushions placed on the floor, while rows of less favored boys filled a portion of the space beyond, their "walking apparatus" doubled up under them for seats! I entered into conversation with the superintendent, a fine-looking man, who reclined at his ease upon the divan; he told me that there were not far from two hundred pupils present, but the entire number on their list was five hundred.

They were bright, substantial-looking boys, altogether the most promising set I had seen collected in Turkey.

"Surely," I thought, "here must be a school that is worth something, after all." I inquired what was taught in the school, found that it was little more than reading, writing, and the ancient Armenian grammar, and asked the head teacher if he would kindly allow me to hear one of the recitations. He politely consented, and I was not a little startled and amused when the assistant, whom he had directed to call a class, sang out, in loud, explosive tones, "No. 81! No. 100! Brethren! Beloved!" Following this general and deliberate announcement with a string of names which rattled off from his tongue like so many small shot, after the booming of a cannon. "Brother Moses, brother Abraham, David, Daniel, Aaron, Shadrach, Solomon, Isaiah, and Abed-nego," ending the Old Testament saints with a sprinkling of apostles and martyrs; till I almost expected to see a company of ancient worthies come trooping before us in answer to the call.

The boys marched out in military order, formed a semi-circle around the platform, and made a low salaam in concert. They presented a striking contrast to the same class of lads in our schools at home, with their closely-shaven

heads, loose jackets, bagging trowsers, and bulky girdles, after the fashion of their fathers.

The teacher called upon "brother Paul" to read. He stepped forward, made a graceful salutation, and commenced reading in stentorian voice. I perceived that he was reading the classical ancient Armenian,—which is very much to them what Latin is to us,—and asked the teacher if the boy understood what he read. "Not much," was the reply. "But have you no dictionary to aid your pupils in the study of words?" "No; there is nothing of the kind in our schools." "But surely, the teacher explains to the pupils the meaning of what they read?" The subject was evidently distasteful, and I was answered with an equivocal shrug of the shoulders. I could scarcely restrain my righteous indignation at a system which doomed those fine lads to utter ignorance, beneath a show of learning! The "modern Armenian" had no place in the school; there were no text-books in the vernacular. When the class had retired, I told the teacher something of the course of study pursued in American schools; and that in our school for Armenian *girls*, at Stamboul, we taught not only reading and writing in the spoken language of the people, but also grammar, arithmetic, geography, history, map-drawing, a little natural philosophy, astronomy, etc., besides singing by note, and instruction in needle-work. That the Word of God was the chief text-book, because it alone is able to make us wise unto salvation, and that we esteemed it the foundation of all true wisdom.

I went on to speak of the grand results produced by an education which, putting the key to all knowledge into the hands of the young, trains them to *think*.

But the teacher again shrugged his shoulders, saying, with a peculiar grimace, "Ench unnenk?—what can we do? Our fathers did thus, and so we!" Taking courage, I rejoined, "If these boys were taught something that they could understand, they would like to come to school, which you say they do not now. Their minds would expand and grow, and you would soon see a great change in your village.

"For lack of this, you are behind all other nations in the march of progress. Educate these boys in the true way, and you will see better buildings, broader, cleaner streets, and finer manufactories in all your towns and villages. In time, it would change the face of the whole land. The wonderful labor-saving machines, by which one man can now perform the work of fifty or a hundred, were invented by those who were once *boys*, in the schools of England and America."

The six teachers had gathered around, some of them sitting upon the steps at our feet, looking up with earnest, respectful attention, and only putting in a word, or uttering an exclamation now and then, as I described some of the wonderful inventions of the age, wrought out by minds that had been thus trained. I afterwards wondered at my temerity in talking to such a company, in such a place, and at them for listening so politely to a woman! But my mouth was opened, and "filled with arguments," and I waxed warm, if not eloquent, under the inspiration of the scene which that school-room presented. After a pause, one of the teachers remarked, "But our school is good for one thing; our priests and vartabeds (a higher order) come from these boys!" "Ah! then that proves that your priests and vartabeds do not themselves understand what they teach the people!" To

this they made no reply; and I proceeded to speak of the Bible,—"God's message to all mankind,—that no one has a right to deprive them of the privilege of reading it in a language which they can understand; and the hiding it in a dead language is a subtle device of the Evil one." They acknowledged the truth of the statement, gave the usual shrug, and contortion of the face, saying, "What can *we* do? It is our *custom!*" (An invariable answer among Orientals, when driven into a corner, and considered a sufficient excuse for anything to which one may take exception.) "Yes," I said, "and Satan rejoices that you have such customs; he knows that these customs will keep your people in profound ignorance, and ensure their ruin. Your priests should guide their flocks in the way to heaven; but so long as they cannot know the way themselves, they are, as Christ said, 'blind leaders of the blind!'" They seemed exceedingly interested, and not at all offended with my plain speaking; and the Protestant teacher who had preferred to remain silent during the prolonged conversation, expressed great pleasure and surprise at the opportunity afforded for a presentation of so much truth. Two of the teachers had been reading the Bible in modern Armenian, and seemed somewhat enlightened, but threw the blame of what they confessed was a wrong state of things, upon the "fathers," and the "heads" or rulers of the nation. When we rose to depart, they courteously attended us to the door, and expressed their thanks with Oriental politeness. We begged permission to visit the school for girls, which was granted, after some hesitation, and many apologies for its appearance.

THE MINOR PROPHETS, AND THE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

One of the assistants guided us to a room below, where we found another and younger collection of boys, almost equal in numbers to those above. There was but one teacher, and an assistant who walked about, rod in hand, constantly touching up the youngsters, who were thickly huddled together upon the floor. Some of the little ones, not more than three years old, were fast asleep. "I used to come here when a little fellow," said the Protestant teacher, "and many a time was I put to sleep by the rod! You see, many of the mothers send their little ones to school merely to get them out of the way; and if they sleep, it is so much clear gain to the teacher!" Poor little fellows! my thoughts went back to the large, airy room appropriated to that class of children (boys and girls) in the "Graded School" of my native town; the learning to read, in concert, from letters printed on the black-board, in combinations representing familiar things; the singing, and marching, and clapping of hands, and the Object-lessons, which varied the usual exercises; the frequent recesses, and lively games in the beautiful play-ground (in which their teacher often joined), and the pleasant little story which always finished the day, and sent them home with a moral lesson impressed upon their tender hearts. What a blessed, holy work is that of the first teacher! What a preparation for future usefulness on a broader scale!

"Up to me, sweet childhood looketh;
Heart, and mind, and soul awake!
Teach me, for their sake, O Father,—
For sweet childhood's sake."

But if my pity was stirred for the boys, my deepest commiseration was excited when I saw the miserable provision made for the girls! Indeed, it was matter of surprise to find anything in the shape of a school for that despised class in the community. "*Teach a girl to read?* You might as well teach a cat!" was said, not only by the Arabs of Syria, but by Armenians, Greeks, Jews, and the other races of Turkeydom, but a few years ago. "What good will reading do a woman?" they asked. "Will it make her more obedient to her husband? No, never! If the woman thinks she knows something, she will be more perverse and difficult to manage than ever! And as for the girls, why, if they learn to read and write, they will be writing *love-letters* the first thing!"

I was reading a newspaper in the cabin of a Turkish steamer, on the Bosphorus, one summer day, when a Turk of the old school, who had evidently been for some time watching the—to him—strange proceeding, crossed over to my escort, and eagerly inquired, as he nodded his head in my direction, "Can she read? *can* she *read?*" On being answered in the affirmative, and assured that I could also write, his wonder knew no bounds, and he returned to his seat, muttering "Mash Allah! Mash Allah!"—God is great.

With renewed apologies for the appearance of the place, we were conducted to a tumble-down old building in another and a poorer neighborhood. I scarcely dared trust myself upon the rickety staircase. We passed through the open door-way into a low, dark room, filled with smoke, and the fetid odor from furnaces (for scalding cocoons) across the narrow street. Upon the floor sat a hundred little girls, herded together like a drove of sheep or pigs. At first, no

teacher was visible; but when the smoke cleared away a little, I saw a very old man sitting, cross-legged, in one corner, smoking his pipe, while a child about six years old was kneeling by the rough wooden box which stood before him, as if waiting for a lesson or command. How unutterably stupid, and devoid of animation seemed that crowd of children! Poor little creatures! How could they be anything but dull and heavy, in such a prison-like place, with such a teacher! My heart yearned over them with unspeakable compassion. I longed to waken their sleeping souls; but when I expressed the wish to the Armenian teacher who had accompanied us from the other school, and said a few words about the way in which such children should be taught, he at once replied, "It is impossible! Their mothers do not know anything, and how can they teach them? The children are stupid, like little animals, they cannot understand, and if you try, it will be of no use." But I could not leave them without at least one attempt to touch the hidden springs of life, and rouse those little ones from their unnatural lethargy; and turning to the old man trembling in his dotage, requested permission to tell them a story. His speech was very thick, and one could with difficulty understand his utterances, but I gathered that he was entirely unwilling. He said that the children would not pay attention, etc.; but after he had mumbled out his objections, the Armenian teacher kindly used his influence; and finally a reluctant consent was obtained. Turning to my audience,—looking so like a company of little, worn-out old women—I addressed them in their own tongue, asking the attention of every eye. Curiosity was soon awakened, and they listened with fixed attention, while I told them the simple

story of a poor pious widow, who had no bread to give her children, one cold winter morning; but she told them that God would provide, and how her hungry little boy stopped on his way to school, and kneeling down in a corner of the fence by the road-side, asked "our Father in heaven" to send some bread and potatoes. That when he went home, at noon, his little sister met him at the door, with a shining face, to tell of the food that had come; and he said, "I *knew* God would send it, for I asked Him! but did an *angel* bring it down?" That God had used a kind lady, who was passing by, and heard the little boy's prayer; and going home, she sent an abundant supply of the bread and potatoes for which he had asked. As I described the scene, the eyes of my little auditors began to kindle with something like life and light! And then I hastened to tell them of Jesus, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not;" and how they might go to Him, in prayer, at all times, and for all things. Not an eye wandered while I was speaking, and every face bore silent testimony to the existence of a soul which answered to teachings suited to its capacity. Perhaps no one present was more interested or affected than the Armenian teacher His countenance showed it even more than his words, and he told the children to "remember what the lady had said, and when in trouble, to pray to God, *in the name of* CHRIST!" But I found that he had been reading the Word, and was searching for the truth.

It appeared that a spirit of rivalry was stirred up among the Armenians, by the Protestant school for girls, and the old man was secured as teacher, because he was too aged and imbecile for any other work, and his services would cost but

little. The mothers were willing to send their younger girls, solely to keep them out of mischief during the day, while they were at work. Girls of fourteen or fifteen years of age were rarely seen in the village, owing to the fact of their early marriage.

A TRUE GENTLEWOMAN.

I was much pleased, during my visit of but two or three days, with the way in which the pastor's wife trained her children. It was not often that I had seen a mother excel her, in kind and careful management of her family. There were three or four little ones, besides a son of twelve or fourteen years; and they were all remarkably obedient, and well-mannered, especially at the table—which was prepared in European fashion. The mother was herself a model, in her gentle, lady-like ways; always manifesting a delicate refinement and courtesy, even to the youngest, which would have been an honor to any lady in any land. Zanazan Hanum was the first of her country-women to welcome me to her native land and to my work among her people, when I reached Constantinople; and I had never forgotten her intelligent, interesting countenance, nor the lily-like little child, with the mother's soft brown eyes, who clung so timidly to her hand during our first interview. And I gladly listened to details of her early life and conversion. I knew that her family were once possessed of much wealth and influence;—and family, early surroundings, tell upon character, and leave their impress upon the personal bearing, as truly in the East, as elsewhere. Her father was once the chief iron merchant of Stambou!—he had, in fact, a monopoly of the business—and lived in the style befitting his rank

and wealth. Zanazan Hanum told me of the awe his presence always inspired, when she was a child. How on his return from the city to his home in Bebek, on the Bosphorus, toward evening of each day, every member of the household stood in silence when he passed before them.

Her first lesson in pure Christianity was learned from Mrs. Hamlin, whose home was not far from her father's house. It was a lesson without words! The young girl was attracted by the order and quietness of the household; the mild, sweet countenance, the gentle voice, and the dress of the missionary lady; the French prints which she always wore—so delicate and chaste in pattern, and so scrupulously neat—were a true index of her purity of mind and character.* She was irresistibly drawn to the house, though neither could then speak the language of the other; and frequently saw the "little Henrietta," kneeling by the mother's side, with folded hands, for her evening prayer. The picture, so new and striking, produced a powerful impression upon her mind, and she finally sought an explanation of its meaning from the missionary, Dr. Hamlin; received the teachings of the Bible, and was led to give her heart to Christ. She was early married, and soon a widow. Her second marriage, to the Protestant pastor, was for some time opposed by her friends; but the family had fallen into decay, and though the brothers still possessed considerable property, it was worth their while to have the sister provided for, and her unswerving persistence at last carried the day.

Pastor Hohannes der Sahagyan was partially educated in

* Those who have read that very interesting Memoir, "Light on the Dark River," will recognize this portrait of Mrs. Hamlin.

the United States, and was the first settled pastor in the Evangelical Armenian Church of Turkey.

OLD CUSTOMS AND NEW IDEAS.

The day before I left, I mounted a horse and went alone to the outskirts of the village for a little exercise. I was quite a stranger in that quarter, and before long a crowd of rude boys collected, and commenced throwing stones; at first, I paid no attention, but when a great brick-bat struck my horse, and made him plunge, he suddenly turned upon the crowd, and scattered them like so many frightened sheep. But no sooner had I started down the hill, than the stones again began to fly. By that time, a company of women had gathered to see the sport; after dashing among the boys, and sending them flying in all directions, I addressed the mothers, and asked them why they did not restrain their children. "What harm am I doing, that they should thus treat me? Is it not a shame for you to stand by and see my life endangered without interposing a word?" Some of them hung their heads, and slunk away; but one, bolder than the rest, took up the gauntlet as their champion, and said, "Don't you want to be like Christ? Don't you want to be holy?" "Of course I do," was my reply. "Well, then," she argued, "you should be willing to suffer persecution, and not make a fuss about a few stones!" I was inwardly amused at her curious logic, but told her that I did not think persecuting *me* would help *them* to be holy, or Christ-like! and I did not intend to exercise their disinterested benevolence on my behalf!

Riding off in another direction, I came upon a threshing-floor, where the patient oxen were slowly treading out the

wheat, and dragging a heavy sledge-like instrument, the underside of which was thickly set with sharp pieces of flint, reminding one of the passage in Isaiah: "I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth." At another place, they were winnowing wheat, by casting it up in the air, and letting the wind take away the chaff. "The ungodly are like the chaff which the wind driveth away." Many women were busily employed in the harvest-fields, and some of them recognized me as the missionary teacher from Stamboul; and, greatly to my surprise, very innocently saluted me as "kahana"—priest; ignorant of the true title which should be given to a woman who teaches Christ to her own sex, and confused in their ideas of a new order of things.

The pastor accompanied me to Nicomedia. We crossed the Gulf in the sail-boat with a number of other passengers. When about half-way across, our fare was taken, and soon after I saw the boatmen counting over the money, and seeming somewhat perplexed. By-and-by one of them said, "Somebody has paid too much!" One and another of the passengers asserted their innocence, and at last the pastor rather reluctantly confessed that he was the man. They offered to refund the piastre or two, but he politely waived the subject, and afterward remarked to me, "One in my position is often obliged to pay a little more than others." "But they evidently did not expect it, and were surprised," I replied. He merely said that the boatman was a stranger, and did not know him. And I dropped a few words about educating people to expect more pay; that I was sure the missionaries did not feel compelled to take that course; to which he made no reply. I noticed, on our arrival at the

landing, that he gave his satchel (which was not large) to a boy to carry for him.

Labor is considered degrading in the East. The Turks and Armenians look on with wonder to see the American missionary carrying his own packages, or using a hoe in his garden—if he be so happy as to have a little spot to cultivate. "You missionaries can do it; for your position is settled; but we cannot!" has been sometimes said by "helpers" whose traveling expenses were found to exceed those of the missionaries, for the same tour. Self-help, self-maintenance, will in due time work a cure for this false pride; when a truer, broader education has elevated labor to its true dignity, and made it honorable in all.

It was a long and weary ascent to the summit of the hill upon which the city of Nicomedia is built; and, quite out of breath, we reached the door of the old Turkish house occupied by the missionary family; it speedily flew open; the pattering of little feet was heard upon the stairs, and the children met us, followed by their pleasant, black-eyed mother; and I was soon at home, resting upon the divan of the family-room, the windows of which commanded a fine view of the Gulf of Nicomedia and the blue sea beyond.

LAST GLEANINGS AND GLIMPSES OF NICOMEDIA.

A dear Christian sister had begged me to visit her aged mother-in-law, and, before leaving the city, I went down the hillside to her house. The old lady still retained her connection with the Armenian Church, but seemed to be halting between the old, and the new way, not knowing which to choose, but sometimes going to one church and sometimes to the other, hoping that between the two she would be safe.

Dear old soul! my heart went out to her in tender compassion, for the journey of life was nearly ended, and she was only waiting for the summons from the other side. After a while, our conversation became very serious, and I was led to set the only way of salvation before her so plainly that she would be without excuse if she never heard more. She repeatedly wiped the tears from her faded eyes, and at last said, with apparent feeling: "I will confess to you just as I would to my priest. I have such a wicked heart; what can I do with it?" "Take it to Jesus; He came for sinners, not the righteous. Go to Him just as you are, and let Him save you. 'Repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' is God's own word, not mine." While we were conversing, the daughter sat by, listening with a countenance which betokened deep interest and sympathy. When I arose to leave, she came to me and expressed much gratitude, saying, "The Lord sent you to speak to her." The old lady followed me downstairs, and even out into the street, thanking me again and again for my words. Their house was in the Armenian quarter, and Soorpohi, the daughter, promised to gather the children for an hour of instruction in the Bible every Sunday.

Nicomedia was twice overturned by earthquakes, in the second and fourth centuries. Perhaps the sun never shone upon more horrible persecutions than were enacted within its walls during the reign of Diocletian—the "era of martyrs." The ruthless Emperor used every device which fiendish ingenuity could suggest, to "crush out" Christianity. "Houses filled with Christians were set on fire, and droves of them were bound together with ropes and cast into the sea." For ten long years the unrelenting perse-

cutor, like a thirsty bloodhound, hunted down his helpless victims. The climax was reached when, on a Christmas morning, he caused a church filled with worshipping Christians, to be securely fastened, closing every avenue of escape, and then set fire to the building, and consumed them all in one horrible holocaust! A few years later, and Nicomedia was demolished, and its inhabitants buried in its ruins, by a fearful earthquake, as if earth shuddered at the cruel deeds, and sought to bury within her bosom the terrible record. And, till the sea shall give up its dead, what fearful secrets are hidden in its depths! Under the Emperor Gratian, eighty Christian fathers were put into a ship, which was set on fire, and then driven out to sea, at Nicomedia, A.D. 370. Modern excavations have brought to light many vestiges of past ages in that fated city, reminding one of the prayer of Job: "Oh, earth! cover thou not my blood!"

Passing through the city one day, and slowly descending its steep and stony streets,—presenting the general aspect of all Eastern towns,—relieved on the outskirts by ancient burial-places, with the sombre cypress standing sentinel over moss-grown graves, and turbaned tombstones, mantled with ivy; and, now and then, an old, fantastic, pagoda-like fountain, overshadowed by lofty trees, whose mossy trunks spoke of bygone centuries—we came down to the borders of the great plain where Diocletian celebrated the imposing ceremony of abdication, the 1st of May, A. D. 305. Wandering about among those ancient relics, trying to decipher partially-restored inscriptions upon aged tombs, eulogizing the virtues of some "Octavia," or "Flavius," we stumbled upon great heaps of human skulls, thrown out from the foundations of a new Greek church, built entirely of stone and marble

exhumed from the old Roman ruins—a striking emblem of the new Church of the living God, founded upon the ruins of the old, effete church in the East, whose light, if kept pure, can never go out!

PLAN
of
CONSTANTINOPLE
Christian Cemetery
Great Jewish Cemetery
Artillery Park
Great Turkish Cemetery
Palace of Beshiktash
Archery Ground
British Embassy
Palace of Dolmabachjeh
Hospital
Barrack
Top Hana
Artillery Arsenal
Fez Work
Arsenal
Port of Scutari
Leander's Tower
Seraglio Point
Bosphorus
Scutari
Harem Port
Port of Samatia
SEA OF MARMORA
To the South east of Harem Port are the Great Barracks, & Farther east the Hospital of Scutari
N.B. Each of the three sides of Constantinople is about 3½ miles.

CHAPTER IV.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

HERE we are, in the City of the Sultans, the seven-hilled city of Constantine, which rises like a vision of enchantment upon the dazzled sight.

The sun has just risen. Our steamer has passed through the Dardanelles, swept over the blue Sea of Marmora, rounded "Seraglio Point," and dropped anchor in the Golden Horn.

Mosques and minarets, domes and towers, are flashing back the rays of the glowing sun.

Up the terraced hill-sides of Galata and Pera—the commercial and diplomatic centres of foreign residents—rise a dense mass of red-roofed buildings, relieved by occasional clumps of trees; and dark lines of the gloomy cypress mark the Moslem's grave. The harbor (with its forest of shipping) is spanned by the great bridge of boats which links the "Old City" to the "New." A mighty stream of life pours through this great thoroughfare—representatives of many tongues and tribes, commingling costumes, ancient and modern; and puffing steamers come and go, swelling or diminishing the tide, as they empty their decks of a motley crowd, only to receive a fresh supply. Above the bazaars and khans, the baths and barracks of the "Old City," tower the swelling domes

and numerous minarets (tipped with the golden crescent), of St. Sophia, Solyman, and Achmet. On the West is still seen a portion of the triple wall which once surrounded "Istamboul." Trees have rooted themselves in its aged sides, and a thick veil of greenest ivy vainly strives to hide the ghastly seams and rents made by earthquakes and the savage shocks of bygone battles. On the East, the old imperial palaces are embowered in lovely groves which stretch down to the sparkling waters of the Marmora, dotted over with snowy sails and sunny islets; and in the far distance is visible the hoary crest of Mt. Olympus.

Just opposite this famous "Seraglio Point"—the scene of so many tragic events—is Scutari, on the Asiatic shore, a city in itself as large as Smyrna, and a favorite residence of the Turks. Long rows of barracks line its steep shores, and beyond them is the "city of the dead"—where sleep so many of England's warrior sons:—And the hospital where Florence Nightingale performed her mission of mercy during the Crimean War,—

"When the waifs of that great strife and anguish,
Like spars, borne on a receding tide,
Came back wounded, came back sick to languish
In her shadow—on the Asian side;

"To those walls where sick men breathing faintly,
Heard an angel rustling in the gloom,
And a woman's presence, calm and saintly,
Lighted up the melancholy room."

Turning to the North-west, we trace the continuation of the Golden Horn,—an arm of the sea, curving away, horn-like, for six miles to its termination in the "Valley of Sweet Waters."

Its hilly shores are thickly populated, and its deep waters indeed resemble the "Cornucopia" in the wealth which commerce pours into its bosom. Here lie immense hulks of vessels used by the Turks in the battle of Navarino, in 1827, and more modern ships of war, built for the Government by foreign agency. Here, too, are to be seen the Naval-school buildings, and the great arsenal.

And now our eyes turn to the beautiful Bosphorus on the North-east, speeding its way, seventeen miles from the Black Sea to the Marmora. Pleasant villages nestle among its hills, and busy towns stretch along its shores; palaces, with latticed windows, charming villas and gardens, whose walls enclose all manner of Oriental delights, deck the water's edge,—where the pleasure-loving Turk languidly smokes his inevitable pipe beneath the spreading branches of the plane, the oak, the terebinth, the classic daphnè or the lofty umbrella pine, while he watches the stately, white-winged ships moving majestically from sea to sea, the panting steamer, and the graceful canoe-like caique, as it swiftly glides between. Tangled wild-wood covers a hillside, here and there, whose summit is crowned by an imperial kiosk, or miniature palace; and ancient towers lift their dismantled heads on European and Asiatic shore; where Darius watched his army crossing the strait. The "Castle of Oblivion" arrests the gaze, whose unhappy inmates were doomed to a swift and silent descent into the watery depths which tell no tales,—and luxuriant vineyards cover many a sunny slope, till we reach "Giant's Mountain," and pass beyond to the old forts which guard the entrance to the Black Sea.

All this is Constantinople:—"A compilation of cities, containing more than a million of inhabitants of every European

and Asiatic variety." "Beautiful for situation;" commanding in position; the great central city and key of the East, which, in the hand of a Christian nation, would unlock the treasures of the world's commerce, and bid them flow to her feet on the bosom of the seas between which she lifts up her stately head.

"Queen-like, from her terraces and gardens,
She looks down along the waters blue,
On those turrets twain, her ancient wardens,—
Guardians of the old world and the new."

CHAPTER V.

HASSKEUY.

"THY sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side: That they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified: And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair waste cities, the desolations of many generations."

High up the hillside of Hasskeuy—"noble village"—on one of the stony streets that slope down to the Golden Horn, stands a dingy old wooden house. The high stone walls which surround it, the great "door of the gate," with its massive beam—to draw over the inner fastenings at night (Gaza-like)—and the iron-barred lower windows, make one think of the grim castle of "Giant Despair."

The grounds are narrow, and without shade trees. The court in front is small, and paved with stone. From the spacious entrance-hall, we wander, up stairs and down, but soon become bewildered amid the many abrupt turnings, narrow corridors, dusky corners, closets, and suites of rooms opening from huge halls, in what seems to be two or three houses thrown into one!

It is almost a "Sabbath day's journey" from parlor to

kitchen! This great laboratory for the wants of the "inner man," is on the ground floor, opening upon a lower street. It is a dismal den; black with the smoke of half-a-century, and dimly lighted by windows eight feet from the floor. The only chimney in the house occupies most of one side, with places for burning charcoal, and a great arch for heating water,—requiring wood for fuel. In the centre of the roughly-paved floor, is a well of water; and wooden troughs for washing are ranged near by.

The capacious magazines beneath the main building, contain heaps of ancient deposits, in "confusion worse confounded!"—a variety of indescribable rubbish, among which we find an old wine-press, and scores of narrow-necked earthen "cupes," or jars, of all sizes, for holding wheat, rice, oil, wine, or water; undoubtedly the very kind used for similar purposes in Scripture times. The covers to these primitive vessels were simply flat stones.

Passing up a flight of stairs, we come upon what was once a fine bath, with marble floor, and dressing-room, now fallen to decay. Every part of the old building tells the same story of long-continued carelessness and neglect. The upper rooms are profusely decorated with gay frescoes; here a painted Jezebel looks out of the upper window of a modern dwelling; there a chair stands forth conspicuously, as an object of curiosity; and gaudy flowers figure largely on the Russian canvas ceiling; great chandeliers, festooned with cobwebs, and dim with dust, are suspended in the wide halls; marble slabs support the ends of the divans, and fill the niches in the walls.* But the original color of the paint is scarcely

* Marble is freely used in Constantinople, being found in great abundance on the shores of the sea which bears its name—the Marmora.

apparent on much of the wood-work, so thickly is it encrusted with the accumulations of years. And up and down some of the gaily-painted walls, are dark lines of travel, revealing the presence of the "*old inhabitants of the land*" who, like the Canaanites, "will not be driven out!" Around the numerous rents in the miserable matting which covers the floors, the dust and dirt of many years has thickly clustered and congealed; and beneath, are harbored an innumerable company of living nuisances, which we denominate "F. sharps," in contradistinction from their predatory neighbors,—the "B. flats."* One of the smaller corner-rooms, on the first floor, was evidently appropriated as the special sanctum of the young men of the former household. It is perhaps twelve by sixteen feet in size, with six windows, and a divan frame at one side. The apartment is thoroughly impregnated with the fumes of tobacco. The Turkish

* "F. sharps," fleas; and "B. flats," bed-bugs, or "board-bugs," as they are termed by the people of the East. We have seen wide cracks, extending up and down the sides of doors and windows in a Greek house, newly rented by a missionary at the capital, that were black with these disgusting creatures. A touch made one recoil with a shudder from the moving mass. These cracks were painted over, but that only destroyed a part of the "standing army." And the missionary mother kept up a skirmish with the assailants, night after night; visiting the couches of her children and "picking off the enemy," who had literally made the faces of the innocent sleepers dark with their presence. This is a small, albeit not a very dainty, bit of the real romance of missionary life. For the benefit of those who may hereafter suffer likewise, it may be well to state that on a similar occasion, when every known remedy had been tried, in vain, I hit, in my desperation, upon an expedient which proved effectual, viz., closing the doors and windows, and burning brimstone in the room, in an open brazier of coal, day and night, for a week at a time. This permeated every crevice, and destroyed them, "root and branch."

crescent and star forms a part of the centre-piece on the ceiling, and a spread eagle appears at each angle. Over the alcove, at one end of the room, is a fresco, representing the six sons of the family kneeling in a row by the sea-side; a boat is waiting near by, but their eyes are directed to a swarm of bees overhead, as if reading the Armenian inscription: "The business of bees is to make honey." To crown the scene, a great Eye is looking down upon them, and a dove is hovering near; emblems of the omniscient God, and the Holy Spirit.

In another room, evil spirits seem to have possession, if one may judge from the hobgoblins flying through the air, and the thunderbolts aimed at a church depicted upon the walls. There is ample scope for the imagination, as one wanders from room to room of the old house.

In its palmiest days, a retinue of twenty servants came and went at the bidding of its proud and wealthy Armenian master. Now, fallen into poverty and decay, the remnant of the household are reluctantly forced to part with a portion of their family mansion, that they may secure the wherewithal to live. And the great grandmother and her posterity occupy the other half of the spacious dwelling, entirely secluded from this, and containing nearly as many apartments.

After many weeks and months of fruitless search for a suitable building, of sufficient size, this house was secured as a home for the Mission Training-school for Armenian girls. But how gladly would we exchange the great, rambling, prison-like "palace," (as it was once termed by a traveler who had no faith in missionary operations), for a plain, neat, convenient, and home-like dwelling! However, as

one of the good fathers says, "*Missionaries* must learn to put up with anything!" The cleansing process is an oft-to-be repeated, weary work of years. The ragged matting torn up, the dirt shoveled and carried away by great baskets full, and plenty of water, soap, and sand, inaugurate a new dispensation. As the renovation goes on, we "thank the goodness and the grace" that gave us our birth in a Christian land.

The upper windows let in a flood of glorious sun-light, more potent than wine to cheer the heart! The floors, released from long and ignoble imprisonment, look fresh and bright as they echo to our fearless tread.

The air is purer, and we breathe more freely in this Eastern abode. Truly, "cleanliness is next to godliness!"

Look in upon the pleasant parlor; snowy muslin curtains drape the many windows; a few engravings adorn the walls; the broad divan is neatly covered with chintz, and a home-carpet is on the floor. A table in the centre, a few chairs, a case of books, and a sweet-toned piano, the gift of a beloved Christian friend,* complete the furniture. One of the largest halls, near the entrance from the lower street, is fitted up with cane settees, and a plain pulpit, to serve as a temporary chapel. Two rooms below are reserved for day-schools, for boys and girls, and the remainder are appropriated to the use of the Boarding-school, and those connected with it.

The house is now solemnly dedicated to the service of its unseen Master. Every room is consecrated, set apart, for

* Mrs. Burgess, of Dedham, Mass., who has ever delighted to minister to Christ in the person of His faithful servants both at home and abroad.

His indwelling. The "morning incense" and the "evening sacrifice" are daily offered upon the altar for the first time erected within its walls:

> "And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
> And glory crowns the mercy-seat."

Our missionary home is in the midst of a population of 10,000 souls, mostly Armenians, among whom are many of the noble and wealthy of the nation.

A PARADISE LOST.

From our upper windows we look down upon the beautiful grounds of our nearest neighbor across the narrow street. The side next us is screened by a stone wall thirty feet high, built to shut off the view from our landlord's household, in consequence of a bitter feud between the two families, where warm friendship once existed. The spacious and elegant mansion stands at the foot of the hill, fronting the main street; and the grounds are terraced to the top. It is a lovely place. The inner walls are mantled with ivy, or creeping vines, or roses trained over them; marble vases, filled with gay flowers, adorn the borders of each terrace, and walks of mosaic are shaded by trim rows of acacia, while here and there we catch glimpses of statuary gleaming amid the richly-tinted foliage of the shubbery:—the glossy green and vivid scarlet of the pomegranate intermingles with the broad-leaved fig, the silver-lined olive, beneath the open branches of the noble sycamore, the spreading umbrella-pine, and denser shade of the plane and oak. An artistic summer-house (with heavy curtains fastened by rings to the pillars of the porches, like a pavilion) occupies the centre of the mid-

dle terrace of this tenantless Eden, where fountains once sent up their silver spray, and a mimic lake was wont to sparkle in the rays of the sun. An orangery, on the upper terrace, shows the need of artificial heat for tropical fruits.

Alas, for the owner of this charming retreat!—not many years ago esteemed one of the most influential Armenian bankers of the metropolis; now, driven forth in disgrace from his paradise! He was an early friend of the missionaries, and when their enemies had succeeded in closing many of their schools, he supported one of them at his own expense. But prosperity made him a mark for the poisoned shafts of envy, malice, and greed. Another more princely palace was newly built upon the Bosphorus, and like Job, he thought to "die in his nest," when trouble came. He was thrown into prison upon a false pretext, and after a mere form of trial, his vast possessions were confiscated—with the exception of this place—and he was sent into exile to brood over the machinations of his enemies, and the miserable injustice of a government whose highest law is that of might.

Passing the deserted dwelling, one day, we saw Government officials taking away numerous valuables. Among these were rare and costly gems, gathered from various countries; a diamond worth $100,000, an exquisite French time-piece, etc. But when one wished to purchase any of these rare articles, at the public sale, they were always said to be "reserved for the Padishah"—Sultan! Thus the authorities,—notoriously corrupt, from the highest to the lowest grade,—divided the spoils among themselves, little heeding the prophecy—as true now as of old—"their feet shall slide in due time," when their turn to be despoiled will come!

This banker was afterward proved to be innocent of the charges preferred against him, and the sentence of exile was revoked; but he chose to remain in the Island of Malta, rather than return to the scene of his bitter and undeserved persecutions. While in prison, his wife sent for Dr. Dwight, who often visited him, and read the Word of God; not without hope that his grievous affliction would "yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness" in this life, and "work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" in the life eternal.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

We receive frequent calls from our Armenian neighbors. Some of the ladies are dressed in the richest of brocades, trailing upon the floor both before and behind, the portion falling in front, requiring to be kept, in walking, between the feet, which are awkwardly turned in for that purpose, and they enter the room by inches! This double train is carefully caught up in the girdle, before going into the street, and the dress is concealed by the ferijee—a loose, flowing mantle, of light, fine material. Our new friends are very polite, and graceful in manner, but their range of thought is exceedingly limited, and, like children, they are greatly influenced by externals. Their attention is at once attracted by dress, manner, and surroundings; any gift or acquirement which adds beauty or grace to the person or character, and that impalpable, indescribable *something* which marks good breeding and refinement, is quickly perceived and appreciated by them.

There is no "waste" of "precious ointment" in the quality of foreign workers. Every talent finds full employ,

and even the less important, help in laying broad and sure foundations for Zion.

We return some of these visits, selecting first the family of one of the chief men of Hasskeuy.

A messenger is sent to apprise them of our intention, and word is returned that we will be welcome. It is a charming evening, and the full-moon lights up our pathway; but, nevertheless, we must be accompanied by a lantern, or run the risk of a night's lodging in the guard-house! And the higher the rank, the bigger the lantern.

The konak, or mansion, is surrounded by ample grounds protected by a high wall. It is of immense size, evidently built to accommodate a household of several generations. We are admitted through the great outer door, and ushered into the wide hall, by obsequious servants, and the master of the house, his brothers and eldest son, received us in courtly style at the head of the grand staircase. All the surroundings speak of Oriental luxury. Glittering chandeliers, marble fountains, richly frescoed walls, broad divans, and spacious door-ways draped by heavy damask curtains, which are drawn aside by attendants for our entrance. We seat ourselves upon the embroidered cushions of an inner apartment, and respond to the numerous salaams of our host and his family. Glancing around the room, we notice a glass case of stuffed birds, a fine French clock, Persian rugs, etc., but no tables, chairs, books, or pictures.

The older ladies of the household now make their appearance, and the customary salaams are profusely repeated with every repetition of the health-question, the weather topic is then discussed, and while we are meditating what next to say, a few friends and neighbors of the family join the company.

Sweetmeats, of rose-leaves or some other choice scented conserve, are now brought in upon a tray, and the mistress signals the servant to convey it first to the gentleman whom she considers the chief of our party; but, greatly to her surprise, he waives the honor in favor of the ladies; thus giving her a specimen of the courtesy with which woman is treated in Christian countries.

As each guest partakes of the customary teaspoonful, followed by a sip of water, a salaam circles around the room, as one and another catches his eye, and says, "May it be sweet to you!" and he returns the graceful salutation—extending the right hand, with a bow toward the person addressed, and then bringing it back toward his lips, thence to the forehead, whence he lets it fall. The higher the rank, and the greater the honor one wishes to show to an individual, the lower must be the salaam.

Worship is a compound word in the Armenian language—yergērbakooteun — ground-kissing: meaning to reverence, humble, or prostrate oneself in the presence of a superior. In this sense it is frequently used in the New Testament. And when Abraham "bowed himself toward the ground," to greet his angel visitants, he probably made a profound salaam. This graceful salutation is often used in the East where we would simply say, thank you; and it is extremely convenient when a passing compliment is paid, and one is at a loss for a quick and appropriate response.

Coffee, in tiny cups, each held by a silver "zarf," now makes its appearance. It is black, strong, and smoking hot, without milk or sugar, and with the fine flour-like grounds—floating on the top, considered the cream. Chibouks are next brought for the gentlemen; a servant lights each pipe, places

the bowl in a little bronze plate upon the floor, and hands the amber mouth-piece to the "Agha." This is the signal for a more general conversation. And those who do not smoke, finger their "conversation-beads" very much as a Papist does his rosary.

It is interesting to note the various groups scattered about the room, and the different languages represented. Several of our party are fresh arrivals from America, and cannot speak in "unknown tongues;" but one is brushing up his Greek, and another finds in French a medium of communication with these polished Armenian gentlemen, one or two of whom can speak a little English, but are much more familiar with Italian, or even Russian; Turkish and Armenian predominate, and attract the larger number to the corner, where a lively discussion is in progress, concerning the vital doctrines of a pure Christianity.

Sitting near the "bride,"—the wife of the eldest son,—a fair specimen of Oriental beauty, richly dressed and adorned with jewels, I try my powers of speech in an endeavor to make the visit profitable. It seems almost insulting to ask the lady if she can read, and my face burns with instinctive blushes, as I put the simple query; but not a shadow passes over her countenance. Instead, she manifests surprise that one should think of such a thing. "How should she know? why should she know how *to read?*" And she shrugs her fat shoulders with supreme indifference. But by-and-by, the avenue to her heart is found. She takes us to the nursery to show her sleeping beauties; and her hitherto passive, soulless face, lights up with interest as we compare the customs of our respective countries. The babe in the cradle is so bound up in "swaddling clothes," that it looks like a

little mummy! The mother places it in our arms; its body is as unyielding as a stick of wood. But she assures us that the child will not be quiet unless swathed in this way; that the free use of its arms would make it restless, and that there is less danger in handling an infant when it is thus bound up. It seems cruel, but the children somehow thrive, even when kept for months in the cradle without a daily ablution.

Armenian children are taken to the church and baptized soon after birth; and a custom prevails in some portions of the land, of cutting a slight gash in the back, and when the blood flows, applying a little salt, to which allusion is made in Ezekiel xvi. 4.

Conversation among the ladies becomes more animated and unrestrained after this little episode. They are curious to know about my coming to Turkey; why I came alone, etc., etc., and cannot imagine how a mother could part with her daughter to go so far away. This is a good text for a little sermon suited to their comprehension. So I "catch them with guile," by telling the story of that mother's life, and of a Love greater than that of father or mother, son or daughter. They listen; it is all new and strange; but they know something of a mother's heart, and "a touch of nature makes us all akin."

Perhaps the little seed may lodge in some hidden cleft, and one day spring up to life.

And now we motion to depart; but our hostess, clapping her plump hands, summons a servant, and sherbet is served; soon after we withdraw, amid a general interchange of bows and salaams.

THE HOMES OF THE PROTESTANTS.

Calling upon some of the members of the Protestant Church and community, we find ourselves among the middle and "working classes" of society. In each dwelling there is a row of shoes at the foot of the staircase, varying in size from the head of the house, down to a three-year-old. In compliance with this cleanly custom, which prevents the dust and dirt of the streets from being carried in and left upon the carpets and cushions, we leave our over-shoes at the lower door. A warm welcome awaits our arrival, and the children greet us in a very peculiar and polite way; taking the right hand of the visitor, they convey it near their lips, and then, bowing, to their forehead. In this deferential way, the younger women salute those of both sexes who are greatly their superior in rank, especially if advanced in years.

We are struck with the whiteness of the uncarpeted floors in many of these houses. In all, there is the same damask, or chintz-covered divan, a family chest, upon which a Bible and hymn-book are lying, with perhaps a few kindred volumes and tracts, recently introduced to these homes.

The numerous windows are curtained with white muslin, suspended by rings, so that they may be drawn entirely aside, and the casement thrown wide open. Occasionally a pile of bedding is seen in one corner, but it is usually stowed away in closets during the day, for family use, upon the floor, at night — the common practice among all classes throughout the East. Many of the children appear to be afflicted by a disfiguring eruption upon the face and hands; but it is owing to nightly attacks from the "*aborigines*"—wit-

tily styled by some traveler in the old countries—"The pestilence that walketh in darkness!"

Coffee and sweetmeats are served at every house. None are so poor that they cannot treat their visitors, according to their ideas of hospitality. But the frequent repetition becomes a trial, especially when we find that our friends are hurt if we decline the honor.

The pleasantest part of each interview is the Bible-reading and prayer, when all the members of the household are quietly gathered in the family-room.

We are continually learning something new concerning the customs and manners of the people by this actual contact with family life. Sitting by the side of a fresh, rosy "bride," on one of these visits, I exert my conversational powers in trying to draw her out; but she merely smiles and nods a response to my remarks and questions. At last the position becomes embarrassing. Seeing this, an old Armenian, who has been quietly watching us, says: "Don't you know why she can't talk? There sits her mother-in-law, and, according to our custom, she cannot speak in her presence." "How long does this restriction last?" I inquire. "O, for a long time, till the mother-in-law gives permission to speak." "How long have you known it to last?" "For many years; sometimes as long as forty years." "Why, I should think that one or both would die in that time." "Yes; sometimes it happens that one of them dies in the time." "But what was the origin of so strange a custom?" I continued. To this question there was no answer but a shrug of the shoulder, which denoted ignorance and indifference as to that point. "Ah! I know," I exclaimed, after a moment's thought. "The

tongue has ever been deemed woman's weapon; and so, to keep the peace in such large and mixed households, you have given the mother-in-law the monopoly of the dangerous member." Whereupon he laughed heartily, and nodded assent.

The weather changes from summer warmth to a damp, wintry chillness. A stove-pipe, peering from a window, and run up high above the roof, is the sign of "Frank" civilization, wherever foreign residents may find a home in Constantinople; and it is well if passers-by escape the dripping acid which leaves its unsightly and indelible stains upon walls and pavement beneath. But our neighbors are hovering around braziers of coal, as in winter, when they generally retreat to a low, small room, with southern exposure, and wrap themselves in long, fur-lined robes, which more effectually supply the lack of animal heat. These garments may be seen at all seasons in the streets of Stamboul. Wealthy Orientals provide a goodly number for their wardrobe, varying in lightness and fineness of texture, for every change of temperature. But there is a class of vagrants in the East so low and degraded, that they never change their clothing, day or night, year in and year out, till it fairly rots upon the person! And yet, for a mere trifle, the poorest can obtain a thorough ablution at the public baths, with a steaming and soaking sufficient, one would think, to cleanse and wash away, at least, a portion of the "old Adam!"

When Orientals give themselves to bodily cleansing, they make a business of it. Women take their "boghjas," or bundles, and children, if they have any, of both sexes and various ages, and spend the entire day at the bath, which, is *the*

place for gossiping, match-making, hair-cutting, bleeding, etc., etc. But who can describe the sights and sounds of that Pandemonium?

STORMS AND TEMPESTS.

Autumnal storms are upon us. Terrific gales of wind sweep down from the Balkan Mountains, or the Black Sea, and shake our old house to its very foundations. Howling, like so many demons let loose, they join their forces to the other elements, till night is made hideous. Stove-pipes are tumbling, doors and windows flying open, heavy shutters broken loose and slamming, amid a universal creaking and groaning, as if every inanimate object were suddenly indued with life. An old wall gives way, and the plastering comes rattling about the heads of a part of our frightened flock, who, imagining that the end of all things is near at hand, fly upstairs, to seek refuge with the Varzhoohi. In another room the windows, fastened only by a slight wooden button in the centre, suddenly blow open; a large mirror (left by the landlord) is hurled from its place, and a thousand fragments are scattered in every direction among the sleeping girls, who come screaming down stairs! And now a fearful cry pierces through the tumult of the midnight tempest—"YANGUN VAR!"—Fire there is! "It may be near; possibly it is our own dwelling," is the first startling thought. Rushing to the window, and drawing aside the curtain, the sky, lighted by a lurid glow, shows the quarter where the flames are raging, while that awful cry, like a long-drawn-out agony, continually rings forth its alarm, to be caught up and re-echoed all along the shores of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, by watchmen stationed at every point.

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

A heavy, soaking rain sets in, and the scene changes. The old house is in a mournful, one might almost say tearful, condition, for the dripping that ensues (from broken tiles of the roof) defies description. Tubs, buckets, pans, and pails, in fact anything and everything in the concave line, is speedily brought into requisition, and for a few days we are enveloped in a vapor bath. The roof over the chapel-room is like a sieve, and the rain patters upon the sheet-iron stove, a ridiculous accompaniment to the preacher's discourse, while his head is bedewed with literal "droppings of the sanctuary," more sensible than spiritual! and every now and then, some one in the audience changes his seat, to avoid a sprinkling. But our landlord cares for none of these things, and cannot be induced to make the repairs included in the contract. We are wholly at his mercy, and left to rotate after the same fashion till the end of the chapter!

While the wind continues its carnival, each separate pane of (unputtied) glass in the many windows, flutters with every gust, and carpets rise and fall in billowy waves over the wide crevices in the floors. But by-and-by —it may be, after a week or two—the storm is spent, and sobs itself to sleep like a naughty child. The sun shines the more gloriously for this brief interregnum, and we remember our little discomforts and annoyances "as a dream when one awaketh."

As the years go on, these night-terrors are varied, at long intervals, by shocks of earthquake, not very severe, but sufficient to make one realize his helplessness in the hands of Him who "looketh upon the earth, and it trembleth."

The formidable bolts and bars for protecting the school-

building serve rather to inspire than lessen timidity, by suggesting the stern necessity in this lawless land, where, during and after the Crimean War, houses were entered, in the immediate vicinity, and the unfortunate inmates, in striving to protect themselves, were horribly mutilated, their noses and ears cut off; and on one occasion a man was found lying in the street with his head severed from the body! These things, with many a little, nameless, scarcely-confessed fear, add to the unconscious, yet continual, strain upon the nervous energy of a missionary teacher, however brave, who assumes the care and responsibility of a large household in a foreign capital, and labors in a language and among a people not her own.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRAINING-SCHOOL.

"THAT our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

A new term has commenced. Some of our pupils are prompt in returning at the appointed time, and others linger, true to the Eastern custom of never doing to-day that which can be deferred till to-morrow! We fear that it will require another generation before Anglo-Saxon ideas of the value of time are fully implanted.

Among the new-comers, is an attractive girl of fifteen years, brought by a missionary from an interior town. As we look upon her fair, blushing face, and gentle eyes, gleaming through the transparent yashmac, or Turkish veil, we wish that he had brought us a dozen such candidates! Her plump, rounded figure, of medium height, is enveloped in a street-mantle of delicate blue; and as she timidly divests herself of these outer wrappings, we notice that, unlike most of our new pupils, she has retained her native costume,—the full drawers, tunic, and girdle. The tapering fingers and the whiteness of her dimpled hands, betoken immunity from toil; and her manner indicates the "gentlewoman." But Eva can neither read nor speak Armenian. Turkish is the language of the community among whom she

has lived, and she has grown up in ignorance of her mother-tongue. She takes her seat in the school-room for the first time, on the "day of prayer" usually observed at the opening of a school term. The exercises are conducted in a language that she cannot understand; but something in the atmosphere of the place impresses her mind; she listens to the voice of prayer and praise, sees the solemnity visible on every countenance, and awakens to a consciousness of her sinfulness in the sight of God. It is purely the work of the Holy Spirit. As the days go by, her distress deepens. We meet her here and there about the house, drop a word of comfort, and try to penetrate the seclusion of her solitary soul. The big tears fall upon the floor at her feet, as she listens to our poor utterances—in the attempt to show her that "Jesus paid it all;" and that weary weeks and months of soul-penance are not required to find acceptance with God. Then, with a grateful, yet hopeless, look, she turns away, and we leave her case with Him who knows alike all hearts and all languages, confident that He will perfect the work which He has begun.

"Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" is the cry of other hearts. One of our most promising and amiable pupils returned with a burdened soul from her home in Pera. Her mental distress, in view of her sins, was often so great during the summer vacation, that she could neither eat nor sleep. This greatly disturbed her parents, who, though Protestants, knew nothing of a change of heart; they assured her that she never had been guilty of any great sins; that God was merciful, etc. But their arguments had no power to comfort her after a revelation of her inner-self in the light of God. "The thoughts and intents of the heart;"—

wrong feelings, motives, impulses—finding their root in supreme, though perhaps hidden selfishness, and their fruit in manifestations of pride, anger, ambition, envy, and other evil passions. Ah! what a long black catalogue it seemed beneath the searching eye of Infinite Holiness! "The arrows of the Almighty (were) within"—"piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit;" and like David, she cried out, "Mine iniquities have gone over my head; as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me!" Blessed wounding of the Heavenly Archer! "He hath smitten, and He will bind up."

THE "LIVING SPIRIT WITHIN THE WHEELS."

Weeks pass away; the house has become a Bethel. From early morning till the "retiring bell" at night, the low voice of earnest prayer may be heard; for all those dusky corners and out-of-the-way nooks, which seemed worse than useless at our first survey, the very holes where wicked prowlers might secrete themselves for midnight raids, are now turned into trysting-places with the King of kings.

Meanwhile, the school goes on as usual. But a new spirit pervades the daily routine; voices are more subdued; lessons more conscientiously prepared; and the domestic work performed with new zest and thoroughness; every trace of friction is removed, and the entire machinery moves in silence and harmony, as if sharing in the heavenly unction; order, neatness, and quiet reign throughout the dwelling, and all "walk softly before the Lord."

"It seems like entering another kingdom, to come into this house," says our beloved missionary father, Dr. Goodell, who frequently closes our afternoon session with a Bible-

reading and prayer in Turkish. Never were the hearts of teachers and pupils so drawn and knit together in love as now, when one and another comes to tell the story of a Savior found, and sins forgiven.

Eva has found Him whom her soul loveth. One look at her radiant countenance is enough to satisfy any one who had seen her head "bowed down like a bulrush" for weeks past. Like her of old, she stood without at the sepulchre, weeping, when Jesus called her *by name*, and her darkness was turned to day. Henceforth, her course is as "the dawning light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And of others it may be said, "This one and that one were born in this house."

What transformations we are permitted to witness! Faces once dull and ordinary, seem "transfigured" by the indwelling light and life! The change is noticed even by those who have no conception of the cause. "What have you done to my child?" cried an Armenian mother who saw with wonder the brightness beaming in her daughter's face. "I will kiss your feet!"

One dear girl brings her writing-book to the desk for a copy, asking if she may furnish the words; and when permission is given, softly repeats, "My beloved is mine, and I am His." The tears start to my eyes as I look upon the new beauty of this bride of Christ; and the prayer of the prophet rises to my lips: "O, thou, the hope of Israel, the Savior thereof in times of trouble, be not as a wayfaring man that abideth but for a night, but tarry with us!" Another of these young converts assists in the care of my room; and little surprises, little tokens of a new love, are not infrequent on her part; a vase of fresh flowers, a cluster of grapes, or a

basket of nuts and apples, from home, and a newly-scrubbed and sanded floor, as white as loving hands can make it, while the old defiantly black door-knobs glisten with brassy brightness from oft-repeated rubbings, to greet me on my return from some half-holiday. And all is so modestly done, with such a nice sense of propriety, and instinctive shrinking from display, that no other illustration is needed of the refining, elevating power of the religion of Christ. Some of these girls were almost as wild as "young colts of the desert," when first placed under instruction. Surely, none but the Hand Divine could soften the harsh discords of their untutored natures, and produce such sweet and delicate harmony.

A slight illness keeps me in my room for a day or two, and Ester seems to consider it her special province to minister to all my wants. Lingering at the door, one evening, she says, "I am pained that you are alone." And when I answer that Christ is ever present, replies, "I know; but if you were in America, your mother and sister would be with you. It is very hard to be alone!" and casting a wistful look upon me, as if she would fain supply their place, she gently passes out. This thoughtful love and care for their teacher is very marked in some of our pupils, and a source of heartfelt joy, for it was not always so from the beginning; and much anxiety has been awakened among those who have shared in the training of these Armenian girls, lest they should consider themselves a privileged class, and claim as a right, that which was bestowed as a favor—a not uncommon phase of human nature in mission work at home, as well as abroad. As month succeeds month, the work of grace deepens in our midst. From the close of school, till the "retiring hour" of each day, there is a succession of

gentle taps at the door of my room, as one and another seeks for guidance in the way of life. Blessed days! yet freighted with a weight of responsibility too heavy for human strength. After a week of more than usual interest, I am too much exhausted to converse with all who wish the privilege on the Lord's day; and when our usual Sunday evening exercise is ended, propose that all who have a hope in Christ, should retire to another room, and pray for their companions. One after another rises, and silently passes out, till only those are left who are "without hope." For a few moments, the solemn silence remains unbroken, save by the measured ticking of the clock. Every head is bowed, and every face bathed in tears.

As one of the girls afterwards remarked, "It seemed like the separation at the day of judgment." At the close of school, one afternoon, the hymn, "Hearts of stone, relent, relent," is given out by Dr. Goodell. It is too much for their tender, susceptible state of feeling; and soon head after head is bowed, and trembling tones are lost amid smothered sobs, while Dr. Goodell and I are left to sing it alone, with quivering voices. Undoubtedly such general manifestations of feeling are in some degree owing to sympathy, the moral magnetism produced by such close and continued contact, and the prominence given to spiritual teaching; but the presence and power of a Greater than man, is too manifest to be disputed. Not one heart remains unaffected; a holy, subduing atmosphere and influence is so all-pervading as to inspire the conviction, "Surely, the Lord is in this place: this is none other but the house of God." There is no visible excitement, but the "still, small voice" is speaking, and like Elijah, we cover our faces, and listen in silence. The

perfect stillness which reigns in every room at the morning and evening "half-hour for prayer," is very solemnizing; and the faithfulness with which every duty is performed by each member of the household, bears unmistakable testimony to the "living spirit within the wheels" of our establishment. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory."

THE HOLIDAYS.

The Christmas holidays are at hand; but when the approaching "short vacation" is announced to the school, at the close of the evening "study-hour," it is received with silent assent, instead of the usual outburst of gladness. Two or three of the girls burst into tears at the thought of leaving, and all gather around my desk to ask that it may be deferred or entirely dispensed with.

One says, "You do not know, Varzhoohi, how difficult it is for us to do right when we go home!" Another adds, "We have no place for prayer, nor time to spend in reading or meditation. Our friends tell us we have enough of that at school, and will give us no peace unless we spend our time as they do."

When I leave the school-room, some of the older, pious girls follow, to plead for those whose minds seem deeply impressed with divine truth.

They fear that if they leave, at this time, all these impressions will be dissipated, and their hearts hardened. My heart is touched by the tender appeal, and this new proof of love and interest for the spiritual welfare of their companions. I well know that peculiar trials and temptations beset most of our pupils during this festive season, which is observed with great ceremony and rejoicings among the

Armenians. And every vacation is a time of great anxiety on their behalf; for many of our pupils, whose homes are far away, are then placed with Armenian families, selected by their friends, or by the missionaries, and we send them forth "as lambs, among wolves," not knowing what influences may subvert our teachings, and lead them astray. But if they remain, we must stay with, and care for them, when a change and rest is imperatively needed to prepare us for another term of school and housekeeping duties; for "we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." So I tell the dear pleaders that we must do all in our power for them, during the week or two that remains, and, in faith, commit these tender, helpless lambs to the care of the Great Shepherd, who has said, "None shall pluck them out of my hands."

It is often extremely difficult to reach the inner life of some of these girls, and secure a full and unreserved expression of their thoughts and feelings. They listen attentively, sometimes tearfully, but are perfectly reticent when an attempt is made to draw them out. After repeated and futile efforts to secure an expression from one who had long appeared serious, and had frequently sought my room for prayer and counsel, the ice is at last broken, and with a great effort she tells me how anxious she has been lest her soul should be lost; that often, when with the other girls, during hours of recreation, she had seen my eye resting upon her, and had said to herself, "She thinks me thoughtless, but it is not so." We bow in prayer, and when we arise from our knees, Badaşkhan throws her arms around my neck, and exclaims, "O, pray for me *always!*" The next day I receive the following note from her:

"My dear Teacher: I will now relate to you in what condition I am; and because I cannot with the mouth make known my heart, therefore, with a letter I cause you to understand. I think you will be glad.

"Yesterday evening, when you prayed with me, I felt in my heart that my God and my Savior heard my prayer and gave answer. And to-day, when you said, 'If you have not found Him, it is *your* fault,' instantly I would have opened my heart, but I had not courage to speak. I will say, like David, that 'I greatly rejoice, because the Lord has heard my voice; because He bowed His ear to listen to my supplications, and I will call upon Him all the days of my life.' My beloved, do not think I am deceived. No, no, *no!* I feel in my heart that my dear Savior, who gave Himself a sacrifice for *me* and for my sins, who ascended the cross, and was pierced and tormented, *He* has received me, and heard my unworthy voice. Oh! I wish to commemorate His death, and I hope that day will come. If you desire it, I wish to come to your room every evening, and speak about spiritual things. I desire that my companions also seek the Savior till they find Him. Amen.

"Your humble disciple,

"(Signed) Badaskhan."

Dear child! I fold her in my arms with emotions too deep for utterance. Only those who know the unspeakable joy of leading souls to Christ, can understand and appreciate this heaven-born bliss. Blessed work, and thrice blessed Master! It is not merely that one more soul is (we trust) saved, but one more missionary gained for Gospel-work among this people.

In the evening, another timid, dove-like girl comes to speak of what Christ has done for her. Almost for the first time her lips are opened, and she appears very lovely sitting at the Savior's feet. My cup is overflowing, and I cannot sleep for very joy.

THE RE-OPENING OF SCHOOL.

School again re-opens, after a brief vacation. A wintry storm is raging, and it seems impossible for any one to come through the driving sleet. But seven of the girls make their appearance, chilled, and dripping from the heavy sea which they had to cross in a little boat, two of them coming quite a distance. They gather around the school-room stove, and soon their merry voices are ringing through the house. While their hands are busily employed with knitting, crocheting, or needle-work, they exercise their minds in composing a little song in honor of their school, which they set to a lively Italian air that one of them has picked up.

As their companions come straggling in, one by one, in spite of the continued storm, they learn the simple ditty, commencing, "Thou art beloved, O school," and all join in the chorus with great spirit, making the old house ring with their melody.

When the last, lingering one of the twenty-six joins the happy company, she exclaims: "Oh, girls, if there is a heaven on earth, it is this school!"

Everything is now in working order, and we resume our daily routine according to the programme for the division of time. The rising bell rings at 5½ o'clock. At 6 o'clock, all assemble in the school-room, and unite in singing a verse of some morning-hymn, followed by a brief

prayer for a benediction upon the new day. They then disperse to their closets, for twenty minutes of private devotion. The breakfast-bell rings at 6½ o'clock; and the group of neatly-dressed Armenian girls gathered around that simply-spread table is a pleasant sight. After the "blessing," each one repeats a verse of Scripture as her text for the day. Their food is very much that to which they are accustomed at home, though it is served in European style. Breakfast over, they scatter to their domestic work; and Hovsep, our "Man Friday," comes to know what he shall procure from the market for the day. The kitchen, store-room, etc., are duly inspected; and when the "preparation bell" rings, the morning work is completed, and the house in order. School commences at 8½ o'clock. The pupils are in their seats, each with an open Bible upon the desk before her. They rise when I enter, and respond to my salutation with a salaam. The first hour, after the opening exercise, is spent in the study of God's Word, and it is the most delightful of the day. The little work entitled, "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," proves a valuable aid in studying the Old Testament dispensation, which is the key to the New Testament. It is enough to inspire one to look upon the little audience at this hour; such interest is depicted upon almost every countenance, and such fixed and solemn attention given, when Divine truth is brought home to their hearts and consciences.

No other text-book can wake up mind and strengthen intellect like the Bible! Next to the "Book of books," "Wayland's Moral Science" is the favorite study of our advanced pupils. "Upham's Mental Philosophy" is too abstract and abstruse, and after the first few chapters it is

dropped. Geography is very distasteful to these Armenian girls, unless combined with history and map-drawing. In grammar, ancient and modern, and arithmetic, they make good proficiency, and manifest a decided taste for music, learning to read the notes at sight, and carrying the different parts with comparative ease and rhythmical accuracy. A little astronomy and natural philosophy, and, now and then, a lecture on physiology, complete the round of studies in the Armenian language. The study of English has, by my earnest solicitation to the "station," given place to Turkish, as a *missionary* language.

While the assistant teacher is hearing the primary classes, I inspect the different rooms, take note of any defect in the domestic work, and then prepare for my own classes. The morning session closes at 12 o'clock, with an hour's intermission, and a luncheon of bread and fruit is spread in the dining-room. The afternoon exercises are varied by singing, occasional reading of essays, and instruction in sewing. Our pupils, like all Orientals, are extremely fond of embroidery, and ornamental handiwork of every variety. They show considerable skill and imitative capacity in fancy work, which quite overshadows the plain and substantial, in their estimation; and we are obliged to restrict this inordinate passion for the showy and fanciful, somewhat to their dislike. School closes at $4\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock. The succeeding half-hour is spent in private devotion, selected by the girls in preference to any other time at the close of the day.

AFTER SCHOOL-HOURS.

A tap at my door, announces the moment when this refreshing quiet and freedom from interruption is ended.

Some question to be asked, some problem solved, or an interview sought to explain a difficulty which has arisen. Or, it may be, there is a case of discipline to demand attention, or conversation with one who is anxiously asking what she shall do to be saved. In this way the time passes till the dinner-bell rings at 6 o'clock. When this meal is over, the girls are scattered in groups in the halls, or the little garden; some are singing, one is reading aloud to her companions while they busily ply the needle, and others are enjoying a game of romps. "Study-hour" comes at 7 o'clock, and when all are quietly employed in the school-room, I go to the parlor, where Hovsep brings the "post-bag" which has just arrived from Vizier Khan, with letters, papers, circulars, etc., etc. The arrival of the "post" is the great event of the day, especially if French or Austrian steamers have come into port; for then we may expect letters from the home, and the dear ones far away; sometimes these little white-winged messengers are freighted with heavy tidings, and we learn how much of joy or sorrow may be condensed in a few strokes of the pen; how much of life in a passing moment.

When this survey is concluded, Hovsep brings his account for the day's expenses, to be taken down for the weekly settlement. A tap of the bell announces the close of "study-hour." This is the time to "call the roll," and speak of any remissness in duty during the day, unless it is deemed best to deal with the delinquents alone. Letters received for the school are now distributed, and eager hands are outstretched as the girls gather around the teacher's table, for they carry on quite a large and interesting correspondence with friends at home, requiring some vigilance on my part, lest in break-

ing away from their old, established customs, they also overstep the bounds of maidenly propriety.

Happy voices are making music on every side; three or four girls besiege me for a story. "And let it be of America!" they say, while others beg for an exercise in simple gymnastics, or a game of "Blind man's buff," in the great hall. We adjourn for that purpose, and I am a child once more, enjoying the fun as heartily as the youngest of my merry girls, for there is "a time to laugh;" and this is *our* time.

At half-past nine o'clock, the "retiring bell" rings; and twenty minutes later, I go the rounds, to see if all lights are extinguished, bid my flock "good-night," and receive their pleasant responses, "Asdoodzo parē"—the good of God,—or, "Anoosh koon vaialā"—sweet sleep enjoy—and then return to my own room to improve the still hours in writing letters to distant friends, or in penning a brief record of these fleeting scenes ere they become obliterated from memory's page by the effacing finger of Time.

And thus passes each day, varied by occasional visits from missionary friends—scattered at remote quarters of the city—calls from English and other foreign residents, or passing travelers, and now and then, an evening spent with our missionary neighbors, Dr. and Mrs. Goodell, the only English-speaking family living in Hasskeuy. Sometimes disease, in its numerous phases, makes an inroad upon our ranks, and disturbs our peaceful routine; an epidemic sweeps through the school, as once, when twenty pupils were stricken, at the same time, with cholera, in its lighter form, and a fearful night was spent, without medical or any human aid, in going from one room to another, administering hot foot baths,

mustard drinks, and sinapisms, which, with God's blessing, saved them all. And once, a sad contagious eruption was ignorantly brought back by some pupil, after the summer vacation, and spread, before its nature was known. The "veritable (cutaneous) disease" constantly prevailing among the Constantinople Jews, and a literal fulfilment of the phophecy recorded in Deut. xxviii. 27. As soon as one set was relieved from the quarantine imposed within the dwelling, another set were ready to take their places. Words cannot convey an adequate idea of the trial caused by this dispensation, which actually turned the school into a hospital, while, at the same time, we struggled along with broken classes, and disarranged domestic work, and managed to keep even our missionary friends in ignorance of the fact!

Nursing and prescribing for Orientals is attended with unknown difficulties. They are utterly ignorant of medicine, in its essential nature and effect, and think that if a little does good, *much* will do more good, proportionately! And as for dieting, it is far from their thoughts. Our pupils turn with disgust from rice-water, gruels, and porridges, when ill, and long for the "savory messes" of which they are accustomed to eat at all times.

WELCOMING A SISTER.

After many weeks of patient waiting, a message is received from Malta, of the band of fresh recruits, on their way to join our missionary ranks; among them the dear sister from my childhood's home. All things are made ready for the expected arrival. The house is put in prime order by the girls, who are all on the tiptoe of expectation. At last the glad morning arrives; and a brighter, more perfect day, in Feb-

ruary, never rejoiced our eyes and heart. The final, finishing touch is given to every arrangement, and the great hall door is thrown wide open, to admit the expected one With unlooked-for delicacy, the girls withdraw to the upper hall, that we may meet alone.

A few moments later, and we join them; they greet their new teacher with many expressions of pleasure, while she can only return their salutations with kindly looks and smiles. The scene recalls my own experience, when first introduced to the bevy of dark-eyed Armenian girls, who for months had been praying and watching for my coming; and memories of the brief sojourn in that early school-home, on the banks of the beautiful Bosphorus, crowd thick and fast; the quaint, yet comfortable dwelling; the dear missionary family; the pleasant garden, where the little children played beneath the loving mother's eye; the cosy room built for the teacher, commanding a magnificent view of the Bosphorus, whose blue waters lay spread out like a lovely lake, shut in by hills "peeping o'er hills," far below the tangled wilderness which sloped down to the red-roofed buildings of the rural village, and opening upon a broad upper terrace, where, beneath the spreading shade of the umbrella pine, from whose lofty branches a noble swing was suspended, our pupils found recreation, secure from observation of the outer world; the hill beyond, with its vineyard, and nuts, and flowers, up whose sides they delighted to clamber, twining the wild roses in their dark tresses, or braids, and singing like the soaring lark, as they surveyed the world below from their secure retreat. Ah! what a fairy land it seemed, on that January day, with its soft breath, its singing birds, and blooming flowers, in strong contrast to the piercing cold and drifting snows which I had

left behind, in dear old Boston, but thirty days before! And best and brightest of all, was the introduction to such a circle of missionaries as then clustered around Bebek. To meet those whose names had long been as familiar as a household word, and to be received as one of *the family*, by new-found fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, this was indeed blesséd, and it seemed almost like entering heaven!

"Achkut loois!"—light to your eyes—is the congratulation now tendered to me by every member of the household. It is pleasant to observe their gladness that I am no more to be "alone." And no one appears to rejoice in this more than Eva, whose thoughtful love leads her to anticipate my every wish, and lighten my care and labors in every possible way. While all my pupils have vied with each other in bestowing marks of affection upon their teacher,—in my comparative isolation and lonely burden-bearing—Eva has more fully supplied the place of a sister. Whenever ill at night, and obliged to call some one, she was the first to hear my voice, and spring to my assistance. And after doing all in her power, accompanied by many loving and wistful looks, she would retire to a prayer-closet near by, to seek heavenly aid and blessing. Her low, earnest pleadings never failed to touch my heart in those solitary night-watches.

Eva makes but slow progress in study. She acquired Armenian with almost as much difficulty as a foreigner; and the confinement of the school-room proving too great a change from her former free, active life, I have given her, in accordance with medical advice, more exercise in the lighter work of the house. Her neat and orderly habits, and aptness in domestic employments, form quite an exception to most of our pupils; and when once taught our method of doing any kind

of housework, the lesson never needs to be repeated; in fact, she strives to out-vie her teacher, though not in a wrong spirit. And she is, withal, so conscientious and reliable, that she proves an invaluable assistant in the domestic department of the school.

Her religious nature is strong, and controls her whole being; so that, unconsciously to herself, she has acquired a most happy influence over her school-mates. Though far behind many of them in mental capacity, the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" is hers, and her heart is full of that Love without which, the Apostle says, gifts, and tongues, and "all knowledge" are "nothing!" It is impossible not to be strongly drawn to a character so unselfish and lovable; yet there exists the same necessity for avoiding any marked manifestation of partiality, as in a school at home; for human nature, everywhere, is made up of the same elements.

Could Iskoohi but remain in the post of assistant teacher, our working force would soon be stronger than ever before. But as fast as one is trained, to whom we can look for help in training others, she is spirited away to gladden the heart and home, and aid in the work of some young evangelist. The very thing we desire, yet feel so much in our own work.

We cannot call upon one of our own number for help in such an emergency; for, there is no reserve force to be drawn upon among missionary workers; and when one falls by the way, his fellow-soldier must gird himself to do double duty.

And now, my very own sister is by my side! What a full tide of talk sets in, whenever we can be together! for school goes on without intermission. Sarah looks up with a blank,

yet amused expression every now and then, when I unconsciously address her in the language which has so long been my principal medium of communication; Armenian words and phrases step, unbidden, into almost every dish of discourse in our sweet mother-tongue; but I shall soon be cured of this propensity!

Our thoughts are much with the beloved mother who has left herself without a daughter to cheer her declining years. We had hoped that she too would come and bless our Eastern home with her presence and prayers. But no; she must stay and see her Benjamin safely through college and seminary, and then send him forth on the same mission of mercy. Blessed mother! We can scarcely look at her picture for the blinding tears, as we think of her loneliness in the dear old home.

Surely, He who sits "over against the treasury," and sees His people "cast in of their abundance," will say, as of the widow of old, "Verily, she hath cast in more than they all!"

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.

Sarah at once commences the study of Armenian. Our dear girls are most interested in her progress, and teach her many words. They long for the time when her tongue shall be loosed, and they can become more fully acquainted. But it is a long and wearisome process; and patience must have her perfect work, when one begins, like a little child, to learn his Aip, Pen, Kim—A, B, C—and slowly build up a vocabulary in a language which has no affinity to any modern tongue; for whose puzzling prefixes, and affixes, and misplaced particles, there are no rules, and usage alone must be the guide. During my early days of much dictionary-

studying, and floundering amid heaps of synonyms, with no clue to detect the many obsolete words, how patience-provoking were those written exercises to be prepared for my Armenian teacher! And how almost wicked it seemed to try to follow the preacher in his Sunday discourse; while I was endeavoring to unravel one of his involved and complex sentences, he would pass on to another, and yet another, till I became bewildered and gave up the attempt in despair. How I envied the veriest little ragamuffin on the streets who could rattle off Armenian to his heart's content! But hardest of all this new experience, was the first attempt to pray in the presence of my pupils. The fear lest I might use some inappropriate word or expression in addressing the Deity in this new tongue, and thus provoke a smile, caused my face to burn and my heart to throb; after it was over, I felt very much as did a young missionary who had long delayed the duty, and was finally induced to make the attempt at the family altar. He stammered through, in broken utterances; and, rising from his knees, with flushed face, exclaimed, as he gave vent to his feelings by tossing some little thing across the room, "You'll not catch me again practicing my poor Armenian upon the Lord!"

We have been troubled to secure a good teacher for the study of the language. It is not deemed proper for an unmarried student to come into our school; therefore we cannot employ one who has been trained in the Seminary at Bebek; and must take the best that we can find from "without." The one now in our employ cannot be better described than in the words of an Armenian, respecting a former Patriarch: "He is just like an empty cistern: If you put your head to its

mouth, and say 'boo,' the cistern says 'boo;' if you say 'bah,' the cistern says 'bah!'"

"What a blessed thing it is that new missionaries are obliged to learn the language before they can go to work!" says one of the wise missionary fathers. "Suppose they could dash right in, fresh from their theological seminaries; why, they would upset our work of years in a few weeks!" It is hard for "Young America" to accommodate itself to the "Yawash, yawash"—slowly, slowly—of the Turk; and one will make sad mistakes if he judges the life and surroundings of the people from his own standard. Four or five years are said to be requisite for acquiring a good knowledge of the Armenian language; though one can commence missionary work, to some extent, within the first year. It is not an uncommon thing for an ambitious young missionary to preach his first sermon in the new tongue which he is acquiring, within two or three months after his arrival. But he seldom fails in justifying the playful prediction of one of the fathers, "It will be long enough before he preaches another!" Meanwhile, much may be learned of the people, their manners, customs, modes of thought and feeling; and how best to adapt oneself to them without offending their tastes, or awakening their prejudices.

The work of a foreign missionary is but *well begun* at the expiration of four or five years in the field.

CHRISTIAN CULTURE.

The deep seriousness which pervaded our school during the last term has not disappeared. A letter from five of those who are yet without hope, lies before me. They write

as follows: "We are much pained that it is so long a time since we came hither, and we still remain in the same condition. Dear teacher, we feel that we are sinners; we know that we have transgressed against the dear Savior. We are very thankful to God that He brought us to this beloved school, where we enjoy such privileges; and we are also thankful to you, that we have such a dear teacher to speak with, and advise us. If we had never come to this school, we should have lived in unbelief and idolatry, and how terrible would have been our condition! But what great gratitude are we to show to our God that He has called us from such darkness to the light."

Another writes: "I much desire to know and do the will of God. I am ready to spend my whole life for Him."

Anitsa is one of our best scholars. She has a mind of more than ordinary strength and grasp. But her faults are very marked, and her force of character makes us the more anxious for her future course; nothing but religious principle can remedy her defects.

She learns with great ease and rapidity, committing seventy or eighty verses of Scripture at a time, and repeating them word for word. Study is her delight; and she will pore over a book for hours, utterly oblivious of her personal appearance or surroundings. Here she comes! a brunette, with beautiful eyes, a strong Armenian face, and firm yet slender figure, rather above medium height, rushing into the school-room like a young whirlwind just let loose! hair flying, shoes and stockings down at the heels, and a staring rent in her careless dress. She is sent to her room to tidy herself; a dash or two of the brush over the tangled masses of her long black hair; a vigorous pull at the offending cov-

erings of her feet, and half-a-dozen great gaping stitches, to close the unsightly chasm in her raiment, and she reappears, with head erect, and face serene, while a scarcely suppressed smile ripples around the room, among her mates, as she passes to her seat.

Alas, for the chest which contains her wearing apparel! How often have I reduced that chaos to order, while she stood by to learn the lesson, interspersed with many a plain, practical hint, and motherly query as to the kind of housekeeper she would prove for a Gospel preacher, to whose people she must be the model in everything that is good and lovely! These private talks always result in manifestations of considerable spasmodic feeling on her part; but very likely, my next inspection will reveal a fringe of clothing hanging from underneath the lid, while sundry articles are strewn upon the floor around the queer old chest. Dear child! I fear that I am not always as gentle and patient as was Paul among the Thessalonians—"Even as a nurse cherisheth her children;"—for the same constant supervision is required in her portion of the household work. But we cannot forget that Anitsa was early left an orphan, with only men to keep the house, and care for her, while she grew up wild and untamed. How she can best be trained in womanly work and ways, is a question that causes much thought and prayer; for she is naturally proud and ambitious, and like most Orientals, considers labor to be degrading. But she has capacity sufficient to accomplish anything to which she bends her energy and will. So we work on, in the patience of hope, doing and seeking that which will best promote her future usefulness, not only for her own sake, but also for the cause which she will represent among her people. If imbued with the spirit of

Christ, she may yet do great things for her race. Anitsa will be the first representative of our school, the first *educated* woman in a distant and extensive region, and her every act will be scanned by many curious eyes.

I have been reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in Armenian. It is impossible to give the peculiar dialect of the African in this new dress, and consequently, the slaves are made to use the same phraseology as their masters, which detracts from the interest of the book. But one of the Armenian preachers says he was perfectly fascinated by it, and sat up all night to finish the story. Our pupils have not yet seen it; I have hesitated about giving them a book so different from anything they have ever read, lest it should create a distaste for the more solid and serious reading in which they now delight. They frequently come to me with tracts and books such as Flavel's "On Keeping the Heart," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," Baxter's "Saints' Rest," etc., saying, "How beautiful!" as they point out some particular description or passage. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is a never-failing favorite.

While I am busy writing in my room, a number of the younger girls seek admittance. I hand them a newly-received copy of the "Avedaper"—newspaper—to read until I am at liberty. One of them commences reading aloud a story of a little child who asked his mother what it is to give one's heart to Jesus; and when she had explained it in simple language, the dear boy made the offering then and there, and from that time gave evidence of being truly a child of God.

As Mariam reads, the tears gather in her eyes, her voice trembles, and she stops. Her companions lean over her

shoulders, and in silence, they together finish the touching narrative, with evident emotion depicted upon their countenances. The group form a lovely picture; and as I occasionally glance at them, I can but think how much more tender and impressible are their hearts than those whose minds have been weakened, and consciences seared by constant poring over fiction.

GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT.

"We want to know why we are not Christians?" This is the earnest inquiry of a very interesting class of girls in the school, who have long seemed near the kingdom. They have faithfully used all the means of grace, and then seemed to wait for some manifestation of Divine power in their behalf. I had conversed with them so frequently during the last term, that it now seemed wise to adopt another course. My silence produces the desired effect. They are alarmed, and come to me for help. It is Sunday evening; all of those who do not consider themselves as Christians, have come of their own accord to my room. I repeat the question which some of them have asked, and after a few words to show who is at fault in the matter, I am led to say, "If there is one here who is now ready to make the solemn resolve that she will henceforth serve the Lord, I would like her to manifest it by rising." All seem much affected, but no one responds; a few more words about the Savior;—that, were He here in person, they are sure they would run to Him and wish to follow Him; and we then kneel in prayer. When I tell them that they are really making a decision, if not to come to Christ, to go on in sin a little longer, as disobedient children, they are much moved. We sit in silence, broken only by the sobs of the weeping girls, while I tremble lest I have

been rash and unwise in bringing them to a crisis which may leave them colder, and at a greater distance than before. Deeply burdened with the responsibility of guiding these souls aright, I lift my heart in prayer, and at this moment, one dear child, the youngest of the group, rises; her countenance expressive of a calm determination, that, let others do as they will, she is determined to live for Jesus. While speaking to her of the joy in heaven over one sinner that repents and turns to God, another arises, and yet another, till the six who seemed prepared for such a step, are all on their feet. Again we kneel, and these tender lambs are committed to the watch and care of the Great Shepherd of Israel. Are not the angels hovering over this house to-night? "Awake, O North wind; and come, thou South; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."

It is delightful to watch the growth and development of some of these "plants of righteousness," in our Garden upon the Golden Horn. Through the "ministry of the Spirit," those who were once full of pride, selfishness, and anger, easily provoked and stubborn, are learning that LOVE brings a sweet rest to the soul; while self-will and indulgence in wrong feelings, is but torment and slavery; "like the troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt," the deep deposits of a fallen nature come to the surface; and "there is no peace." From time to time, they write little notes which tell me of their spiritual condition. Here is one from a dear child who hoped that her sins were pardoned before school closed last year:

"MY DEAR TEACHER:—Behold, I write this letter to tell you about my spiritual condition. My beloved; I often look within and examine my heart, and I feel my progress,

especially these days; and I always feel my being a sinner also. Besides, I perceive that of myself I have no strength. If my Savior do not help me, and hold my hand, I shall quickly fall. Truly, I often stumble, but He does not let go my hand, but raises me up. Much do I hope that I shall always be like my Savior; and I have much desire that my sisters also consecrate themselves to that compassionate Savior, and be saved.

"O, how much did I desire to be with you when you drew near the table of the Lord, the last time!

"You said that we ought also to have been there. We, all of us, that is, Takoohi, Makrohi, Aghavni, Horopsi, and I, wished to be partakers. Will that day ever come? Perhaps you will say, '*Why* do you wish to be a partaker?' I wish to be one, because my heart testifies to me that I am a child of God, and for the reason that I wish to commemorate His death with His members. I sometimes think, 'perhaps they will not look at me, because I am still little;' but I also think that God does not look at the being great or small, only at the *heart*. I much wish that for me, and for all of us, you would always pray; and I wish also, that when I do anything wrong, you would call me and give me advice, for I am in much need of advice. I feel that when I fall into temptation, I am afterwards more careful, and become more firmly established. I need much grace. I hope that the Lord will not cast me away from His presence. Your sincere disciple,

"(Signed) MARKARED."

There is an evident expectation in the minds of those who are admitted to this school, that they will undergo some

great change. What that change is, they scarcely comprehend, except that it in some way pertains to their religion. During the first year of my missionary teaching, the number of our boarding pupils was increased from twenty-six to thirty-five; among these were several "harum scarum" little girls, received through the urgent solicitation of Armenian friends, "because," as they said, "they were so poor; and it would be a charity to provide for them." They were veritable Topseys; and their persons, dress, and manners, as well as minds, required vigilant watch and care.

One of them was reproved for telling an untruth. "Why," she exclaimed, in great amazement, "I didn't know it was against the rule to *lie!*"

Finding the discipline of the school-room very lax under Armenian assistants, and being at that time unable, for want of a tongue, to take the reins fully into my own hands, I drew up a set of very minute and specific rules, pertaining to punctuality, promptness, neatness in dress, mode of sitting, etc., etc. The touch of the bell regulated the changes of each half-hour, at which time everything necessary for study during the next period, was to be withdrawn from the desks, thus ensuring perfect quiet during the recitations. These rules were translated into Armenian, read to the school, and then fastened upon the school-room door; after a week's trial, the regulations were adopted by a unanimous vote of our pupils, though they considered them "very strict." It was interesting, sometimes funny, to see the effect of the new laws. They quite revolutionized the order of things, and afforded another proof of the fact that everybody likes to be well governed, and is happier for it. Some of the older girls copied them, saying: "When I teach, I shall use these rules."

But when a year or two had passed, and they were well grounded in these "commandments," a general sentiment was established in the school which rendered the "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not," unnecessary; the specific regulations were withdrawn, and our pupils were thrown upon their personal responsibility in keeping the *spirit*, instead of the letter of the law. Otherwise, we could not expect them to develop self-governing ability when thrown upon their own resources after leaving the school. This is the Divine method;—the "New Testament"—order,—making, not mere machines of mankind, but intelligent, co-operative, free-willed subjects.

A very encouraging development of the Christian "grace of giving" was manifested by our pupils in aid of the "Morning Star." We had attended the Monthly Concert of prayer for missions, which was conducted in the chapel on Sunday evening by Mr. Williams, a converted Turk, formerly "Selim effendi:" And on our return to the upper hall, I seized the occasion to speak once more to the school, about systematic benevolence; alluding to the work that children in America were doing for the heathen, by furnishing funds for the "Missionary Packet." While we were talking on the subject, two of the girls slipped away for a moment, and returned with twenty-five piastres—one dollar—which they placed in my hand. It was a pleasant surprise, and betokened a latent liberality which only needed to be energized and directed.

When I met the girls on Monday evening, to talk it over, according to my promise, they were very eager to know more about the new project. After I had told them all that I knew of the enterprise, and the work which would be ac-

complished among the islands of the Pacific Ocean, by this Gospel-ship, their enthusiasm was awakened, and they asked with much animation, whether they also could help to build it. And when assured that every offering, however small, would be prized, began to contribute their piastres. My hands were soon filled with the coppers; but missing one of the flock, I passed the coins to some of the older girls to count, while I stepped into an adjoining room. Here I found Victoria, weeping by herself, because she had "nothing to give." Her family were highly respectable, but very poor, and the mother, a good Christian woman, had, with difficulty, furnished her daughter's necessary clothing. I remembered that a piece of Victoria's "crochet-work" had been lately sold for six piastres, and lifted the load from her heart by the information. Her eyes sparkled, and she quickly said, "Put in *five* for me!"

The girls had finished counting the money when we rejoined them; but when "seventy-five piastres" was announced, all cried out, "It is not enough!" They then put their heads together to see how they could raise more. I left them again, and when passing by a dark corridor, overheard two girls in consultation about the matter. "I owe for a pair of shoes," said one, "and ought not to subscribe for more till that is paid." "But," argued her companion, "if you really wish to do something more, you can; God will help you. You know whether you can finish a piece of work by a certain time, and that will pay for both." Such conversations, of which their teachers are often unobserved listeners, afford a more faithful index of their true feelings, and mode of reasoning, than could otherwise be obtained. By their own request, a paper was drawn up, and each girl

named the sum which she pledged herself to pay by a given time. While this was going on, Victoria, who was leaning on my shoulder, whispered, "*Put in the other piastre!*" When the list was completed, the entire sum amounted to two hundred piastres! Every face beamed with joy, and some of the younger girls fairly danced with delight. "Perhaps I shall go as a missionary in that ship!" said one of them; and another asked "if our money would pay for one of the timbers?"

Their hearts were overflowing with the blessèd luxury of giving to those who were poorer and more needy than themselves. And as I looked upon the happy group, most of whom had, as they hoped, commenced the "new life," and, out of their poverty, had contributed generously for the spread of the Gospel, so dear to them, I could but wish that Christians of an older growth in other lands might witness that scene, and learn a lesson from these babes in Christ. Such fruit from these tender branches of the vine is inexpressibly cheering to our hearts. May no hidden worm, or corroding canker, sever their connection with the ROOT, and thus leave them withered and bare, only to be "cast forth and burned."

ENLARGING OUR BORDERS.

A few months have passed since the coming of the long-looked-for sister, to share the blessed burden and sweet cares of this garden of the Lord. During this period the study of the language has been her principal work, besides rendering some assistance in the sewing department of which she now takes full charge, and also keeping the school accounts. Another member has just been added to our family, in the person of Miss H., a missionary sent out by

the London Jews' Society, to teach the Spanish Jewesses of Hasskeuy. There appeared to be no home for her in this vicinity; and, with the consent of the "Station," we granted her earnest request to share a corner of our dwelling. She also is acquiring her missionary language, and a venerable Rabbi comes every day to give her a lesson in Hebrew-Spanish. So the two neophytes can compare progress in their respective tongues, and be company for each other when I am absorbed in school duties. Miss H. is a Christian daughter of the house of Israel, of German birth; and her musical taste and skill contributes much to our social enjoyment.

The two day-schools on the lower floor of our house are well filled, with nearly a hundred boys and girls in daily attendance; their singing can be heard a long distance on the main street, and passers-by often stop to listen. The chapel has proved too small to accommodate all who come to the Sunday services. At first, our pupils were crowded into a little side room where they could hear, and also add to the exercises by their sweet singing. But that did not suffice, and our borders were enlarged by the method so common among missionaries—of taking down partition walls. Occasionally a Turk or a Jew drops into our congregation, in the midst of a discourse; and at such times the preacher changes from the Armenian to the Turkish language without any apparent effort, as the latter is the business language of the country, and more or less understood by all the people. The chapel is thronged by all classes at our Communion seasons, which are very solemnizing, and the sermon previous, usually holds the attention of the audience to the close. More quiet assemblies I scarcely ever saw.

A Protestant wedding is sure to draw a great crowd, and Pastor Simon never fails to seize the opportunity for a discourse upon the family relation—the duties of husbands and wives. As *time* is of little value in the East, and the people generally are blessed with the "gift of continuance," they sit very patiently through an hour's preaching, previous to the marriage ceremony. In fact, Protestants would feel aggrieved without the full allowance at such a time!

Many of the aristocrats of the place have heard the truth; not a few, like Nicodemus, in secret—at the "spiritual night-meetings," as they termed those little gatherings with the missionaries, both in this house, and at their homes, when the work was first commenced in Hasskeuy; but, like the "chief rulers who believed" the words of Christ, "because of the Pharisees they did not confess Him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue." "Not many mighty, not many noble are called."

One of the leading priests of Hasskeuy long ago said to Dr. Dwight, "If you will but ensure my bread, I will come over to you!" He is intelligent, and enlightened, but hopes to reform the "Old Church" by staying in it; and we hear that some of Dr. Goodell's sermons are reproduced by him in his Sunday services in the Armenian Church!

A MEETING FOR WOMEN IN AN ARMENIAN CHURCH.

"Varzhoohi," said an Armenian woman, "you talk just like our priest! Come over to Eyub, next Wednesday, and hear him preach to the women."

We take a caique, and cross the Golden Horn, to the village opposite, at the appointed time. The church is large

and lofty, a massive stone building with vaulted roof. Passing through the outer and inner court, we are reminded of the passage, "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground;" for here are narrow shelves to deposit them till our return. Here too are pictures of saints with tapers burning before them. We enter the audience room; it is early, and we have ample leisure to survey our surroundings. While we are looking at the richly-decorated paintings, and the jewelled shrines upon the altar, our attention is arrested by sad tones, and rapid utterances broken by sobs, proceeding from the confessional; the door is ajar, and now we can plainly hear the gruff voice of the confessor, as he tells the poor woman to "give alms, do penance, burn tapers before the saints"—to atone for the sin of her soul by the works of her hands! A moment more, and they come out; we catch a glimpse of her pale, distressed countenance; she kisses the "Holy Book" presented to her by the priest, is sprinkled with "holy water," and deposits her offering of silver upon the altar, as she reverently crosses herself. Poor deluded soul! how I longed to tell her of the atonement made by the Lamb of God, and the *blood* that "cleanseth from all sin!" But others are rapidly coming in all wrapped in their white sheets. They cross themselves on entering the church, then advance, and stand with hands outstretched in an imploring attitude toward the picture of the Virgin Mary, whom they call "the Mother of God." After repeated crossings and mutterings of a form of prayer, they kneel, touch the forehead to the floor in worship, and then complacently settle back upon their feet. The next thing in order seems to be an arrangement of their dress; and when they carelessly look

around and catch sight of the "Franks"—as they term all foreigners—they whisper and gaze with much curiosity.

Perhaps two hundred Armenian women are now assembled; the priest makes his appearance, and immediately the hum of conversation ceases, and all eyes are directed towards him. His tall person is enveloped in a long black robe; the cowl is drawn over his head, and partly conceals a full face, with heavy dark brown beard, and fine eyes of the same color. Seating himself in the square straight-backed arm-chair, within the altar-enclosure, and holding a long staff—somewhat like a shepherd's crook—in his left hand, he commences his discourse by saying that when Jesus was on earth, He fed the hungry, healed the sick, restored the blind to sight, and caused the lame to walk: That His goodness and His power remain the same to-day as then. This is wonderful for an Armenian priest! And Iskoohi and I exchange glances of pleasure—for we expect a real Gospel sermon after such an introduction. His language is a mixture of ancient and modern Armenian and Turkish;—a kind of *patois* mostly used by the women, and not easily understood by those accustomed to what the people term "book-language." His words seem to touch the hearts of the audience, and we listen eagerly to catch some recognition of Christ as the Physician of the soul—the Savior from sin.

But here we are disappointed. This priest has either not found Christ for himself, or he dare not preach what he believes. So the sermon ends in a sort of moral essay, or exhortation; and the flock of poor starving souls receive but a few scattered crumbs from the Master's table, where there is bread enough and to spare "for all the world!" How our hearts burn within us for the privilege of proclaim-

ing to them the "glad tidings of redemption through His blood,"—even the "forgiveness of sins!" But we must bide our time. The service ends, and the priest departs. Many curious glances are directed towards us, as the women rise to leave; and some gather courage to ask us what we are, where are we from, etc., while others look and listen in silence. When we tell them of our home, and school, one bright, motherly-looking woman asks, if we will educate her boy. Some of these faces greatly interest us. Not a few of the older women bear the impress of some heavy sorrow, some corroding care; and more than one heavy sigh comes from a burdened heart, as they pass out uncomforted and unfed.

We find that a number came over from Hasskeuy, and other places, to hear this priest, who is very popular among the women. It seems that his liberal and enlightened views as well as his popularity, awakened much enmity among brother-priests in the church, and a few months ago he was suspended from office. The women were offended, and refused to attend the church services; and consequently, a large proportion of its income fell off. After a time, the authorities were obliged to capitulate; they came to terms, and the priest was restored. We rejoice over this significant sign of the times, and learn, moreover, that woman has a certain power even in this unchristian land. If the Turks wish to secure an object in opposition to the Government, their surest method is to raise a mob of women! Of course, they collect all those of the baser sort; and they are incarnate fiends!—no human power can withstand their raging violence.

The poet says, "The difference between a good and a bad

man, is as the distance from heaven to earth; but the difference between a good and a bad woman, is the distance from heaven to hell!" This is emphatically true in the East. According to Oriental ideas, a woman is only equivalent to "half a man;" she is therefore on a level with the animals—too low for law to recognize, and consequently escapes its rigor.

We return to our work with fresh courage and inspiration, after this new view of the wants of woman in Turkey. Up to this time, we had never attended an Armenian preaching service in the "Old Church;" for we did not care to go on Sunday, when high mass is said, and their most imposing ceremonies performed;—though the churches are open every day for prayers, and we have sometimes dropped in, and heard the monotonous chanting of the priests and boys, and the rapid reading of the lessons in an unknown tongue; while clouds of incense arose from the censer swung by some aged priest, who held in his left hand a plate, to receive the contributions of the people, and with abrupt, sententious words, enjoined liberality upon every one as he passed to and fro among the crowd:—So like the Romish Church, in its essential doctrines and rites, yet entirely distinct from that body, and owning no allegiance to the Pope. The Armenian Church is considered heretic, by both the Greek and the Latin Church, and stands by itself, with its own acknowledged head—the "Catholicos"—and an imposing array of ecclesiastics of different grades, and offices, chief of whom is the "Patriarch," whose office is, however, mostly civil.

ORIENTAL TRAITS AND TASTES.

How like a garden our school appears these pleasant summer mornings! Each of the twenty-six pupils has a small flower-bed which she cultivates, and at the ringing of the bell they appear, with fresh and rosy faces, and heads adorned by garlands, or clusters of gay blossoms. (The love of flowers and of children is a redeeming trait in the Turkish character. The swarthiest and coarsest-looking soldier wears a nosegay in his button-hole, and cultivates the ground around the guard-house, or fills its windows with pots of flowers in full bloom, and his hard, stern face, relaxes into a smile of tenderness, as he lifts a little child into a carriage or a boat.) We are glad to foster a taste so pure and refining, implanted by Him who has lavishly scattered His smiles in the heavens above and the earth beneath, making every creation of beauty "a joy forever!"

They manifest their Oriental taste in many little ways. The lights are suddenly extinguished in the great hall some evening, and we are invited to witness a display of rare jewels. We approach a group of girls who are glittering with coronets, necklaces, and bracelets of flashing diamonds! And constellations are sparkling upon the drapery of two or three. A closer inspection reveals the gems to be but glow-worms, and causes a merry peal of laughter to go round the circle at our discovery.

Another evening we enjoy a very pleasant surprise:—We had noticed for several days, that the girls seemed unusually busy out of school-hours, and an air of mystery was thrown round their employments; yet felt sure, from their open, sunny faces, that nothing wrong was brewing. They man-

age to keep possession of our dining-room till the tea-bell rings, and we go down as usual. What is our astonishment, on entering, unsuspectingly, to find the room illuminated, and our round table as brilliantly decorated, as if the fairies had prepared our evening meal! Gleaming through the spangled rose-colored gauze thrown over it, are pomegranates—severed to show their crimson hearts—and golden oranges, with the rind fantastically cut, and ornamented with stripes and stars of gold-paper; and little gifts of ornamental handiwork,—napkin-rings, watch-cases, lamp-mats, crochet collars, doilies, tidies, etc., etc.,—lying beside each plate. A transparent jelly-like dish of food—quite new to us—stands at one end, and a pyramid-cake in the centre, iced, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers. We are dazzled by the display, in commemoration of their New-Year's Eve, — old style, — and are expressing our surprise and pleasure, when sounds of smothered laughter from the door causes us to turn in that direction, and we find the entire company gathered to enjoy the scene. Boghos, the cook, had been taken into the secret, and through his aid the arrangements were secured. The cake was his master-piece; it was hollow, and intended to contain a little bird, which was caught for that purpose. Boghos constituted himself "master of ceremonies," and planned to cut the cake at the right moment, giving a signal to the girls outside, who should enter the room to offer their congratulations, in time to see it fly forth from its frosted prison. But alas for their fanciful contrivance! When the cage was all ready, the bird had flown! It made its escape from a broken pane overlooked in one of the high kitchen windows.

Among the frequent visitors to our school-room, is the

mother of B. Hachadoor, our former teacher in Armenian Grammar. The old lady learned to read when past sixty years of age, and is very proud of her acquirement. The girls always like to see her come in, and after she is seated, hand her a book, watching with furtive glances the proceeding which is sure to follow. First one pair of spectacles are drawn from the ample pocket, and carefully adjusted, and, after a trial,—holding the book at some distance—another pair appears, and mounts above the others, while the girls can scarcely conceal their evident enjoyment of the scene, as, with head thrown back, and book held aloft, still another trial is made! When this proves unsuccessful, and a third pair of glasses crowns the rest, and the simple, quaint old body, with serene countenance is crooning the now discernible sentences with an expression of unutterable content, an audible smile and a low murmur of satisfaction runs around the little assembly, in which the teacher joins, while its unconscious object is wholly absorbed in her new and blessèd employment.

Occasionally a Protestant sister brings to us on the "sewing afternoon," some one "from without," whom she is trying to influence. One of these visitors has greatly interested us — a young Armenian woman from another quarter of the city, with a countenance of more than ordinary character, sweetness, and intelligence. Through great affliction, in the loss of her husband and children, she had been led to seek for comfort which she could not find in the rites and ceremonies of her own Church. At that time God sent to her a Protestant woman of her own race, who told her of Christ as "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." She had learned to read a little, and spent the afternoon in earnestly

poring over the Testament, spelling out verse after verse, with great relish and absorbing interest. When she left, I told her that she might take the Book with her, and make it the guide of her life. She seemed utterly amazed at the greatness of the gift, and clasped it to her breast as a priceless treasure.

Such visits are productive of far more good to our pupils than those from passing travelers and others, prompted by mere curiosity or politeness. Injudicious questions are often asked and remarks made, in their presence, by those who little imagine the impressions conveyed to the quick ears, and comprehension which catches the meaning of their words.

"Which is the cleverest of your pupils?" inquires a foreign ambassador. "And do they think and talk of the *beaux* like other girls?" asks another representative of a Christian government. And they must sing for their diversion—"something national," if they have any songs of that stamp (which we rarely find), and the conversation that ensues, even when not understood, except by an intuitive perception of its general tenor, often tends to divert and distract the minds of our little family, leaving in some sensitive and delicate natures the feeling that they are on exhibition as objects of common curiosity; which is decidedly detrimental to the aims that we cherish in their Christian nurture. Visits from Secretaries and patrons of the Board of Missions, and those of like spirit, leave a totally different impression.

We greatly enjoyed the wise counsels, and the hearty approval and sympathy of the Senior Secretry, Dr. Anderson, who spent a night in our school-home in his visit to the East

not long since. He kindly invited me to write to him as freely and confidentially as a daughter to a father, at all times. And though much has been said of his opposition to schools, as a prominent feature of missionary operations, the message which afterwards came from him at Boston to the Constantinople Station,—when funds were low, and retrenchment seemed necessary,—was to this effect: "Whatever you cut off, keep that school sustained, and in full operation." And when Secretary Treat had addressed the school through the aid of an interpreter at the close of his more recent visit, and was about to depart for America, they rose to thank him for the words he had spoken; and the general feeling found utterance in the exclamation, "O let him stay, and teach us always!" Causing the tears to start to his eyes as he said, "How gladly would I do it. We at the Missionary House have all the drudgery, while you missionaries have the joy of direct work for souls!"

Our hearts are more and more drawn to this dear flock. Truly, "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places; we have a goodly heritage." Yet the burden of unrelieved responsibility for all their interests — physical, social, and spiritual—by day and by night, month after month, and year after year, is sometimes almost crushing, for we "watch as they that must give account." It is a relief to find that some of the older pious girls share in this feeling. One of these has, of her own accord, printed in large letters, and hung up in the hall, the following passage of Scripture: "But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment."

In the general government of our pupils, and the discipline

of the school-room, we have less of "Young America" to contend with than in schools at home; but the teacher must supplement the lack of early home and religious training; "precept must be upon precept, line upon line; here a little, and there a little; for with stammering lips and another tongue will he speak to this people."

It is an oppressively warm Sunday afternoon. Careful and troubled about many things, like Martha of old, I leave my room and go through the house to see how our pupils are spending the sacred hours. The door of an upper chamber is open, but I pause on the threshold, for three or four girls are asleep upon their beds. I am grieved that they should thus squander holy time; but noticing an open Bible in the hand of one of the sleepers, step gently to her side, and find her finger resting at the verse, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father." There is a whole sermon of rebuke and comfort for me in those words, and softly stealing from the room, I whisper, "'Sleep on now, and take your rest.'"

CHAPTER VII.

TRANSFERRED.

"MY Beloved has gone down into His garden to gather lilies." One of the first-fruits of our Garden on the Golden Horn to be transplanted to that Paradise "where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens," was Iskoohi, the wife of preacher Hohannes, formerly of Bardezag.

She was brought home to her native city to die, in the summer of 1861; and during one of my visits to Nicomedia, I stood beside her as the end approached, and saw the triumph of her faith in view of death.

She was lying upon a low couch, wasted by that slow, lingering consumption so distressing to witness, and so deceitful in its progress. Her eyes were closed, as if in sleep; but when she opened them, and saw me, a smile played over her wan features, and grasping my hand, she said, with husky voice, "O my dear teacher; how I have wanted to see you!" In broken utterances, she told me that her soul was filled with peace; there was no fear of death, for Christ had taken away the sting. I asked if she could say with the Psalmist: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me:" and she replied, "O, yes! He *is* with me; I cannot

fear." I inquired how her past life appeared, and she said it seemed all vain and empty. "And your good works, do you place any reliance upon them?" "No, oh no!" she whispered, "my hopes are all founded on Christ." "What word shall I give to your former companions, your sisters in Christ?" "Tell them," she said, with emphasis, raising her head from her pillow, "tell them to labor first for their own souls, and next for the souls of others; there is nothing else worth living for!" and with a deep sigh, she added, "Oh, I did desire to work for Christ in Bilijuk! but my little children, and sickness prevented." "What do you desire for your only remaining child?" "That he may live to preach Christ; that is my prayer for him!" Before leaving, I sang for her a verse or two of the new song, "Come, sing to me of heaven;" with which she was much pleased, and bade me a tender farewell, again and again expressing the deepest gratitude for all she had received from the "American Board Society" in connection with the school.

Early the next morning, word came that Iskoohi had gone where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Her husband was absent, attending a council of Protestant Armenian ministers, which held some of its sessions in Bardezag. He hesitated about leaving her, but she said, "Go, do not stay on my account!"

I found the body laid out on the floor, according to Eastern custom. The best dress of the deceased was spread over her person, and her head was attired as usual.

The mother and grandmother sat at the head of the low couch, rocking back and forth in their grief, and gazing upon the face of the departed with distressed countenances and low moans. A number of women were grouped on either

side; they had come, like the friends of Job, to mourn with and comfort the afflicted; and like them, they "spake not a word." The silence was very impressive; but after a little sympathetic waiting, I tried to improve the moments in turning their thoughts away from the poor earthly tabernacle, to the "house not made with hands eternal in the heavens:" Read again that precious fourteenth chapter of John, and realized afresh the inexpressible blessedness and sweetness of work for Jesus!

When I called a second time, B. Hohannes had returned. He seemed deeply afflicted, yet comforted: Said that God had visited him three times in six months; two little children went before the mother. Speaking of his departed companion, he said: "She was a good wife, and we were very happy together. I can say of her that she was a living, growing Christian; she was truly a helpmeet in my work; often when I was depressed, she encouraged and cheered me. Patience and self-denial were among her most prominent traits of character. She had many trials during her married life; poor health, a number of little children to care for, and little or no help. But she never murmured, or repined at the allotments of Providence; she was willing to live where her husband could be most useful in the Lord's work. When consumption fastened upon her frame, I thought it might make her irritable, as I had heard of others being thus affected by it; but it made no difference. She bore all her sufferings sweetly, never giving way to impatience, or complaining. She rejoiced that her two children were taken before her, saying, what a kind Providence it was that they were not left for me to care for when she was gone. That touched my heart; that she should think of my com-

fort after she should be gone! I bless God that he gave me such a companion. Her last words of advice to me were, 'PREACH CHRIST! preach fervently, and with few words; that is the way to win souls, and I believe that it is the Lord's appointed way!'"

The funeral service took place at the house, and was attended by all the pastors comprising the council, besides a crowd of Protestants and Armenians. Pastor Simon, of Pera, preached a sermon from the words, "O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?"

WAILING FOR THE DEAD.

A painful scene occurred when the body was removed; the Armenian relatives, women who still adhered to their old ideas and customs, gave way to distressing demonstrations of grief; wildly throwing themselves upon the corpse, shrieking, beating their breasts, crying out for her to come back, uttering the most doleful lamentations; and it was noticeable that those were most profuse in their outcries, and display of grief, who had shown the least love and care for their relative when she was living! It was custom, as tyranical as fashion, in other lands, that compelled this outward exhibition of a sorrow which in many cases was very little felt.

A friend once dropped in unexpectedly upon a family where the "mourning women," and especially the young wife of the deceased, had given way to the most extravagant expressions of grief, when the dead was carried forth, but a few hours before. To her surprise, she found them all as merry as though nothing had happened, and the wife, happily relieved of her unloved and unmerciful tyrant, was at ease,

evidently enjoying her supper, and laughing with the rest. But, on seeing the visitor, she set up a most unearthly howling, and went into fearful paroxysms and contortions of her physical frame. Some of the younger widows make themselves almost bald, at such times, tearing out their hair by handfuls, and casting it from the upper windows into the streets below, when the bier is born from the house. It is a costly, and often an unwilling sacrifice, for the women of the East, whose hair is so great an ornament and glory. "But we *must* do it! All the neighbors would talk about us, and reproach us if we did not show this honor to our dead," said a woman with whom I once argued the foolishness of the practice.

The same custom was observed in the time of the prophet Jeremiah. "Neither shall men lament for them, nor cut themselves, nor make themselves bald for them. Neither shall men tear themselves for them in mourning to comfort them for the dead."

Perhaps there is no sorrow so real and so deep to an Oriental, as the death of an only son. To this the prophet alludes: "They shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for his first-born." This grief would be greatly intensified in the case of a widow, because her house would be "left unto her desolate," *i.e.*, without a head; as in the case of Naomi, who said, "Call me Mara—bitter—for the Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me." And also the widow of Nain, whose real sorrow and utter desolation touched the compassionate heart of the Savior, and He said to her, "Weep not!"

"How doth Death speak of *our* beloved,
When it hath laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

"It clothes their every gift and grace,
With radiance from the holiest place;
With light as from an angel's face.

"Recalling with resistless force
And tracing to their hidden source,
Deeds scarcely noticed in their course.

"It shows our faults like fires at night;
It sweeps their failings out of sight,
It clothes their good in heavenly light.

"It takes each failing on our part,
And brands it in upon the heart
With caustic power, and cruel art.

"Thus doth Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low:
Then let Love antedate the work of Death,
And do this now!" *

ISKOOHI'S LIFE.

Iskoohi was a tall, slender, dark-eyed, dark-complexioned, and rather plain-looking yet interesting girl of fourteen years when I first saw her. She had been for some months absent from the school on account of ill-health, and when I asked her why she returned, she said, "There are many villages around Nicomedia where the women are very ignorant, and I wish to learn that I may go and teach them."

After completing her four years' course of study, she was for one year an assistant teacher in the school; and her conduct in every relation she sustained to us, was such as greatly

* Mrs. Charles.

to endear her to our hearts, and confirm our conviction of her Christian character. Her piety, conscientiousness, and maturity made her an invaluable helper in training the daughters of her own people; and her removal from the school was a loss which was never repaired; it brought additional cares and burdens upon the teacher who was already overburdened with work in a strange tongue, and a foreign clime, and hastened an inevitable break-down of health. But the penalty was involved in the very success of the work. Just as an Armenian maiden who had the necessary qualifications, was fitted for the post of assistant pupil, or teacher, she was snatched up by some eager young preacher, and we were again left in the lurch!

I saw Iskoohi but once in the home where she presided as the village preacher's wife. It was exceedingly plain and simple, yet neat in all its surroundings; she never aped the European style of living, but conformed to the customs of her own people in so far as they were not harmful; thus keeping herself in sympathy with them, and by her example, securing an influence which greatly helped her husband's ministry. Two years after she had "entered into rest," when B. Hohannes was laboring on alone, without wife or home, he referred, with feeling, to Iskoohi's simplicity of taste, and the frugality and prudence, which had enabled him to live without the pecuniary pressure he would otherwise have experienced; and told how much she had aided him by her prayers and counsels, when unable to share his active labors among the people. The increasing patience and sweet submission manifested by her, in those last months of life, when the people of Bilijuk watched to see the spirit fail, as the flesh decayed, had left an abiding impression

upon their hearts, and was still, he thought, bringing forth fruit.

"Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

MARIAM.

The second *promotion* was that of Mariam a dear pious disciple, who died the same year, among her kindred, in her native village of Bilijuk, near Broosa. No one who saw Mariam on her arrival, and introduction to the school, can ever forget the beaming of her bright eyes, and the joy that illumined her dark but expressive face. Nor the sorrow too deep for words, which caused the big tear-drops to fall, when a few months later, that fearful word "*retrench*" came from the "Missionary House" at home; and like a mother called to part with some of her darlings, we looked to see where the knife should be applied; who of our flock should be sent away! And the gentle, modest girl had no question in her own mind but that she was to be one of the number. But could the door be closed? For three long years she had prayed, and watched, and waited for the way to be opened that she might come and be trained as a worker for Christ! And then God sent a missionary, who found this plant of promise, in the wilderness, and her faith was rewarded.

Mariam's father was a poor cobbler, but he had somehow learned to read. He received his first knowledge of the truth through the instrumentality of a chance laborer in the Master's vineyard—a Protestant, who afterward "fell out by the way." A copy of the New Testament proved a "pearl of great price" in that humble home. Mariam was the eldest child, and joined her father in reading and praying,

notwithstanding the opposition of her mother. Her simple stories of those days, and the pictures she drew of the father hiding away in some secluded corner to pray with his children, and talk to them of God's Word, undisturbed by the mother, were very touching. She was one of those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness," and it was a delightful task to break for her "the bread of life."

But consumption set its seal upon Mariam, during her second year of study. After many vain struggles to resist the inroads of disease, she was forced to abandon the contest. This was a severe trial, not only to herself, but to us who expected her to become a bright and shining light among her people; but again were we taught that "God's thoughts are not our thoughts." After the entire failure of her health, Mariam remained with us during a few winter months; till the opening of spring rendered it safe for her to be taken home. Her piety shone forth with a brighter lustre, day by day, and her presence in our dwelling was a blessing to its inmates. Her little room often seemed to me the very gate of heaven, as I discoursed with the dear child concerning the "Better Land," the society she would there enjoy, and the work and worship upon which she would enter. It was very pleasant to note her conscientiousness in regard to the funds of the Missionary Society used for her support and for medical attendance. She mourned that the "*Lord's money*" should be spent for her, when she could no longer hope to work in His vineyard. It was her heart's desire, and earnest prayer that, if consistent with the Divine will, she might return to her home, and lead some precious souls to Christ, before her life on earth was ended. Contrary to our expectations, that prayer was answered. Her father

came for her in March, and with many tears—that we should see her face no more—school-mates and teachers gathered for the last word and look, and watched the frail figure of the beloved sufferer, as she disappeared down the hillside, carefully borne upon the father's back to the boat by the seashore. After recovering from the fatigue of the three days' travel, her strength seemed renewed by the change.

From preacher Hohannes we heard, from time to time, that the promise—"My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness"—seemed fully verified in Mariam's case. Her father's house being old and uncomfortable, she was removed to the "chapel-house," where many of her former companions and friends visited her, and heard from her lips of Christ, as "the only way of salvation." She could not speak long without exhaustion, but her words, though few, were well chosen, and came with greater power from one standing on the brink of eternity.

Preacher Hohannes wrote that he often found quite a company of women and girls collected in Mariam's room, and was able to carry on the work she had begun among those whom he had hitherto been unable to reach. A work of grace seemed commenced in the heart of her sister, a girl of sixteen years, and the voice of praise and prayer often ascended from that sick room. At the close of every letter, there was some sweet message from the dear suffering disciple, who seemed to be indeed a "chosen vessel of mercy" to many souls in her native place. Her repeated expressions of gratitude for favors conferred upon her while a member of the school, were most sincere and affecting.

In July, the last letter was received, telling us that she

had left the lower for the upper sanctuary; "absent from the body, and present with the Lord" she so much loved.

Her end was peace. A little before her death she dictated a farewell letter to her teachers, again expressing her great gratitude and affection; and her last message to me was—"*I will wait to meet you at heaven's gate!*"

VARTOHI HANUM.

There was much sickness and suffering in the Protestant community during that year, and our pupils frequently accompanied us in our visits among the families of Hasskeuy, learning lessons of life not easily forgotten.

One of the older sisters of our little church,—the mother of one who was for a brief season in our school,—went down into the "valley of the shadow of death," singing, "I will fear no evil, for *Thou* art with me."

Her sick room was a "CHAMBER OF PEACE"—a hallowed place. Though suffering intensely from an internal cancer, which was slowly, but surely, eating out her life, her face beamed with holy joy at every mention of her Savior; she longed to depart, and be with Him. Said a Protestant woman, who knew nothing of the love of Christ, "You are willing to go, but you would rather stay awhile longer, for the sake of your son and daughter." "Oh, no!" she replied with great earnestness, "I long to be with my Savior. I would not stay if I could. He will care for my children, and soon we shall meet above, to part no more forever." She spoke of herself as entirely unworthy; said her "sins rose up like mountains," but the blood of Christ was sufficient to atone for them all, and that, according to His Word, He would "present her faultless, unblameable, and

unreproveable, before the throne." Her Bible and hymn-book were always by her side, and she often asked us to sing some of the sweet songs of Zion—frequently selecting "My faith looks up to Thee;" and, "When all Thy mercies, O my God;"—joining her voice with ours in fervent devotion. It was a touching scene:—the clasped hands and closed eyes of the sufferer, and the song of praise welling up from a renewed heart, which felt that eternity would be "too short to utter all His praise." She was one of Dr. Goodell's spiritual children, and often longed to hear, once more, "one of his sweet prayers;" but he was absent in Syria during the close of her earthly pilgrimage. The last time a company of our school girls went down to her home, this dear mother in our little "Israel" was nearing the dark river; her feet had touched its brink, but all was peace. Not a cloud disturbed the fair, placid countenance upon which we always loved to look. Standing around the death-bed, we sang at her request, the hymn, "Come, sing to me of heaven,"—recently translated by Dr. Riggs.

When we next entered that room, the lifeless form was robed for the grave. But an involuntary exclamation of surprise escaped from every lip, as we looked upon the countenance of our departed friend. Such a smile we had never seen upon the face of Death! The grey hair was brushed smoothly back from the brow which Time had but slightly furrowed; the head was covered by a neat muslin cap, and the form simply attired in a white gown. Pure white lilies, and other fragrant flowers, were strewn upon the pillow, and around the beloved Bible, which was placed upon her breast beside the folded hands:—These chaste and affecting arrangements were all made without

any suggestion or assistance from us. Many of the people came to look upon the beautiful picture, so new to them: the "king of terrors" conquered! The scene was in itself a sermon. There was none of the customary wailing, or loud cries of lamentation over the dead—no mourners from without, sitting in speechless silence around the lifeless form, after the fashion of Job's friends, which we had so often witnessed, but chastened grief, as the son and daughter told us that they "placed her precious Bible upon her breast, because *mother never could be long without it:*" And once, when her spectacles were lost, she mourned that she could no more read its blessed pages, and gave her son no rest till he procured another pair.

THE FUNERAL.

Several of the missionaries were away at other stations, and none but ourselves were able to be present at the funeral. Pastor Simon conducted the services. Many Armenians belonging to the "Old Church" were in attendance at the house, where a brief and very appropriate discourse was given. And many others of various nationalities assembled to witness the service at the grave. The plain coffin was simply covered with black cloth, and borne by devout men, Pastor Simon slowly walking in advance, bearing a large Bible as his insignia, or badge of office; and a company of friends followed after, whose measured steps, and solemn, subdued countenances were in harmony with the occasion. When all had quietly gathered around the open grave, the preacher read those sublime words of Christ: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and

believeth on me, shall never die." Then he turned to that magnificent choral in Corinthians: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept;" ending with the triumphal refrain, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" A few impressive words to the bystanders concerning "the blessed hope in which we commit the body of this our beloved sister to the earth," then, "ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," as the coffin was gently lowered to its resting-place, and a handful of earth thrown upon it. A solemn prayer, ending with the benediction, during which the Protestants stood with uncovered heads, and the people dispersed as quietly as they had come. This solemn sowing in "God's Acre," with undoubting faith in a resurrection-harvest of glorious immortality, through Him who "hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel," cannot fail to impress the Oriental mind, so easily moved by object-lessons; and may prove the seed of a new spiritual life to many souls.

A few days after the funeral of Vartohi Hanum, I was startled by loud cries proceeding from a Greek house in our neighborhood, and throwing open the window to ascertain the cause, saw a middle-aged woman whose husband had died but a few hours previously, leaning from the open casement of the upper story, and loudly calling upon the dead to come back, while she tore out her hair by handfuls, and threw it upon the pavement below, beating her breast, and wailing, according to the Eastern custom. The dead was being borne over the threshold, lying upon an open bier, and dressed in holiday attire, with a chaplet of flowers forming an arch above the ghastly face; and a procession of

black-robed priests, bearing the uplifted cross, and church banners, with a train of boys carrying tapers, and chanting responsively, in monotonous tones, followed; while a few of the higher dignitaries of the church, whose gilded mitres and embroidered vestments added to the display, showed the honor paid to the departed, and—the property which could pay for it! The piercing cries and lamentations made by the women of the household did not cease till the procession had passed out of sight. A rude rabble joined the funereal train, and their pace quickened almost to a run, as they passed from street to street, mingling loud talk and unseemly laughter as they approached the place of burial. The dead was partially disrobed, wrapped in a "winding sheet," and laid in the shallow grave, without even a board to cover from the falling earth. The coarse jesting and laughing went on amid the rapid reading and chanting of the priests and boys, and the unmeaning rites which ended the burial service; when all alike hurried away, without the slightest appearance of solemnity.

Calling one day upon some of the Protestant Armenian families in Stamboul, I was led to speak of the striking contrast presented by these two funerals in our neighborhood, when one of the sisters said: "Ah! we were once like those poor Greek women. The grave was all dark, death was a fearful leap,—we knew not whither! But now, praise to the Lord, there is light shed all over it! We can never enough thank the missionaries for bringing it to us. When our dear ones 'die in the Lord,' we have the joyful hope of meeting them again."

HAJI HATOON.

There was a quaint old house in Stamboul, belonging to the well-known and honored Peshtimaljian family, which possessed a peculiar charm for me in my occasional visits during the school holidays. It had evidently been a grand konak in olden times, before the family were reduced in numbers and prosperity; now, many of the larger rooms were unused, and a kind of ghostly stillness and gloomy shade gathered around neglected corridors and empty halls. Indeed, the whole building was dark with age, and curious with ancient carving; and fancy could people its deep shadows with an endless variety of characters and scenes. The only relic of the past generation in the household was the venerable Haji Hatoon—pilgrim-mother—so called because of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There was a certain stateliness in her tall, thin person, even in extreme old age, which showed the rank to which she belonged, and I was exceedingly interested in her religious history. Her husband was one of the early enlightened, and a pillar of the "new faith," until his untimely death. But Haji Hatoon was bitterly opposed to the "doctrines of the Protestants." It was long after her daughters had accepted the truth, before she would listen to them; she even shut her heart against her children, and refused to see them, or have any intercourse, till one of her married daughters was suddenly taken very ill, and then her mother-love prevailed, and she went to care for her. Her couch was spread so near, at night, that she could not help hearing the fervent prayer that ascended from the sufferer's heart and lips, and the sweet and soothing words of our Savior, which were frequently read to

her. At first she stopped her ears; then, by degrees began to listen—while the daughter's soul was constantly sending up the prayer of faith—till, at last, the proud and rebellious heart of the mother melted, and she yielded to the workings of the Holy Spirit.

It appeared, from what these women told me of their former state, that they were more enlightened than most of their neighbors; their father was a celebrated teacher, and they had learned to read; and frequently pored over the Psalms of David—held in great repute among the zealous ones of the Old Church; but being written in the ancient language, they gleaned only here and there a word which was to them intelligible:—It had, however, "a sacred sound!"

They were constant in their attendance upon the services of the church, and considered themselves very religious in those days. Still, there was ever an aching void within: Conscience was awake, but not pacified. In vain they mourned over and confessed their sins, receiving absolution according to the rites of their Church; the burden still remained; Christ, as the only way of salvation, was not made known to them till the "glad tidings" came from the "new world!"—"*How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?*" Such instances are very rare among Armenian women. Those who have labored longest, and had the widest experience among the nominal Christians of Turkey, confess that they have found but very few—perhaps half-a-dozen persons in all—who lived up to the little light they had, and gave such evidence of true piety, that one could scarcely doubt that, though "seeing through a glass darkly," they yet exercised "saving faith." To such devout souls, the coming of the American missionaries, with a commission from

Christ to "OPEN THE BOOK, and LOOSE THE SEALS THEREOF," was like the advent of the infant Jesus to aged Simeon, and Anna, the prophetess, who were "waiting for the consolation of Israel!"

When verging towards her ninetieth year, Haji Hatoon could not be persuaded to relinquish the privilege of attending the "sunrise prayer-meeting" held in the chapel, at some distance from her house. It brought the tears to one's eyes, to see that aged "pilgrim-mother" tottering over the rough pavement, at the dawn of day, often pausing by the wayside to rest her feeble limbs. As her weakness increased with advancing years, she could no longer "go up to the house of the Lord," and worship with His people; and evening meetings were frequently appointed at her house by Dr. Dwight, who opened the work in the Old City —and for some years his family lived alone amid Moslem neighbors where once it was death for a foreigner to enter.

Whenever I was present at these neighborhood gatherings, the original and spicy remarks of the old lady never failed to attract and interest—in the social conversation which preceded and followed the season of prayer and exposition of Scripture. The light which waned and flickered in its socket, now and then surprised us with a sudden glow and sparkle, which told how strong a spirit had been hers. But it sometimes chafed under the limitations of the decaying frame. "Aman, aman!"* said the venerable disciple, on one occasion. "You all have your cross to carry, but me, poor me; here am I, laid aside as entirely unworthy to serve or honor my Savior!" "Hush, hush, mother!" said one,

* A common Turkish ejaculation, equivalent to Alas! or O dear!

"have you forgotten what Christ said about 'Whosoever shall do the *will* of my Father in heaven?' and don't you think your cross is to lie still, and not fret, and honor the Master by holding up the banner of patience, and love, and unceasing prayer?" This proved a word in season; and Haji Hatoon appeared to grow in the gentler graces which are of "great price in the sight of God." In due time she was gathered to her fathers, as a "shock of corn fully ripe," and as she left no son, her eldest daughter took her place as the chief representative of the family.

GOISINE HANUM.

This interesting woman, the daughter of Haji Hatoon, came to the kingdom—as the head of a large household—a widow, in middle life. She was possessed of a strength of character, a balance of mind, quickness of perception, and executive ability, rarely found among Eastern women; and, even in Christian countries, generally supposed to be the result of inherited traits, and careful culture. Her piety was unmistakable. When seeking a summer retreat for herself and family, she always tried to secure a place where she could serve her Master among her neighbors. Sometimes they were Jews, sometimes Greeks, or Mohammedans; it mattered not, so she could but reach their hearts with the Gospel of love. Her personal presence was noble and commanding, and she never failed to inspire respect among all classes. Sometimes her labors were so blessed in her summer sojourn, that she would send for Dr. Dwight to come and help deepen the impressions made; and on one occasion I was permitted to aid in her work. When the books are opened at the "last great day of account," there will

assuredly be seen a record of much Gospel seed sown by this faithful follower of Jesus.

Her only daughter, and two nieces, children of a widowed sister who lived with her, were among the pupils of our school at Hasskeuy. They, with the rest of their school companions, became, at one time, very much engaged and enthusiastic in the distribution of tracts; and more than 500 of these little wayside preachers were distributed by our pupils during the year. Returning with them from an evening meeting at the chapel, during one of my visits, I heard Horopsi say to her mother, "What do you suppose I did on our way to the meeting?—Seeing an open window, as we passed by a house, I tossed a tract within!" "Child!" said the mother, "do *you* know what you've done? You are now under obligation to *pray over that tract every day!* What child's play is that, to scatter seed carelessly by the wayside!"

This earnest admonition brought forcibly to mind the inspired words, "He that goeth forth and *weepeth*, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves." It told the secret of the good woman's success as a voluntary worker in the Master's vineyard, and was more to me than many a sermon! And as I mused upon the marvelous quickening of the intellect, caused by the teaching of the Spirit, I thought she might well say, with the Psalmist, "Thou, through Thy commandments, hast made me wise:—I have more understanding than all my teachers; for Thy testimonies are my meditation."

Strong natures are almost invariably marked by strong faults, excrescences, which show the rugged growth, but

mar the symmetry and harmony of a rounded and complete character.

"Our religion is good for just so much as we use it for," said a wise observer of this fact. One Sunday, Goisine Hanum listened to a sermon which her tender conscience took home to itself, with great power; and she let the full light of truth fall upon her infirmities and besetting sins—more known to God and herself, than to any human being. But her heart was grieved that the preacher should have thus drawn aside the veil, and shown her faults so plainly to the assembled congregation. The next day she called to see Dr. Dwight, and asked him why he so pitilessly exposed her before the people! He was greatly surprised, and inquired what she meant; and when she had explained the matter, assured her that he never once thought of her case; and that she should accept it as the teaching of the Spirit of truth, which "shall bring all things to remembrance."

AN INQUIRY MEETING.

"It must needs be that offences come." I can never forget a gathering which took place at her house, to discuss some points of difference between the brethren and sisters of the church and Protestant community, and the missionaries. More or less disaffection had for some time existed, culminating in an open rupture after Pastor S——'s visit to Germany and America to secure aid towards building a large church in Pera. Goisine Hanum was not among the malcontents, but her house was the most central and suitable place for the meeting of Protestant women, and I was requested to be present on the occasion. Sadly enough—yet not strange—those who made the most bitter complaints,

were those for whom the most had been done, in various ways, by the missionaries.

We listened patiently while they stated their grievances, which amounted to this—as one of their number summed them up: "Spiritually, the missionaries have done well by us; we have nothing to find fault with; but *temporally*, we have been allowed to remain in the last degree of poverty! It is their duty to help us in our social position and support!"

Goisine Hanum calmly listened to all the sisters had to say on this point—one of her own kindred being among the number—and then drawing up her full figure, she said impressively, "All this appears to me to be nothing but the '*carnal mind!*'" It was a shot which took effect; and in the silence that ensued, I opened the Bible, and turned to Paul's example and experience for light concerning the right method of conducting the missionary work. "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. And I will very gladly *spend* and *be spent* for you (your *souls*, in the original), though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved. For ye are yet *carnal;* for whereas there is among you envying and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal and walk according to man?"

The church divided, and the long smouldering fire of discontent broke out afresh every now and then; but though every effort was made to draw Goisine Hanum from her allegiance to her convictions of duty, she remained firm and faithful to the end, a pillar of strength in the city church. When cholera was slaying its thousands, not many seasons after this painful episode in the missionary work at the capital, this good woman was "taken away from the evil to come." She died as she had lived—in triumphant faith—

one of many specimens of ripened and gathered fruit, from seed sown in Armenian soil, through the "ministry of the Spirit" and the Word. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and *their works do follow them.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END.

IT is the close of the last year of the school's existence in the city of Constantinople.

The wheels of Time have sped more swiftly round with every succeeding year of the cycle which is now numbered with the past; each laden with its absorbing work, its rich joys, and increasing cares.

Meanwhile, several changes have taken place in the history of the school; and among them, the exchange of the "old house on the hillside," four years agone, for another and smaller one on an adjoining street, still higher up the hill, and nearer Dr. Goodell's home. That was a "flitting" long to be remembered; and a cleansing process, perhaps, seldom surpassed since the days of Noah. Such floods of water as poured from floor to floor of the fated dwelling! Such heaps of dirt carried away! Such hand-to-hand fights with our old enemies, the "B. flats, and F. sharps!" Through the rapacity of our old Armenian landlord, and the "*yawashooteun*"—slowness—of our new one, we were driven into a narrow space of time to remove all our goods and chattels, comprising the chapel and day-school furniture, with our own. And not a missionary could be spared from pressing work to aid us in the crisis. But our pupils came to the rescue, disdaining any outside help

from hired women, of which, in the early days, they would have been but too glad. So, on Monday morning, bright and early, the "Philistines" were upon the indolent Turkish family who still lingered in the new premises; and our raid upon the upper rooms speedily routed them from those below. Up and down, hither and thither, flitted the swift-footed maidens, bringing order out of confusion, and leaving purity and sunshine in their wake.

As soon as a room was in readiness, they ran back and forth, bringing the smaller articles to the new house, while the larger pieces of furniture were born on the backs of hamals, or porters; and Sarah and I were here, and there, and everywhere, directing the whole like the generals of an army. Saturday morning came, and the last vestige of our effects, even to the well-curb, was removed from the old place. A great fire-proof magazine at the foot of the garden, with a door opening upon the street, was appropriated for chapel use, and the day-schools were removed to another house.

Our girls had acquitted themselves so nobly that, as a treat, we sent them all at mid-day to the public bath, under the escort of a faithful woman, with Hovsep, our man-of-all-work, to protect them in going and coming. They returned, toward evening, with rosy, shining faces, and, as I was coming down the broad staircase at the end of the hall, merrily greeted me as their queen, with profound obeisance, followed by a kiss on either cheek, according to their fashion, saying, as if in apology, "*We are sweet!*" Eva afterward came to tell me that they behaved with great propriety, and commanded the respect of the bath-women, who asked many questions about them. She said, also, that there was a great change apparent in their clothing, every one being provided with tidy under-garments.

Soon after this episode, came the Annual Meeting of the Mission, and, being very weary, we petitioned the "Station" for permission to take our vacation a month or two earlier than usual. Then our house was filled with guests, and we sometimes had a great company to luncheon, when the meeting occurred at Hasskeuy; and, counting the children, we numbered seventy in attendance. Our faithful cook was invaluable at such times, saying, with his most deferential salaam, when I told him what a number were to be provided for, "Your friends are welcome if they were a thousand!" And Eva greatly lessened our care and labor, often urging me to go and enjoy the society of my friends, with the assurance that she would try to see that everything was right for the table and guest-rooms, in my place.

But after those weeks of constant excitement and fatigue were over, and school had again commenced, in the heat of mid-summer, there followed another and more painful episode in a nervous prostration and distressing illness, when those dear pupils tenderly assisted in caring for their teacher during the wearisome days and sleepless nights that were "appointed unto me." * * * And then, a year or more was spent in the home land; where the vain endeavor to find *rest*, ended in another prostration, and life trembled in the balance for many days. * * * But a glad return and a joyous welcome followed, like the "clear shining after the rain." * * * * * * And now the end has come. The dear sister who bore the "heat and burden of the day" alone, in my absence, is to return to our mother, who needs a daughter's ministry in the time of old age, when "there is none to guide her among all the sons whom she has brought forth, neither is there any to take her by the hand of all she has brought up." The school

is to be removed from the Capital to Marsovan, in Asia Minor, to be reopened, after a suspension of one year, with a new teacher from America, and I, henceforth, of my own voluntary choice, as most conducive to health, am to devote my strength to general work among the Armenian women, wherever the Master may appoint.

A REVIEW OF RESULTS.

In preparing the "Seventeenth Annual Report" of the school, for the yearly meeting of the Mission, I have gleaned some statistics, showing results, from the record kept of each pupil, since its establishment in October, 1845. The entire number of pupils enrolled is 128. Of these 83 were received from Constantinople and its suburbs, and 45 from mission-stations in the interior of the country:—From Smyrna, 5; Broosa, 2; Rodosto, 2; Nicomedia, 13; Bardezag, 3; Adabazar, 2; Bilijuk, 1; Trebizond, 6; Marsovan, 3; Tocat, 2; Erzroom, 1; Diarbekir, 3; and Athens, 1. Thirty-seven have completed the four years' course of study, and sixty have remained under instruction less than two years. Of the entire number, one-half became members of the visible Church of Christ during their connection with the school; eighteen have married preachers, and twelve are unmarried teachers. Three of those who were under instruction for a longer or shorter time are soon to be married to preachers, one of whom will be settled in Stamboul, one in Marash, of ancient Cilicia, and one in Cesarea, of Cappadocia.

Of those who have lately left the school, and are actively engaged as co-laborers in Christian work, we hear very encouraging accounts. One has an interesting and prosperous school of forty five girls in Diarbekir, Mesopotamia. The Word

of God is the principal text-book, and many of her pupils teach their mothers at home. In some instances the family altar has been erected through their instrumentality. The teacher makes it a rule to visit the mothers. They receive her kindly, and several are quite persuaded of the truth. We hear from Mr. and Mrs. Walker that she is also active as a Christian laborer among other women of that ancient city on the shores of the Tigris, often conducting, with great propriety, their weekly meetings, at which as many as fifty are usually present. She also meets with the mothers once a month, and reads to them from Abbott's "Mother at Home" in the Armenian language.

The wife of the Protestant pastor in that city is one of the recent graduates of this school. Her influence is said to be always in the right direction, but it lacks force. She is naturally diffident and retiring, but very amiable, and greatly beloved by the people.

Another of our late graduates is the wife of the pastor at Harpoot, Armenia, a woman of more than ordinary ability. She has lately completed the translation of Todd's Question Book on Genesis, besides other important work for her people. One of the last year's graduates, but sixteen years of age, is very useful in Marsovan of Pontus. She was, perhaps, the first to go directly from the school as a missionary teacher, to what seemed a foreign field; and we made the occasion of her leaving, with Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, one of special interest and solemn consecration. She had not seen her parents for a year, but having obtained their reluctant consent, she cheerfully relinquished that pleasure, and only asked that her necessary expenses should be defrayed, while imparting to others what she had so

freely received. She has proved invaluable to Mrs. Leonard in her work among the women; sometimes conducting meetings at which more than seventy were present. She has also taught a school of sixteen or eighteen young women, a portion of each day, besides giving instruction in singing to the children collected in the other day-schools established there. Her example, and her frequent letters, exert an excellent reflex influence upon those of her former companions who are under training for the same work.

Two of our graduates are usefully employed at Bardezag, in Bithynia. One is "in her element and glory" as a school-mistress, with forty pupils, and Mr. Parsons expresses the wish that he had a score of such workers in his field. The other, for a season thwarted in her desire to teach a school, by her worldly, avaricious father, commenced teaching the women from house to house, and holding mothers' meetings among them. Two more are actively and usefully employed at Adabazar, in the day-school, Sunday-school, and among the women; and both are married to preachers of the gospel. Of those in our more immediate vicinity, at Constantinople, one is teaching a small self-supporting school in Ballat. She also gathers the children for Sunday-school instruction from week to week. Another, living in Pera, collects all the Protestant Armenian children at her own home each Sunday, and teaches them the Word of God. One of our former Greek pupils is an assistant teacher in the English boarding-school of Miss Walsh, in Pera. Two of our graduates are also engaged as assistant teachers in the large and important school of the German Deaconnesses in Smyrna.

Among the early graduates, and "first-fruits" of this school,

who are helping to elevate their sex, and, by precept and example, are raising the standard of home and family-life among the people, we find the excellent wives of the preachers and pastors now stationed at Rodosto, Nicomedia, Bardezag, Broosa, Aiden—near Smyrna, and Bitlis.

Two others are teaching self-supporting day-schools in Nicomedia and Broosa; at the latter place, the school is attended by children of various nationalities, who pay from 12 to 14 piastres each, per month, for tuition.

These are the educated women of the land—the representatives of Christian womanhood among the various races of the Turkish Empire! And their homes are so many lights, shining amid the surrounding darkness.

REASONS FOR REMOVING TO THE INTERIOR.

The centres of religious influence are multiplying throughout the land from year to year, and good teachers are constantly called for. These teachers must be furnished from a training-school; and past experience confirms us in the conviction that the school should be limited to a class of girls of some maturity and strength of character, who will pledge themselves to teach for a specified period, after finishing their course of study; and also, that teachers *for* the interior should be trained *in* the interior. There are too many worldly influences to contend with in the Capital, and its attractions too frequently draw unworthy candidates, who are not easily sent back to their distant country homes.

Pera, the Frank quarter of Constantinople, is a modern "Vanity Fair!" One may constantly see there, Roman-Catholic Armenians, Greeks and Periots—a mixed class—dressed in the extreme of Persian fashion; ladies, loaded

down with finery, in over-trimmed silks, satins, velvets and laces, and glittering with jewels and a gay profusion of feathers and flowers, sweep the narrow, dirty streets in common with donkeys and their drivers, filthy beggars, and almost every variety of bipeds and quadrupeds, intermingled in one grand and strange medley! Princes and peasants, bankers and beggars, priests and dervishes, monks and sisters of charity, foreign ambassadors and their suites, in European carriages, and Turkish pashas, mounted on richly caparisoned Arab steeds, followed by footmen in dazzling array, pass in rapid succession in this kaleidoscopic scene. French, German, English, and American ladies are jostled by their closely-veiled Oriental sisters, who shuffle along in great yellow boots, accompanied by children—miniature men and women—dressed after the fashion of their parents. The doll-like, soulless houris of the harem roll by in their gay Arabas—their dark, languishing eyes, peering curiously through the transparent yashmac, at the moving panorama before them. And the senses are almost bewildered by the jargon of many tongues—ancient Babel renewed! Greek, German, French, English, Italian, and Armenian shopkeepers vie with each other in the display of their goods; and the opera, the theatre, and "saloons" and cafès of every description, flaunt out their gilded "signs," in various languages; while "grand hotels," and stately palaces, guarded by cavasses, or government soldiers, meet one at frequent intervals. Rome lends her enchantment—the voices of "singing men" and boys, mingle with the swell of the pealing organ, from some gorgeous cathedral, and add to the glow and glitter of its pomp and ceremony; all combining to confuse and dazzle the unaccustomed eye, and ensnare the

heart with the specious allurements of the "Prince of this world." And Dame Fashion asserts her empire: Even Moslem women feel her influence, and are following in the train of the "fickle goddess," so far as they dare. Many a portly Turkish dame strives to reduce her ample waist to finer proportions, by modern appliances, and "crinoline" has found its way into some of the harems of the ruling race!

Moslem priests, may declaim, and the Sheik Islam—head of the faith—issue a proclamation against the gossamer-like muslin which has superseded the thicker "yashmac" of old, and loudly denounce all modern innovations; but here, as elsewhere, it is breath spent in vain, for fashion will have its sway! The awkwardly loose nether garment of the Turk has been generally cast aside for that of European nations, and other changes will follow in due season.

It is not alone the Bible, and the Missionary, that the swift-winged ship conveys from Christian countries to lands lying in heathen darkness! Commerce brings in its train and scatters widely, the seeds of vice and death, which bear the most bitter fruits at home; and some of the vilest servants of Satan are considered the *representatives of Christian nations*, by those who see no other type, or know not that the "chaff and the wheat" must "grow together until the harvest." Such "signs of the times" as "London Tavern," "Grog Shop," and,—in great staring letters, strung across one's pathway—"Wines, and Divers Kinds of DRUNKS Sold Here," meet the eye in various parts of Galata; and even in the narrow, nameless, labyrinthian streets of the "Old City," one may meet porters carrying huge barrels branded in unmistakable characters, "New England Rum." It is Satan's Sign! As in the time of Job, so now: when the sons of God come,

Satan comes also! But the "calm retreat, the silent shade" of a quiet country town, is vastly better suited to the training of home-missionaries, than the rush and roar of a great metropolis, with its distractions, its follies, and its wickedness. Besides the lessening of expense, there is far less danger of the students getting out of sympathy with their people, and acquiring expensive tastes, and habits which will unfit them for their future labors. Hitherto, it has required unremitting care and effort to stem the almost overwhelming tide of worldliness, and the contagion of style, in dress, etc., etc., which, with every year, is becoming more and more powerful at the Capital. Yet, notwithstanding the fact that nearly all of our pupils from the country have been obliged to spend their vacations with city friends, away from our supervision, we rejoice that our efforts have been attended with gratifying success in the case of those who have gone forth to work for Christ. They are all very neat and plain in their dress; none of them wear bonnets, and their simplicity of attire would attract attention among their more showily dressed Constantinople friends and companions, some of whom seem carried far away by the strong current of worldly influences into which they have fallen. And it is impossible for us, in this cosmopolitan city of great distances, to extend over them the watch and care which they so greatly need. The "*returns*" of the school—for the end which caused its establishment—are far less for Constantinople, than for other places remote from the seaboard. Our best material comes from the country. And in removing the institution to Marsovan, it is hoped that girls may be secured who are now beyond our reach: and that we may also obviate some of the unavoidable evils of gratuit-

ous support in a Mission Boarding-School, by requiring the pupils to furnish at least a portion of what is needed to supply their wants while under instruction. With this in view, the graduating class only was retained during the last year. In addition to the usual domestic work, they have cooked their own food, without interruption to their studies, and with entire satisfaction to all concerned; and while our expenses have been thereby reduced, many practical advantages have been secured. We have reason to believe, that most, if not all of this class are Christ's disciples, and will become earnest workers in the Lord's vineyard. They are animated by the hope of occupying spheres of influence when they leave the school, and many plans are under consideration respecting their future fields of labor. The already established Christian character of the older girls, and the daily growth and development of some of the younger ones, is cause for thankfulness and hope.

ONE OF THE METHODS EMPLOYED IN TRAINING WORKERS.

As a means of preparation for such work, we opened last year, a "Mission Sunday-School" in the house occupied by the day-school, the younger pupils of which formed a nucleus for it. Two or three of our pupils usually accompanied us at the appointed hour, and others, of more maturity, went out into the neighboring streets, to gather in the stray lambs. For a time, our efforts prospered, and the hour spent in the low, dingy room of that miserable old dwelling was the happiest of the week. We taught the children to sing our delightful Sunday-School songs, and by simple and familiar illustrations of Bible truth, sought to wake up their minds,

and teach them to *think*. This was a sort of "Model School," in which our own pupils learned to teach, by a living illustration; and sometimes we yielded our place to them, and listened in turn, while they imparted instruction to the children. Suitable tracts were often given to the children to take home to their friends, and a Scripture card was presented to each one, which was prized in proportion to the brightness of its colors. They were requested to commit the texts to memory, and repeat them the following Sunday, when the card was exchanged for another. In this way, some of the most precious truths of Holy Writ received a lodgement in many young minds.

One noble little boy, nine years of age, interested us greatly. When I called to see his good mother, she told me that for several days he had appeared disturbed and troubled about something, and would not tell her what it was. But at last it came out: "Mother," said the honest little fellow, "I knew it was wicked to tell lies, and I tried not to; but many times I did not *speak the truth in my heart*, when you asked me where I had been, and what I had been doing." It was blessed work to sow the seeds of truth in such soil, and we joyfully anticipated the time when hundreds and thousands of children should be thus taught by our pupils, all over the land! But unlooked-for opposition came. The power of the priesthood is not yet broken in Constantinople. Our numbers began to diminish, and we soon learned that the priests had got hold of our tracts, had told the children that they were bad books, and forbidden them to come to the school, under penalty of imprisonment. In some cases, the tracts were torn to pieces before their eyes. It soon became impracticable for the girls to go out into the streets, and gather in

stragglers; rude boys collected, threw stones, and hooted at them, and they were severely threatened by some of the women for prosecuting such labors among their children. Thus the winter passed away, our numbers fluctuating from twenty to ten, and even less. One Sunday no one appeared at the appointed hour, and according to the Master's command, I went out "into the highways and hedges," to "compel them to come in." After many fruitless attempts, and almost despairing of success—with the noonday sun pouring down his hottest rays—I made one more prayerful effort, and succeeded in securing six new boys, from five to twelve years of age. Arriving at the school-room with my new-found treasures, I was cheered by the sight of half-a-dozen of the old ones, who greeted me with smiling faces. The new-comers were bright and active, but very ignorant of Bible truth. We felt that it might be our only opportunity, and strove to make them understand something of the nature of sin, and salvation through Christ. They committed to memory, in concert, two verses of a hymn, and a passage of Scripture, containing the vital essence of Christianity, and also learned to sing a tune or two. We took down their names, and they promised faithfully to come again; but it was even as we feared, we saw them no more. The good seed thus sown by the wayside, was committed in faith to Him who has promised that His Word shall not return unto Him void, while, perhaps, our own pupils realized more largely the present benefits, in learning how to reach and interest little children, in the simple presentation of Scripture truth. But, hearing the tramp of many feet going by the house where I was visiting a sick girl, one Sunday, not many months afterward, I inquired the cause, at that un-

usual hour. "O," said an Armenian neighbor, who had dropped in, "it is only the people returning from the Church Sunday-School! The priest has commanded them all to come, men, women, and children; and they are taught in separate rooms: He says that five years from now, one who does not know how to read, will be a nobody!"

The year closed with a public examination, which was well attended by missionary and other friends, besides many Armenians living in the vicinity. There were the usual exercises, showing the proficiency made by the class in the course of study—comprising arithmetic, geography, grammar, ancient and modern, also ancient and modern history, astronomy, and natural philosophy—the latter limited for want of suitable Armenian text-books—moral science, and Bible history; with the reading of essays, varied by singing, and the exhibition of specimens of penmanship, map-drawing, and needle-work. But the most interesting feature of the closing up of this dispensation was

THE REUNION.

This took place on Monday, the last day of June, at the school-home.

Written invitations had been sent to all the former pupils residing in and around Constantinople, and at an early hour they began to assemble. As many of them came from distant localities, suitable refreshments were served, at noon, and the contemplated exercise commenced at half-past one o'clock. The gathering took place in the large hall; former graduates occupying the seats in the centre, and the graduating class, with their teachers, taking one side. The first pupil of the school sat on the opposite side, with her little children, and

two of her early associates beside her. There were present thirty of the former pupils, with twelve of their children. The graduating class numbered twelve. Dr. Goodell occupied the chair, with Drs. Hamlin and Riggs, and two Armenian pastors on either side. A number of the mothers of the graduates came with their daughters, and they, with members of our missionary families, filled up the space outside. The exercises were commenced by singing two or three familiar pieces, accompanied by the melodeon, after which Dr. Goodell arose and expressed the joy of his heart at meeting so many of those who had been under instruction in his own house in past years. He then called upon Dr. Hamlin, who had been invited to prepare an address for the occasion. Dr. Hamlin prefaced his remarks by saying that he at first shrank from taking any part in the exercises. It was to him like attending the funeral of the school, for he knew it was to be closed for a year, and, in all probability, it would never be reopened in the city of Constantinople. But he remembered that it was "better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting," and decided to come. "And now," he said, "instead of mourning, I see rejoicing, and, instead of death, a great deal of life." He then followed with a very appropriate address on education, especially education for woman.

After the singing of a spirited school song, Dr. Goodell made some touching remarks respecting the commencement of the institution in his home, in Pera, seventeen years before. He alluded to its first teacher, Miss Lovell, in most affectionate terms; spoke of their many prayers for the teacher who was to be sent from America for the new school for Armenian girls; how they watched for her coming; how they welcomed her—a stranger in a strange land—to their home and their hearts, for

they knew that she had left *all* for Christ. He then spoke of Mrs. Everett—that lovely sister, who soon came to be associated with Miss Lovell in the school ; of the precious revival seasons they enjoyed, when the Spirit came down like a gentle shower, or like a mighty rushing wind, and all hearts were melted, and they walked softly before the Lord. As the venerable speaker went back to those days in the early history of the school, his emotions often choked his utterance, and many a tear-bedewed countenance told of the chords touched in the hearts of his hearers. But when he spoke of the changes he had witnessed : how the young, and strong, and vigorous had early finished their work and gone to their reward before him,—he was unable to proceed, and sat down, while smothered sobs from all parts of the room alone broke the silence that ensued. Dr. Hamlin then arose, and, in a voice broken by emotion, spoke of his sainted wife—the first teacher of that school. He addressed himself to those who had shared her instructions and her prayers. He told them of a paper he had found after her death upon which their names were inscribed in a way which showed that she had continued to follow them with special prayer till her life on earth closed. He said that if the spirits of departed friends are permitted to visit the abodes of earth, he doubted not that she and her sister teachers were often hovering round their pathway, watching their progress, and longing to meet them in the realms of glory. Dr. Hamlin then left to fulfill a business engagement. After the pupils had sung the anthem, "Jerusalem, my happy home," Dr. Riggs addressed the graduating class. He alluded to their having completed their course of study ; that they were now to go forth into the world to impart what they had received : They were to be deprived of the watch and care of their teachers, and assume new and

heavy responsibilities. He begged them, however, to remember that they were still in a school—that of the Divine Master; and, instead of one, they had three teachers—the Word of God, the Holy Spirit, and Providence. After very impressive and fitting remarks, he presented each member of the graduating class with a nice reference Bible, in the name of the American Bible Society, through their agent, Rev. Isaac G. Bliss. Small and prettily bound blank-books were also presented to the graduates from their teachers, in which were written their last words of counsel, with selected texts of Scripture. These little albums afterwards received valuable additions from the pens of Dr. Goodell, Dr. Riggs, and others. The assistant teacher then, in the name of the graduating class, presented Dr. Goodell and Dr. Riggs each, their pictures taken in a group; after which the class arose, and sang with much feeling and expression, the "missionary call,"—"My soul is not at rest,"—which has been finely translated into Armenian.

Pastor Muggerdich, the husband of the first pupil of the school, made the concluding address. In behalf of all present who had enjoyed its privileges, he tendered hearty thanks to the officers and patrons of the American Board of Missions, and to all those who had been instrumental in founding the institution—mentioning particularly Dr. and Mrs. Dwight—and expressed their deep and heartfelt gratitude to those missionaries in whose dwellings, and under whose fostering care it had been placed; to those teachers, some of whom had entered into rest, after arduous and faithful toil; and others, who still remained, had labored beyond their strength till health had failed: The names, the labors, the memory of each and all should find a lasting monument in their hearts. His allusions were very touching, and, as he proceeded, he waxed

warm and eloquent. Casting his eyes over the assembly of well-dressed and respectable, intelligent-looking Armenian mothers and daughters, he said that it was the first time he had witnessed such a sight in Stamboul: The first company of educated Eastern women ever gathered in the city of the Sultan for such a purpose! He blessed God that he was permitted to see that day, and hoped it would not be the last he should witness. He then took a retrospective glance at the past, when there was but one school for girls in all Turkey, comparing it with the present, when many girls are learning, at least to read, and schools for them are being established throughout the land. Addressing himself to those who were mothers, he charged them to remember their responsibilities in training up a generation of Christian men and women. He spoke of the main object for which the school was established, and very impressively urged the duty of imparting what each had received to her sisters who were sitting in darkness. After a few special remarks to the graduating class, who were now to go forth into the Master's vineyard, all united in singing, "When shall we meet again," and the exercises closed with prayer and the benediction.

It had been very pleasant to us to witness the meetings which took place between those who had been long separated, as they gathered during the early part of the day; and now they came up to us with tearful eyes, and expressed their thankfulness for the rich treat which they had enjoyed. "It is just what we have long needed," said one; "we live at great distances from each other, and we need such occasions to bring us together, and keep fresh in our hearts the instructions that we have received." The wife of Pastor Sdepan, of Broosa, was unexpectedly present, and her eyes glistened

as she said "it was worth coming all the way from Broosa, to be present on that occasion." The hall presented a busy, lively scene for the next hour or two: Here, a group surrounding "Father Goodell," whose white hair commanded the veneration of all, while his genial spirit made him alike the friend of child and matron: And there, a similar group around Mrs. Goodell, who held in her motherly embrace one of the "grandchildren" of the school.

Little knots were gathered in various corners, and busy tongues were chatting in two or three languages. But there was one scene which stirred the current of our feelings more than any other: It was a number of the early pupils, gazing, with deep emotion, upon the pictures of their sainted teachers—Miss Lovell and Mrs. Everett—in the "Missionary Sisters," lately published. Our hearts yearned over some whom we feared had forgotten the faithful teachings of those loved ones; but memory seemed busy, and voices of the past were revived by the silent pictures over which they were bending. We felt that many of the broken links of love were gathered up, and knit with a firmer grasp by that brief interview.

Ere nightfall, the company thus gathered for the first and last time, reluctantly scattered to their homes, with many a lingering look and warm grasp of the hand, which spoke more eloquently than words.

And thus closed the last day of the Mission Training-School for Armenian girls, in the city of Constantinople:—June 31st, 1862.

CHAPTER IX.

REGIONS BEYOND.

SWIFTLY, too swiftly, our steamer is speeding through the lovely Bosphorus, onward to the Black Sea! We strain our eyes to catch the last glimpse of places whose history is inwrought in our very being; and as one familiar and endeared point after another flashes by, memory is busy with the ever-living past, which has so closely interwoven the woof and warp of our life, with the checkered web of many another. What changes have we not witnessed in the years that are gone! How many night-watchings were ours! By how many death-beds have we stood, catching faint gleams of the glory beyond; when the door was shut, with a jar, and we were left to take up the burden where they laid it down, and, with trembling lips and aching hearts, to finish the song which death had interrupted. What toils, and cares, and what comforts, what joys and sorrows, were brought on the swift wings of each flying year! What "human hopes of ours are dead, and buried out of sight," with no possible resurrection!

> "Yet from their graves, immortal flowers
> May spring, and blossom into light."

But this looking back is not all sad.

Dotted over those eight or nine years, like spring daisies gemming the green meadows, are bright spots, sunny days, in our calendar of missionary life at the Capital. The sweet seasons of rest, and refreshment, in the pleasant homes of "fathers and mothers, brothers, and sisters," united to us by a dearer bond than that of kindred.

The blessed times of Communion, around the table of our Lord and Master, when we sang of the one Great Family, "above, below," and looked across dividing seas, to the country which gave us birth, with heart-throbs and moistened eyes, as the hymn went on—

> "Though in a foreign land,
> We are not far from home."

The joyous gatherings at "Thanksgiving" time, albeit the dinner was generally without the traditional turkey, and pumpkin pies of New England memory. The "Christmas Trees," delighting children and parents, in the missionary home which contained many a hint of the land of Luther; and the "musical evenings" there spent in enchanted listening to the marvelous strains of the sweet silver flute of Andover memory, in some of Bethoven's choicest symphonies.* The New Years', and the birthday anniversaries, which were so many milestones to mark our onward progress, and a happy means of education to the children of our little colony: Charming rambles over the hills of Bebek, when, with "incense-breathing morn," there came the soft, plaintive call of the turtle dove; the air resounded with the monotonous chirping of many sparrows, and revivified

* The Rev. W. G. Schauffler, D.D.

nature sent up a glad chorus of praise; or, evening walks, by the sea-side, when the moon, "pale empress of the night," shed silvery lustre over the fairy scene, where the dipping oar sent the light caique skimming over the gleaming waves, and the liquid notes of the nightingale, in "linked sweetness, long drawn out," quivered on the air, from the deep thickets of the dimpled shore, and hushed every breath to catch its ecstatic warblings.

The precious reunions which accompanied each May or June, when many a hillside was blushing with delicious strawberries, and the air was fragrant with the breath of the far-famed roses of the "land of the Rising Sun;" and like the Jews of old, "the tribes came up" to the yearly feast; and long-separated, way-worn members of the one missionary family, rejoiced to meet again for a brief season; when they brought, from distant stations, thrilling reports of the triumphs of truth, and sat in council, day after day, devising "ways and means" for taking possession of the entire land in the name of the Lord!

The largely attended and enthusiastic Bible and "Evangelical Alliance" meetings held in connection with the Annual Meeting of the Mission, presided over by honored representatives of our own or other Christian governments; and the pleasant interchange of social courtesies, with the families of the foreign embassies, on these and other occasions.* The

* Among those to whom the American missionaries at Constantinople have been most largely indebted for aid and sympathy in their work, should be mentioned, Lord and Lady Stratford de Radcliffe, of the English Embassy; the Count and Countess de Zuylen de Nyevelt, of the Dutch Embassy to Turkey and Greece; and the Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, LL.D., and Mrs. Marsh, of the American Legation; with all of whom their relations, in public and social life, were most harmo-

patriotic celebrations of our national birthday anniversary—the Fourth of July—by all American residents of "old Stamboul," at some point like the lovely valley of the "Heavenly Waters" of Asia, or the "Sweet Waters" of Europe, the verdant meadows sprinkled all over with rainbow hues, in groups of gay Turkish matrons with their offspring and attendants, "making kẹfe"—health—upon the green-sward, beneath the lofty trees; or, perchance, the broader plain of Beyukderè was selected, and our beautiful banner of "Stars and Stripes," flung out its azure and crimson folds upon the

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nious, and productive of good to the cause of evangelization among the various races of the Turkish Empire.

It may not be amiss, in this connection, to note the "Constantinople Ladies' Association;" a union evangelical society for the promotion of Christian education among the Jewish women of the various communities at the Capital. This Society originated during the Crimean War, when a thousand Jews were driven by the bombardment of Kertch, to seek a refuge beneath the sheltering wings of the Ottoman Empire (as did the Jews of Spain in 1492, when the so-called "gentle and virtuous" Isabella, the founder of the terrible Spanish Inquisition, pitilessly caused their expulsion from the sunny South!)

It was organized under the patronage of the Viscountess de Radcliffe, with the Countess de Zuylen de Nyevelt as president; the vice-presidents and other officers being chosen from the various Scotch, English, and American ladies resident at Constantinople; and meeting monthly for conference and prayer, most frequently at the palace of the Dutch Legation. A school for the younger children was opened under the direction of Lady Alicia Blackwood, who, with Dr. Blackwood, spent a year of Christian service at Stamboul during the war. The ladies of the Association opened a school for the larger Jewish girls, and undertook the work of religious instruction and teaching needle-work (in German), though it involved much personal inconvenience and real self denial, to wade through the deep mud and encounter the heavy storms of that winter. But when anyone was unavoidably detained, the Hon. Miss Canning kindly filled the vacant place, in addition to her own allotted days of attendance, often spending two, and even three days a week in this true missionary work, and rejoicing in results which gave hopeful indications for the future.

breeze, from the topmost branches of the great oak under which Sir Godfrey encamped with his crusaders so long ago! And we sang "Hail Columbia, happy land;" the "Star Spangled Banner;" "God bless our native land;" and other national airs and anthems, with even intenser love and devotion to our country, for the years of voluntary exile in a foreign land; and listened to brief speeches, which were especially helpful to the younger scions of our Anglo-Saxon race, born beneath Eastern skies, but still retaining their inherited birthright as American citizens.*

And now the mind rapidly recalls the many general

* On one of these occasions, the "Cumberland" was in port, and her gallant commander, Commodore Stringham, courteously invited all the American missionaries and their families to visit his ship. At the time appointed, a goodly company gathered at the wharf; boats were sent off, and when their officers stepped on shore, and politely saluted us, the crowd of wondering Orientals received a new lesson concerning the "Americanlees!" As soon as all were seated, the word was given, "push off," and away we went, rocking on the blue waters beneath our beautiful flag, while the band on the noble ship commenced playing a national air, which thrilled every heart. The Commodore and his officers received us with the grace and polish which marks the "finished gentlemen" of our navy; and after surveying that exquisitely kept "man-of war," in all its burnished brightness, we partook of a sumptuous collation, while the band discoursed excellent music.

When this delightful episode in our ordinary experience was ended, and we were once more rocking in the ship's boats, a parting strain of music came to our ears in the "Yankee Doodle" of by-gone days, followed by "Star Spangled Banner;" in a moment, hats and caps were off, and a round of cheers from "Young America" rent the air!

It was a rare season of enjoyment to missionaries and their children from the distant interior; and its memory was fresh and fragrant for many a year, till we heard that the staunch old "Cumberland" had finally gone down in our own American waters, but with her colors still flying at the mast!

convocations for prayer and praise in the "American chapel" at Pera, (which was merely the lower part of a common dwelling house,) of various nationalities, and in various languages, when the house of worship was too small to accommodate all who thronged to participate in the exercises, where, not many years before, but two or three Armenians were wont to be present! Ordinations, when an elder Armenian brother in the ministry bade his young "kinsman, according to the flesh," God-speed; and "charged him to show himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Weddings, when pupils trained in both schools were united, to go forth as home-missionaries among their own people, even to the most distant, and the darkest portions of the land. And the national Thanksgiving day, of the Armenian Protestants, publicly observed each December, with suitable religious services, in commemoration of their religious liberty, secured by a special Firman from the "Sublime Porte," through the efforts of missionaries, and the intervention of the representatives of the British and American Governments. But how vain and bewildering is the attempt to gather up in one strand the separate and severed threads which have woven the daily and yearly web of life, so thickly fraught with events full of significance in the history of a Mission, and of individuals!

There are scenes in the picture-gallery of the mind, whose faintest outlines have been burnt into the very soul, by a photographer more powerful than the Sun! There are volumes of unwritten history, and battle-fields of mental conflicts and conquests unseen by any eye save that of the Recording Angel! Families have been broken,

and scattered; children have grown and left the parental roof to pursue their studies in the home-land; and, now and then, one has returned to aid in teaching the younger brothers and sisters. New workers have come to take the places of those who have fallen by the way, and fresh fields have opened on every side. The pioneer, who, in the dawn of early manhood, was sent, in 1830, to "spy out the land,"* might well say, like one of old, "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two (yes, three) bands!" For the mission has been thrice divided since its formation; instead of "*The* Armenian Mission," there are now, "The Western," "Eastern," and "Southern Turkey Armenian Missions," besides the new Bulgarian Mission in European Turkey. How has the "little one become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation!" What a living fountain of truth has sprung up in the old city of Constantine, and Chrysostom, in the press, with its various agencies, sending its life-giving streams to the remotest parts of the land! True, a few "little foxes" have threatened harm to the "tender vines" and promising fruit of the central vineyard, causing pain and searchings of heart among the most faithful of its laborers. ("Oh, for a *persecution*, as in the early days of the mission!" sighs one of the ardent elder brothers, to "fan into a flame every spark of grace left in the hearts of those converts who seem to have forgotten their first love!" "O Lord," prays one of the "fathers," in unfeigned humility, "If *we* are a hinderance to Thy work, *take us out of the way!* 'Send by whom Thou wilt send,' but let not Thy cause suffer loss through our infirmity!")

* The Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, D.D.

But occasional reverses in missionary work may be only the necessary discipline and training of the missionaries—"*God's husbandry*"—for a higher sphere, and a nobler service, in the life beyond, when their "appointed time" and work on earth is ended. "Seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night," will not fail in the spiritual more than the natural kingdom of our God: And the "Watchman of Israel" hath said of His own earthly vineyard, "I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it I will keep it night and day." Therefore, tremble not, faint heart, for the kingdom of the Lord! "Be not afraid, nor dismayed; for the battle is not yours, but God's."

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

As a sudden flash of lightning lifts the curtain of night, and reveals the minutest objects in a widely-extended landscape, so faithful memory, in some rare moment, draws aside the veil, and the mental vision travels backward with a speed surpassing the swiftly-rolling spheres in their courses.

But we come back again to the realities of every-day existence, and take up the thread just where it was dropped, very much like the rescued drowning man, who, in the brief moments of apparent oblivion, has been startled by a vivid portraiture of all the events and feeling of his life: scenes long overlaid in the mind by the accumulated soil, and drift-wood borne on the busy current of the work-day world.

We are passing Therapia, and Beuykderè,—our last familiar way-marks—and must take a farewell look at the summer homes of Scotch and English friends, the well-known country seats of the different "Legations," and the old Greek palace where a few happy days were spent in the commencement of

our missionary life: and now we are steaming around "Giant's Mountain," and, swiftly passing between the huge ancient sentinels which guard the passage, enter the Euxine.

Looking around to see who are our fellow-passengers, we are particularly attracted by a stately Turk, evidently of the "old school," who is earnestly conversing, in his own tongue, with a "Frank" gentleman. His appearance is very striking as he stands near by, holding a long pipe of rare workmanship in his left hand, while with the right he occasionally gives emphasis to his words. His tall, commanding person is rendered more regal by a flowing, fur-lined robe of the finest texture, and a Damascus blade gleams from the rich folds of his cashmere girdle. The full turban of many colors which crowns his head is also of the costliest cashmere. As we glance at the finely-cut features, the noble beard of silvery whiteness, and note the kingly bearing of this haughty Osmanli, it is easy to fancy that some Sultan, or Grand Vizier of olden time is before us. Now his countenance lights up with a glow of animation, and again a look of ineffable scorn plays over his face, as he speaks of "the signs of the times," the ruin which is coming to his country through the innovations introduced by foreigners, such as steamers, modern ships-of-war, etc., etc. He says that the nation is "doomed;" "the end is soon coming; there is no hope for the world." And when told that he and his nation are only standing still, while all the rest of the civilized world is moving on in the march of progress, he gives that peculiar shrug of the shoulder and a toss of the head, which conveys more plainly than words his view of the hopelessness of the case; thus ending the conversation, while, with all the stolidity of his race, he resigns himself to the soothing, benumbing influence of the inevitable pipe. This incident is

to us strikingly significant of the condition of the entire Turkish nation—drifting, drifting, they know not whither! And while their proud hearts are stung with a sense of conscious weakness and dependence upon foreign powers, whom they inwardly despise, they passively say, like the people of old, "Come, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

By-and by we notice our lordly Turk upon his knees on a Persian rug spread by his obsequious servant, where, having satisfied himself as to the points of compass, he is going through his usual prostrations and forms of evening worship to the one God, looking toward Mecca, the Jerusalem of his hopes, and apparently oblivious of the crowd that surrounds him. The wind freshens, and those who suffered little in crossing the ocean, are compelled to pay double tribute to old Neptune on this notedly stormy sea. On the morning of the third day of our short voyage we reach Samsoon, our destined port. A little white tent is glistening upon the hill above the English consulate, and there, for three days, a faithful missionary brother from Marsovan has eagerly watched for our arrival, forewarned by the vigilance of Dr. Anderson, the Foreign Secretary of the Board, of the danger and risk we should incur in staying even one night in a place so notorious for its poisonous malaria. Our steamer has scarcely dropped anchor in the harbor before his glass apprises him of the fact. Ere long we see him waving his hat in a little boat, which is soon alongside, and he leaps on board with outstretched hand and a warm welcome in our own sweet mother tongue—more precious than those can understand who have never led a pilgrim-life in a strange land. After getting our luggage through the Custom-house, Mr. Leonard very considerately seeks a quiet point where we may land, away from the din and confusion of the

busy wharf and the filthy town. It is delightful to spring out of the boat upon the beach and rest beneath the friendly shade of an overhanging tree, where a caravan of camels are browsing; and we walk through green fields to the house of the English Consul, who, with his wife, has kindly offered to entertain us. We are deeply interested in the romantic history of our lovely and accomplished hostess. She is a Greek by birth, and her parents were among the hapless victims of the horrible massacre in the island of Scio, which made of that enchanting paradise a "desolation and a wilderness, where no man dwelleth." Her brother and herself, then little children, were sold as slaves by the cruel Turks, but they fortunately fell into the hands of a British Consul who was stationed at Algiers. He redeemed the little captives, and educated them with his own children. In process of time the young Greek girl developed into a very charming maiden, and the eldest son of her benefactor became in turn *her captive*. After a suitable amount of baffled hopes and heart-history on both sides, he succeeded in winning the prize, and they seem very happy in their isolated home. Their two boys are away at school in England, and the little Ferida is the pet of the household. She was baptized by Mr. Leonard, a friend standing as godmother by proxy, for one of Queen Victoria's maids of honor.

THE JOURNEY OVERLAND.

After an early dinner, our horses are brought, and we bid our friends good-bye, as we turn our faces towards the wilderness. Three hours of slow travel to the south-west, completes the first stage of our journey.

The sun has gone down behind the mountains, and our tent is pitched upon a grassy slope at the foot of a hill.

Sarkis builds a little fire at one side, and makes a refreshing cup of tea; and Mr. Leonard brings forth sundry delicacies provided by his good wife, and a folding table, improvised for the occasion, something like a campstool, only higher, upon which we spread our cloth and the dainty repast, for which our ride had given us a keen appetite. And while we chat around our humble "board," we "envy not earth's kings with all their little trifling things." Our beds are made, and Mr. Leonard is busy in swinging his hammock from a tree near by.

Sitting in the door of the tent, we listen to the voices of the night. The tinkling of bells upon a neighboring hillside, where shepherds are watching their flocks; the lazy droning of the insect world, or occasional faint notes of mother-birds who are putting their little ones to sleep, and leading their evening song of worship! The soft ripple of a little brook falls with soothing cadence upon the ear, and the stars come out, one by one, and look lovingly down upon the peaceful scene. The very air is full of sweet content; and involuntarily we chant the shepherd's Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." We cannot stop there; and continue the sweet refrain: "He restoreth—reneweth—my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's (Love's) sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou *preparest a table* before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of

my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord (Heaven) for ever."

And when we "lay us down" in peace to rest, we remember the faithful promise of the great Shepherd of Israel: "I will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land; and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods."

Rising at an early hour in the morning, the tent is taken down while we are eating our simple breakfast. The light reveals the fact that my little traveling bedstead was set over, and *in*, a nest of red ants; and it solves a midnight mystery, for the little creatures fiercely resented the intrusion, and their sharp stings burnt like so many coals of fire! Mariam had spread her bed upon a carpet, in another place, and fortunately escaped. We jog along, hour after hour, a distance of twenty miles; the country is pleasant and picturesque, and trees, shrubs, and streams of water are abundant. Now and then we dismount, and leading our horses, walk awhile for a change, gathering the flowers that grow by the wayside;—the ground is blue, in many places, with a profusion of the wild larkspur, and gay with poppies, pinks, peonies, pheasant's eye, verbena, heliotrope, and other plants, which are carefully cultivated in gardens at home, but spring up spontaneously in this region of the Black Sea; —occasionally, a snatch of some old song beguiles the monotony of the way; or, one whose horse is more spirited, dashes off into a full gallop, and is soon lost to sight; while another plies the whip to follow suit, and is only rewarded by a weary arm, for the stubborn beast will not budge an inch faster than the "pack horses," who carry the "loads."

By-and-by the favored one returns with equal speed, and

many pleasant demonstrations, hair flying in the wind, eyes sparkling, and face glowing with the exercise; thus goes the day. We spend the night at a rude mud khan, and take our first lesson in the accommodations offered by the *best hotels* of the land!

Everything and everybody (except the horses) is piled into one nondescript room, and we make the best of the situation. But when we try to sleep,—alas! for the beginning of woes! The first part of the programme is a canine concert, which exceeds anything we have ever heard or imagined, of its kind. It is midnight before one woe is past, when, lo! another cometh! A strange "kartijee," or driver, plants himself on a box beneath our open window, and improvises a serenade (for our special benefit, no doubt) which is simply infernal!

At first, we are amused, as well as provoked, but as the hideous howling and growling goes on, now rising, now falling, with an occasional interval of silence which inspires the hope that it is only doomed to bitter disappointment, as he again takes up the atrocious strain, it becomes excruciating! Remonstrances from the "effendi" produce no effect, and the night is slowly wearing away. But at last, Sarkis becomes desperate, and suddenly hurls a heavy boot at the offender; a forcible argument, which effectually quenches his musical ardor, and sudden silence ensues!

The khan is "a good place to *go from;*" we start on our way long before sunrise, for it is Saturday, and we have yet thirty miles of travel before us. It is a long and weary day, with only one break in our line of march, when we take a brief rest, and eat our luncheon in the refreshing shade of a grove of oaks; for the August heat is very

oppressive, and continuous riding in the sun produces an overpowering languor. But nothing can exceed the kindness of our missionary escort; his delicate appreciation, and anticipation of all our wants, awakens the deepest gratitude.

We have a spice of adventure towards the close of our journey: When within four hours' distance of Marsovan, word is given of a band of robbers, who attacked a caravan the last night; and Mr. Leonard stops at the nearest village to secure a guard. He succeeds in getting a foot-soldier only, the rest being out in pursuit of the robbers. Much of our way now lies through a wild and romantic region, among frowning rocks, and steep precipices, fit places to shelter a lawless banditti. In the course of an hour or two, we learn that the band has been chased over the mountains; the soldier departs, and we go on our way rejoicing. As we descend into the plain, we meet strings of rude wagons, drawn by oxen, or buffaloes. Their coming is announced long before they make their appearance, by an indescribable groaning and creaking, and sharp, shrieking sounds, which grate and jar upon the sensitive ear, like the working of a coarse file. This accompaniment is supposed to be highly relished by the animals, and pieces of iron are inserted in the ponderous wheels of each vehicle, for the express purpose of producing it!

MARSOVAN.

The city is seen in the distance, built upon a gentle acclivity, and surrounded by pleasant vineyards, and waving fields of grain. An amphitheatre of lofty hills, or young mountains, rises around the plain, now robed in blue mist, and now tinged with rainbow hues from the setting sun.

The last hour seems interminable; night settles down upon us as we pass by tall hedge-rows, and beneath the spreading branches of lofty trees, skirting the town. Fancy takes the reins, and pictures noble avenues, leading to many an elegant and illuminated mansion, or "Palace Beautiful," of the land we have left behind; and Prudence, Piety, and Charity coming forth to meet the way-worn travelers, with the words: "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord! this house was built by the Lord of the hill, on purpose to entertain such pilgrims in."

But we pass on in silence, turning street after street, uncheered by gleaming lights, or words of welcome. At last, a door is reached; it opens, and we ride in; the lantern which throws its dim light upon the dark mud walls, discovers a common, dreary court-yard. But we have scarcely alighted upon the ground, almost too weary to stand, ere a sister's arms are around us, and her joyful welcome greets our ear!

Another moment, and the beloved Markared flings herself into our arms, weeping and laughing by turns in her joy at meeting her teacher; and, child-like, clinging fast, while we pass through a dark, inner court, and up a flight of stairs into the warmth and light of the missionary home!

The purity and sweetness of the little parlor causes us to pause at the open door. After our experience in a Turkish khan, it seems like entering heaven! We look down upon our travel-stained and dusty apparel, with a sense of unfitness, almost expecting to hear one say, "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?" But loving hands draw us in, and spread the snowy pillows for our repose upon the inviting divan, where

exhausted nature quickly loses itself in a blessed sleep. It seems but a moment, when we are gently awakened, and summoned to partake of needful refreshment. It is all so like a dream, a vision of enchantment; and we rub our eyes to assure ourselves of the gracious reality. . . . . Are we indeed in the heart of Asia Minor, or is this a table spread for us in one of the dear old homes of our loved fatherland? The dazzling whiteness of the cloth, the glitter of the table-furniture, the vase of sweet flowers in the centre, the white and brown bread, the yellow butter, creamy cake, and the dainty fruit, with the more substantial roasted fowl, and feathery potatoes, and the fragrant tea, with its delicious cream! Our hearts swell with loyal pride in a country whose representative sons and daughters can thus, by the labor of their own hands, and the exercise of taste and ingenuity, more potent than gold, gather around them the comforts of an American home; transforming a mud hovel into a palace, and a howling wilderness into a very garden of Eden!

Truly, "the solitary place" may well be "glad for them," and the "desert rejoice and blossom as a rose!" If one ever realizes the blessedness of a Christian home, it is in such a translation as this of ours. The rare and refined courtesy and grace which presides over every arrangement, adds a double charm to our new surroundings; and our hearts are filled with the melody of thanksgiving; truly, our "cup *runneth over*."

"When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week."

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

THE WORK.

The cry of the muezzin from the minaret of a neighboring mosque, calling the faithful to prayers, is the first sound that breaks the stillness of the sweet Sabbath morn. It is the signal selected by the Protestants for their early morning worship; and looking out of the window, we see them hastening to the place of prayer. The chapel is on the ground-floor, below the rooms occupied by the missionary family. It is a long, low room, with several good-sized windows looking out upon the little garden on one side, and two or three very small ones near the ceiling, on the side next the street. The walls are whitewashed, and the floor is covered with coarse sackcloth. A space at one side is slightly partitioned off for the women, and a table standing upon a little platform at the end opposite the door, serves as a pulpit. The place is well filled; there are nearly two hundred present; strong, hearty, independent-looking people, mostly sitting upon the floor, though there are a few clumsy chairs and a bench of native workmanship, occupied by the chief dignitaries of the place. The second service is conducted by preacher Yeghia, and the opening exercises are just concluded, when the wife of the head-man of the Protestant community makes her tardy appearance, pushing her way to the front, and with motherly pride, holding aloft her boy, a child six months old. The little fellow looks comical enough, tricked out in a full military suit of blue cloth, with standing collar, and big brass buttons to the swallow-tailed coat! The father has recently returned from Stamboul, bringing his "first-born son" an outfit which shall excite the admiration and emulation of all the community. But the incongruity

does not seem to affect the people, and after the momentary bustle, their attention is given to the sermon. It is very pleasant to see so many Bibles opened when the chapter is read and the text given. A full chorus of voices join in singing a hymn to the good old tune of Balerma, at the close. The Sunday-School is very interesting. On one side are from fifty to eighty women and girls, and on the other, the men and boys, divided into ten classes. In one corner sits our own Markared—a *pearl* among her countrywomen, as her name signifies—surrounded by a large class of girls, her fair face beaming out from the white sheet which is thrown over her head. The offer of a Testament from the "badveli" has inspired a number of boys and girls to commit to memory certain portions of Scripture. Markared says that two boys and six girls have committed the first fourteen chapters of Matthew, and can repeat them without mistake. Four other girls have learned from five to eight chapters; and one woman who has lately received the truth in the love of it, has learned five chapters in Turkish, by herself, and says that she is going to learn the whole of the Gospel of Matthew. Only a year ago, some of these boys and girls thought it hard to learn the usual lesson of seven verses! When they are all ready, a special assembly will be called to hear them, and the prizes will be awarded. The interest of the people in that public exercise is very marked, and gratifying to both teachers and pupils.

During the week, Markared occupies one end of the chapel for a school-room, and eighteen or more large girls and young married women come to her for instruction from three to four hours each day. This is a new thing for Marsovan, and the school is looked upon as a "peculiar institution."

Besides the common primary branches, she teaches them to sing by note, and initiates them in the mysteries of crochet, worsted, and needle-work.

Mr. Leonard's study is quite remote from the family rooms, reached by a flight of stairs from the outer court. He is busy from morning till night, scarcely ever taking off the harness. Turks and Armenians alike call to read and converse with him at all hours of the day. An old Imaum, or Turkish priest, comes quite often. Native helpers come to report or consult concerning their work in the various out-stations; and others write frequent letters, which require special attention.

Markared often renders valuable assistance in translating these letters from Armenian into Turkish—Mr. Leonard's missionary language—and in making up the monthly accounts as they come in from the various out-stations; he says that she is worth more in that line than some of the educated young men whom he has employed.

Just now, he is trying to reform and remodel the Protestant day-school, teaching the teacher how to govern and train his pupils; and in order to carry out the new regulations, he is obliged to spend much time in the school-room. It required considerable moral courage on the part of the missionary to administer corporal punishment to two or three unruly and hitherto unmanageable boys, which he felt obliged to do, although one of them was the son of a headman among the "old Armenians." We were anxious for the result, but Mr. L. was away at sunrise the next morning, attending the early session of the school before breakfast, and he found the boy in his place, behaving much better than usual.

Mrs. Leonard also receives frequent calls from the people, at the other end of the house. Many come from mere curiosity, and the sewing-machine and melodeon are never-ceasing objects of wonder and delight. They gaze curiously at the specimens of her handiwork, paintings and sketches upon the pure white walls; and the tables, and book-shelves, which Mr. Leonard constructed from packing-boxes, and Mrs. L. stained or painted with her own hands; the carpet, the chairs, and the cushions of the divan, the muslin curtains of the windows, and the vases of flowers, all undergo a similar scrutiny. But they are never suffered to leave without hearing the Word of Life. And some of the groups that surround this missionary sister form a delightful picture. The wife of a Turkish effendi, who has learned to read and write, is greatly struck with the song, "Away, away the bowl," asks permission to copy it for her husband, because he is sometimes too free with the 'wine bowl!'

Another Turkish woman calls, who, greatly to our surprise, can repeat the whole of one of Mr. Leonard's sermons, and yet affirms that she has never entered the chapel. "Well, then, some one else heard it and repeated it to you," says one. "No; no one told me," is the reply; and, after puzzling us a little, she says, "I listened through a chink in the garden wall, and heard every word!"

It is touching to see the numbers of sick people who come to the "hanum" for help. Mothers bring their little ailing children that she may prescribe for them, and they tell their own ailments with perfect confidence in her wisdom and skill, although she never studied or practiced medicine till she came to this people. The other morning I was surprised to see several men among those who sought her aid; but learned

that she had attended the husband of a former servant-woman during a course of typhus fever, and carried him safely through. This, of course, involved great care and labor. She could not trust the family to administer the medicines, and took many a long walk through the mud and snows of the winter to do it herself.

I am sometimes reminded, at meal-time, of the experience of our Savior and His disciples, when "there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat," for the people throng around the open passage between the dining-room and kitchen, and the "hanum" leaves the table, too busy in attending to their wants to heed her own. But her happy face shows that it is her "meat to do the will of Him who sent" her to labor among this people.

The favorite wife of a Turkish grandee was very ill not many months ago, and Mrs. Leonard was called in haste to see her. After his wife's recovery, the Effendi showed his gratitude by repeatedly sending presents of fruits and flowers; and when he next called upon the "Hoja," or teacher, begged permission to see and converse with "the lady." A remarkable request for a Turk to make. The sex in general has been held in such low repute by Osmanlis, that oftentimes they would sooner speak of a *dog* than of a woman!

These faithful workers have been alone in Marsovan since coming from Cesarea, two years ago, and they greatly enjoy the society and sympathy of a missionary sister. We have made a few calls among the people, and are planning a tour among the villages during the two or three months of my visit.

A NEW DISPENSATION.

"We should suspect some danger near
Where we possess delight,"

says the old hymn. And certainly the first few weeks of my stay in Marsovan were filled to the brim with happiness.

Then followed a severe illness, only warded off for a season by the change and rest after the closing up of the Constantinople dispensation.

"So we three went slowly down
To the River-side,
Till we stood in the heavy shadows
By the black, wild tide."

When the dear missionary brother and sister no longer dared to trust their own skill, and study of medical books, a messenger was despatched to Yozgat, the nearest telegraph station, to summon the missionary physician from Sivas, seven days distant. "Posting," day and night, he accomplished the five days' journey in two, and, when he had received a telegram in reply, started back as swiftly as he went. "Our days are swifter than a post" when life moves on in the even tenor of its course; but when freighted with heavy fears, and dying hopes, as the faint spark of life fades, and flickers, and seems about to expire, while the intensely longed-for help comes not, oh, how slowly, slowly do the leaden-winged hours and days go by!

"I think, in a little while,"
I said, at length,
"I shall see His face in the City
Of everlasting strength;
And sit down under the shadow
Of His smile,
With great delight and thanksgiving,
To rest awhile."

"One post shall run to meet another." Four or five days have passed away, and a second messenger is despatched,

to meet the first, and bring back news of the doctor. At last, he returns with the joyful tidings that the "hakim" is on his way, and will arrive in an hour or two!

As the sun goes down, the doctor throws himself from his jaded horse, and comes to the relief of the worn-out, anxious watchers, who can scarce restrain their tears for joy, the responsibility has been so great. But the crisis is just past, and the danger is over; the life saved, Dr. West says, by the prompt application of leeches to the head, which arrested fatal inflammation of the brain.

The loving ministration of a tender mother could not surpass the unwearied devotion of the friends who have supplied the place of those far away. A part of the "hundred fold" promised to those who have forsaken all for Christ's sake and the Gospel's.

The people have heard of the "great hakim," and Dr. West is constantly beset by crowds that, as in the time of our Savior, are "taken with divers diseases and torments"; the halt, the maimed, and the blind, and those that are "possessed" with,—they know not what! Within a few days he performs many wonderful surgical operations, and his fame spreads abroad; the outer and inner court-yard overflow with persistent claimants upon his attention, and the house is in a state of siege! Doors are locked, to prevent people of all sorts and conditions from swarming in every part, like some of the plagues of Egypt! And the tumult without, makes itself more or less felt within. In the midst of it all, there comes a telegram, recalling the doctor to attend upon his own sick child. The news of his speedy departure flies like wild fire through the town; a surging crowd speedily collects in the streets around the missionary dwell-

ing, each one holding up his little cup, and clamoring for medicine! The doctor, calm and undisturbed, as usual, gives a few directions to his assistant, promises the people to train one of themselves to be their physician, mounts his horse, and speedily disappears for a hurried march toward home.

Then follows a season of delicious quiet, and exceeding peace. We have had a fresh experience to fit us for our missionary work: that Christ did actually *die*—that he "*tasted death* for every man," was a revelation!

We spend hours and days in feeding upon the Word,—so *new*, so rich in meaning, that we are amazed at treasures we never saw before! Priceless jewels flash and glow and sparkle from every page of Holy Writ. Sapphires of truth, rubies of love, diamonds of faithfulness, pearls of promises, opals of light, emeralds of eternity, and amethysts of royalty! How marvelous that the eyes of so many should be "holden," that they cannot see these wondrous riches, this amazing wealth so lavishly bestowed upon us by the King of kings! And then we speak of the King, "our Father," and of his Son, our Elder Brother, "as we are used often to speak one to another;"—

> "The Lord standing by,
> In the shadows dim,
> Smiling, perhaps, in the dark, to hear
> Our sweet, sweet talk of Him."

As the warm current of life returns to its accustomed channels, the busy threads of every-day work are, one by one, taken up, and plans long deferred, are carried into execution by the faithful workers in this vineyard of the Lord.

OUR SURROUNDINGS.

It is the vintage season in Marsovan. Old men, women and children, are gathering in the abundant harvest of grapes, and every avenue to the city is thronged with horses, mules, and donkeys, going to and from the vineyards; some laden with huge baskets of the luscious fruit, which they are conveying to the city, while others are returning for fresh supplies. The merry jingle of bells, suspended from the necks of the animals, forms a rude accompaniment to the wild songs of their drivers. The air resounds with their shouts and rejoicings! Every now and then a poor patient donkey may be seen, with a great basket on either side, and three or four sturdy urchins mounted between, singing some merry vintage song at the top of their voices, while with hands and feet they belabor the faithful beast to quicken his pace. It is the busy, happy season of the year, a time of joy and gladness.

The sugar of the grape is nearly all that the people use for sweetening their food, and they prepare it by boiling the juice to a thin, dark, slightly acid syrup, called petmez. Another preparation has the appearance of molasses candy. Flour is mingled with the petmez, and it is worked until it assumes a light, yellowish color. Sometimes, strings of nuts are prepared, and dipped into this mixture, after the manner of tallow candles; these, when dried, are about the size of a common cucumber, and are considered very nice confectionery by the people. All the live-long night, for weeks after the grapes are gathered, one may hear the strokes of the women, who are hard at work in giving the desired complexion to this refined preparation of grape-

juice. There is no cessation in the labor till the end is accomplished; and day and night the city rings, from end to end, with the vigorous slaps of the unwearied housewives! The wine is made as in ancient times, men and boys treading out the grapes in great wooden troughs. The refuse is then distilled, by each family of sufficient means, and a strong, colorless liquor obtained which is termed *rakee*; it is pure brandy.

"Wine shops" were for the first time legalized by the Turkish government, during the Crimean war; the result of unchristian influence exerted by some of the English officers, in the campaign, appealing to self-interest in the sale of licenses, as a source of revenue.

One always hears plenty of bacchanalian songs, and maudlin outcries, in passing such Satanic pit-holes, in any part of the country. But there is little of open, staggering street-drunkenness. Among the people generally, "they that be drunken, are drunken in the night."

Temperance, total abstinence, is, however, recognized as a part of Protestantism.

It is one of the blessed fruits of the Gospel leaven in this land of vineyards and new wine. Mr. Leonard has returned from a week's tour among the nearest villages, and once more "we three" ride out together among the pleasant vineyards and gardens surrounding the city. It is October; a subdued, hazy light covers the face of nature with a gossamer-like veil; it plays upon the surface of the mountains, half concealing, half revealing their soft undulations; at sunset, the painting is too beautiful for words to express one's admiration. And the trees, grand old monarchs, stretching out their great arms so loftily and protectingly,—

they seem almost human, and we love them! One of these English walnuts shades a space of more than fifty feet in diameter. The narrow paths of the gardens are bordered by little murmuring streams, for purposes of irrigation, and as our horses pass along, single file, we bend low to avoid contact with the drooping branches of the trees, and the trailing vines which form a thick bower overhead. Wild and luxuriant hedges of clematis abound, and occasionally a mud wall enclosure is seen. Here and there is a broad, open space, with scattered clumps of trees, and lovely views from the openings; and farther on, below the town, is a willow-fringed brook, desecrated by tanneries, and the deposits of slaughter-houses. Marsovan is certainly highly favored in situation and climate. The air is full of electricity; a delightful breeze from the Black Sea visits us every day, and greatly modifies the heat of summer. Sweeping through the mountain forests on its way, it is robbed of all its harsher qualities, and brings life and healing on its wings, making music among the trees at night, as soft and soothing as a mother's lullaby. With all these natural advantages, the place might be famous for its healthfulness, if only the people understood, and applied, the most common sanitary principles to their surroundings. But here, as elsewhere in the East, disease and death lurk in every street and dwelling; in the air we breathe, and the water we drink —an invisible enemy, poisoning the very fountains of life! Some night, when we are wrapt in sleep, a gentle rain begins to fall; its coming is the signal for pestiferous cess-pools to be opened across the narrow street, and their foul contents poured into the pathway beneath our very windows, till every breath one draws is reeking with an indescribable effluvia

and deadly stench, which drives us from our beds to the remotest corner of the house; and the very recollection sickens us for weeks thereafter!

The interior of the town is not as inviting as its exterior. Dingy mud houses, one or two stories high, closely huddled together, narrow, dirty, roughly-paved streets, with here and there a public fountain, shaded by a tree or two; the market-place, shops, khans, churches, and mosques, describe the general characteristics of all Turkish towns. Two or three Turkish konaks are pointed out as houses "built with blood," literally verifying the prophet Jeremiah's description: "Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work: That saith, I will build me a wide house and large chambers, and cutteth him out windows; and it is ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermilion."

In the olden time it was very common for Turkish grandees to impress into their service the despised Armenians, and other "Christian dogs," as they called the "rayahs," or subjects. Carpenters, masons, and other artisans were forced to toil for months, without even receiving the bread they consumed! In one of the court-yards of these great konaks, there still stands the rough block where the poor man who dared to resist the power of the oppressor, was summarily beheaded.

The low doors of all these rayah dwellings bear silent testimony to the lawlessness of the ruling race in the years gone by, when it was common practice for a Turk to ride his horse into the house of a Christian subject, and demand anything that he might please to fancy. My head has often

received striking proof of this significant fact. It is easy to stoop in entering a house, but when earnestly engaged in conversation at leaving, one forgets the necessity, and suddenly comes in contact with unyielding timbers in a most unmerciful thwack! And superior height, which in other respects is a decided advantage in commanding the respect of Orientals, here proves a detriment! Turning aside, on our way home, we pause beneath the almond tree which shades the consecrated spot where the noble young missionary, Sutphen, was laid to rest ere he had really commenced his missionary work among this people. The autumn leaves are beginning to fall, and every one is to us a sermon: "We all do fade as a leaf:" "The wind passeth over it, and it is gone:" "One shall be taken, and the other left."

The fifth chapter of Second Corinthians is the theme at my first meeting with the women, held in the chapel. There are seventy-one present, and they seem impressed by truths that have been so lately tested in my own experience.

WINTER WORK.

The snows of winter are falling around us; the first storm of the season came about the middle of November, and Mr. Leonard started that morning for a long tour among the more distant out-stations, bordering on the Black Sea. The roads are very bad, and traveling is often dangerous among the mountains. But this is the great seed-time and harvest season of souls in Turkey! The storms of winter, as severe as in New England, drive the people into their dwellings; and for lack of employment, they congregate in coffee-shops, khans, and stables to gossip and while away the long hours.

Mr. Leonard's diocese is the ancient province of Pontus. Samsoon is its seaport, with Sinope at the western extremity, and Trebizond at the eastern, and all that region extending south as far as Tocat, comes properly under his supervision. It is a vast field for one man to work, and until the last two years, Marsovan was almost the only spot into which the Gospel plough had entered. Helpers are now stationed at seven places, called out-stations; and others will be opened as fast as young men can be obtained from the Mission Seminary. One of these new centres of Gospel light has as many villages around it as there are days in the year! And many places of great importance are ready and waiting to be occupied for the Master.

It is classic soil; the old battle-ground of Greeks and Romans. The town of Zileh, now occupied as an out-station of Marsovan, is near the very spot where Julius Cæsar uttered the memorable words, "I came, I saw, I conquered!" Not long since, Mr. Leonard, in one of his missionary tours, visited a village where are old ruins, and copied several Greek inscriptions, by request of the French Commissioners who spent some time in this region collecting materials for the Emperor's book. Some of these he found on door-steps, the wall of a barber's shop, and similar places. Mrs. Leonard cannot but be anxious for her husband's safety, during the four or five weeks of his absence, at this inclement season. A letter from Samsoon tells us that his journey thither was made with great difficulty; and we shall probably hear nothing more till his return.

I can appreciate, as never before, the situation of a missionary wife, left alone with the "few sheep in the wilderness," while her husband goes forth among the moun-

tains to seek and save the lost. The first year of their life at Marsovan, this noble missionary sister—who left a delightful home beyond the sea, and, till she came to Turkey, had never known trial or hardship—bravely stayed behind, with only a servant for protection, after she had buckled on the armor of her "knight-errant," and bade him God-speed, as he sallied forth to fight the battles of the Lord. The next year Markared came to share her solitude, and aid in her unwearied labors for the women. And now it is great delight to have a sister by her side. Hand in hand, we go from house to house, through the streets and lanes of this city, trying to follow in the footsteps of the Master.

The meetings for women are generally held among the Protestant families, in different neighborhoods, to secure the attendance of those "from without," who would not come to the chapel.

In several instances, "old Armenians," *i. e.*, those still holding allegiance to the Old Church, have opened their houses for these religious gatherings; and when the language used is Turkish, not a few Moslem women attend. On one occasion the room was quite filled with them—a hitherto unheard-of thing.

Some of the houses are very poor. The windows are filled with oiled paper instead of glass, and there is no fire to take the chill from the wintry atmosphere. A common mangal, or brazier, at one end is surrounded by the older women and children, who warm their fingers over the half-ignited coals. Babies cry, and old women, unused to such meetings, talk or scold; but good order is generally maintained, and much interest manifested. It is exceedingly pleasant and interesting to see one whom we have trained for Christian work, conduct-

ing the exercises (now and then) in a very appropriate and impressive manner. Markared has a pleasant, attractive face; her eyes are blue, and her voice and manner are winning and modest. The women listen respectfully to her teachings, though she is not yet seventeen years of age; and the pupils, some of them older than herself, look up to her with increasing regard and admiration for her varied talents. She takes no airs upon herself because of her position (almost that of a daughter in the missionary family), but goes about wrapped up in her white sheet, like all her countrywomen, and, consequently, is much beloved and sought after, and her influence is decidedly good among the people. But she lacks the stamina of a more mature and less amiable character, and needs the motherly guidance which is ever ready to establish her in all her "goings out and comings in." It not unfrequently happens that a woman slips into the school-room, apparently as a visitor, but with a suspicious-looking bundle under her arm. This is laid aside until recess, and then, with an imploring "gaghachem" —I entreat—she lays an embargo—in the shape of a "Frank dress" to be cut and fitted—upon the time and strength of the gentle, yielding teacher, who would rather sit up at night, working without pay, than deny the request. But this increasing demand for modern taste and skill in matters of dress is one of the little straws which show the influence exerted by the Capital over inland towns by means of its commerce.

Four or five of Markared's pupils have commenced teaching some of the women to read. One of them has three under her instruction. The girls exchange pupils. For instance, the daughter does not teach the mother or other members of her own family, because she says they will not mind her as well as some one from another house; that they are not ready to lay

aside their work when she is ready to give them a lesson. The other day I spent an hour or two in the school, which is now in the missionary house, and found, upon inquiry, that the mother of one of Makared's best pupils thought that she could never learn to read, and had given up the attempt. So I engaged one of the youngest girls to teach her, giving her a Lancastrian card for that purpose. The next meeting was held at this woman's house, and, with many smiles, she brought out the card and showed me that she had learned *three letters.* The room was more than filled with attentive listeners. While I was talking to them of our Savior's words to Nicodemus, a woman came in, and, with many harsh words, drove her daughter away. We sang "Just as I am" at the close, and afterwards a young woman asked to see that hymn, and commenced reading it in a low tone, while others gathered around to listen. As I looked upon the little group, I wondered if Charlotte Elliot ever dreamed, in the retirement of her invalid seclusion (when it came to her by inspiration), *where* and *how* she, through it, would preach a living faith in a crucified and living Redeemer. It were well worth a life-time of trial and isolation to be the channel of such a soul-cry, going up to Heaven from so many lands and in so many tongues!

THE MISSIONARY'S RETURN.

"The Badveli has come!" shouts Sarkis, and we all hasten to welcome him home. Markared is a very child, almost wild with delight. But the poor man is too exhausted for many words. He looks like a battered soldier returned from the war, covered with mud from head to feet, his hair matted, and face so thin, that one would scarcely recognize him. We know that he needs all the comforts of home to repair the damages of the

past weeks of work and travel among the mountains. A good Protestant brother had accompanied the missionary on his tour, and from his lips we learn of the perils encountered in their journeyings:—Sometimes, losing their way in the blinding snow, they wandered about for hours, suffering from cold and hunger, in danger of finding no shelter for the night, and were only too glad and grateful to secure a corner in some miserable hovel till day should dawn. At another time, the roads were broken up by a sudden thaw, and their horses would flounder and fall under them, and the food and lodging provided by the hardy mountaineers, at the various points where they stopped to carry on their work, was hard fare—probably very much like that to which the Apostle Paul was accustomed in his missionary travels; for he says: "In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." But, though such experiences are felt more keenly by one of a finely-strung nature and delicate physical organization, whose early life has been exempt from privations and exposures, yet the faithful missionary can say with his prototype, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." The motto of this earnest, faithful brother—who "endures hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ"—has been from the first that of the "beloved disciple":—"Because He laid down His life for us, we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

It is the first day of the New Year. At sunrise we go down to the chapel, where about eighty people are assembled, to begin the year with prayer and praise. The missionary reads the

ninetieth Psalm, makes a brief and impressive address in Turkish, we sing a hymn to "Old Hundred," and the "morning sacrifice" appears to be offered up with "much incense" of devotion from many hearts. Preacher Yeghia speaks (in Armenian) of the year just gone, its accounts sealed up till the day of judgment; of our ignorance of the future, and God's method of leading and teaching us by His providence. He says that to each one of us is presented a blank, which we are to fill up for eternity. In conclusion, he remarks that it will indeed be a New Year to souls who shall be born of the Holy Spirit. One of the most spiritually-minded of the brethren closes with a prayer, which comes with fresh unction, from the depths of his heart. After the meeting, many of the brethren come upstairs to exchange greetings with the family. It is pleasant to see their beaming faces, and hear their "*Shunorhavor nor darē!*"—Happy New Year.

Suitable refreshments have been provided for the occasion, and the preacher and teachers are presented with beautifully printed copies of the New Testament in Armenian, with references, just received from the Bible House, New York. A number of complimentary calls are received during the day from Turks and Armenians, among whom are several women, and we exchange little gifts among ourselves in commemoration of the anniversary.

The "mountains round about" Marsovan are white with snow, and the trees are shorn of their beauty, but even at this season it is a pleasant place. The air is dry, sunny, and bracing; the weather cold and clear, but with no high winds as at Constantinople. Mr. Leonard is taking observations for the year. The mercury has not been higher than

40°, or lower than 15° Fah., and the average, since Dec. 1st, has been 25° at sunrise. The prevailing wind has been north for the last month.

KOHAR HANUM.

The Holy Spirit has been working among us for months past, as silently as the "dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion;" and we believe that a number of these Armenian women and girls for whom we have prayed and labored, are truly "born again." What joy is like unto our joy, over souls saved for all eternity, and new workers gained for the Master's vineyard? We want no miserable, earthly calculation which estimates the "cost of conversion at $1,000" per soul! In God's Arithmetic, and the wonderful economy of grace (past the comprehension of such sordid minds), each grain that we reap in these harvest fields is counted as a living seed that will bring forth fruit a hundred and a thousand fold!

Kohar means precious stone, diamond;* and she who bears this name among her people is, indeed, a rare woman, like one of the uncut jewels, commonly worn by Orientals, to be polished, and shine forever, we trust, in the Savior's crown; for she is a miracle of grace. I saw her first, at her own house, soon after my arrival in Marsovan; an Armenian gentlewoman of about twenty-eight years of age; of more than ordinary dignity, tempered by natural sweetness of disposition; figure of medium height, round and plump, and a remarkably intelligent and attractive face. The dwelling was very superior in its finish and surroundings, and

* Possibly a cognate of the Hindoo word "Koh-i-noor."

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everything bespoke a family of the higher class. Mrs. Leonard said that Kohar Hanum had some time since learned to read, and was so anxious for the education of her people, that she had taught seven others of her own rank; that she was eager for instruction, had long been an occasional attendant at the meetings for women, but "loved the world and the things of the world;" adding, "I am afraid that she will lose her soul; she knows the truth, and yet went to the 'vank,' or monastery, last Sunday with a gay party of Armenian friends, and spent the day in feasting and merry-making. I wish you would try to rouse her to a sense of her danger." Before we left, an opportunity occurred, in speaking of the harvest season just past, to refer to our Savior's words: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Kohar seemed impressed; her face was very solemn, and after a few more faithful words, we went away, praying that God would water the seed sown in her heart.

I have never seen a case of more powerful conviction of sin. Her pride rose up like a mountain, and kept her back for many weeks; but it has been completely humbled: Conscience gave her no rest until she had opened her whole heart to the faithful "hanum," who had so long sought to bring her to Christ. Kohar's circumstances have been very peculiar, and more trying than anything we had ever imagined; and when, at last, the struggle was over, and the inner history of her life revealed, I saw her lay her head in the "hanum's" lap, and sob like a child.

A new chapter—which can never be written—was opened in our experience of life among this people! But a new life was also begun, from that hour, in another soul! Her greatest

sorrow was her union to an utterly uncongenial husband; she was willing to be a servant, to go anywhere, and do anything, if only she might be *free!*

After hours of earnest conversation, Kohar was led to understand her duty, as never before. Lifting her face, kindled and glowing with new light and holy purpose, she said to Mrs. Leonard, "Now, I see; *I must labor for his soul, as you have labored for mine!*" And as she rose to leave, she added, impressively, "*You have saved a soul!*"—And kissed her hands, her eyes, and her face! Her husband, a little, sickly, effeminate man, but an "eshkhan," or ruler, of wealth and rank among the people, was much incensed at the change in his wife. It enraged him to see her so cast down on account of her sins; and he forbade her coming to the Protestant meetings, tore her Bible into fragments, and even locked her up in the house, lest she should come to us in his absence. Finding that all his threats and persecutions were of no avail, he then, for the first time, lifted his hand and struck her a brutal blow! She was stunned and shocked; and even he was ashamed, for he was not insensible to the superiority of his noble wife, and had manifested his pride and regard for her, in various ways; bringing rich silks and furs from Stamboul, for her adornment; and, in view of his infirm constitution, had willed the house and other property to her as his heir. This will he destroyed; and also, for a time, succeeded in hiding the gold and jewels which were her dowery, and, therefore, beyond his personal control.

But her new-found joy, and hope that she is "accepted in the Beloved," enables her, like Paul, to "suffer the loss

of all things," if only she "may win Christ, and be found in Him."

One morning the family went to a christening feast, and Kohar managed to slip away, and spend the day with us. We were very much occupied when she came in, and she begged us to go on with our work. I handed her a newly-arrived copy of the Avedaper to read. After a little, the business was accomplished, and I came to visit with her; she looked up from the paper with a smiling face, and pointing to an article about the love of Christ, which she had been reading, said, "How sweet this is; I want to kiss it!" Putting it to her lips as she spoke. "Why is it? Once, when I came here, my heart went out to other things; when I saw anything handsome, I longed to possess it; I loved gold and ornaments. But now they all seem to me like so much *dust;* and my heart goes out after other things!" "Ah, my dear sister!" I could but reply, "'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold *all things* are become *new!*' *That* is the 'why' of it! For, the Word, which cannot lie, says, 'If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.'"

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

Kohar is a truly modest, retiring, womanly woman; but she has begun, in earnest, to work for Christ, and the leaven of her influence is already working powerfully in another family, so that we lift up our hands in wonder, and say, "What hath God wrought?" She says that she is ready to leave all and follow Christ; and asks, "*Can anything separate me from His love?*"

She "took up the cross" soon after the wonderful change in her own experience; and it happened on this wise: Markared had charge of the meeting for women, one day, in a place where it had never yet been held; neither of us (missionaries) were able to be present, and the rain fell so fast that we feared very few would attend. But she returned, toward evening, with the good news that the room was full; she counted fifty women in that low, dark, miserable place. Kohar was there, although it was nearly a mile from her house; and after the story of Jonah had been read, and explained, she followed with an excellent exhortation to those present to repent, and turn to the Lord while the door of mercy is still open.

This was something entirely new; and, coming spontaneously from one so well known and so high in social position, produced a deep impression upon the women. That such a "hanum" should condescend to honor that place with her presence was, in itself, wonderful:—For the Armenians have great pride of rank and race; but to hear such words from her lips, was still more surprising. Markared said that it was a lovely picture; it moved her heart to see Kohar rise and "stand up for Jesus" in that old dingy room, and, with all the beauty and dignity, the grace and sweetness of Christian womanhood, entreat her poor Armenian sisters to come to the Savior she had so lately found. A woman who had long opposed the truth, requested that the next meeting might be held at her house, and urged Kohar to be present.

On her way home, she stopped a moment to see us, and her heart was full of peace and joy. "What is it?" she inquired; "I never before felt so peaceful and happy." Dear soul! she is one of Christ's blessèd, obedient "*little children*;" the cur-

rent of His love flows unobstructed through the heart now wholly given up to Him; and her joy is "full." And yet her trials are many. For months she is shut away from the house of God; her heartless husband rides, rough shod, over all her new convictions of right and wrong, and delights to torment her by bringing home numbers of his friends to dinner on Sunday, etc., etc.

Sometimes she is troubled about her duty, and comes to us burdened with important questions; but prayer is her great resource, and she has learned the meaning of those words of Christ: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world;" and in Him she finds peace.

Thus the once heavy cross is clasped to her breast, with flying pennons, and the thorns spring to flowers beneath her fearless feet as she presses on in the Heavenward path! How beautiful she is, adorned with the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Formerly Kohar wore a quantity of gold around her head and neck, according to the custom of her people; but all these bands and circlets have been quietly taken off, without a word from any one.

Not long since, she brought ten gold pieces to the missionary, to be appropriated for supplying those persons with Bibles who were unable to pay for themselves—but no one was to know this.

BREAKING A BETROTHAL.

I had been spending part of an afternoon in a day-school taught by another of my former pupils, and on my return, found Kohar and Vartig, a young girl who attends Markared's school, waiting to see me. They had come to seek aid and counsel in a matter of great importance.

It seems that Vartig was betrothed when she was but five years of age. She is now thirteen or fourteen, and her friends wish her to marry, but she protests against it; she has tasted the sweets of knowledge, and is very anxious to study. Besides, she has received the truth, in the love of it, and the young man is a bigoted Armenian, with no sympathies in common, and, according to the custom of the country, she has no personal acquaintance with him.

Kohar is a neighbor of this girl, and they have often spent their evenings together in reading the Word of God. She has felt so strongly in regard to her own early betrothal and marriage—when she was but thirteen years of age—that she deeply sympathizes with Vartig, and has openly espoused her cause. To "break a betrothal" seems like sacrilege to this people; the bond is almost as binding as that of marriage. But it is not so bad, Kohar thinks, as breaking a heart! And that is our feeling.

Finally, the young man says that he will release the girl if she will return the four gold pieces with which he sealed the contract; but her mother has spent the money, and has no means of refunding it.

I queried whether they had come—like so many others—in the hope that we would furnish the necessary sum; and asked Kohar what they would do about it. She merely said that she hoped the means would be found. We had a long and interesting conversation, and knelt together in prayer to seek our Father's blessing.

I told them both to try to glorify God in the place and under the circumstances in which they were providentially placed; that He knew just the discipline we most needed. While speaking of the bitter cup which the Sinless One

drank for *us*, and of His agony in the garden of Gethsemane, they both wept; and, at last, Kohar would not let me talk any more, fearing it would make my head ache, but reached up and kissed my forehead, calling me her "dear sister." Before they left the house, she quietly slipped the four gold coins, to ransom the poor girl, into Mr. Leonard's hand, but begged that no one should know whence it came.

The betrothal money was paid back; but Vartig's eyes sparkled with fun, as she told us that the young man was more willing to give her up, because he feared, after such a show of independence, that she would not be obedient! Such a thing was never before known in Marsovan, and it will be noised all over the city.

KOHAR'S FAMILY.

Kohar's mother is one of the most winsome old ladies that I have ever seen in this country. The change in her daughter, with whom she lives, greatly troubled her at first, but she did not join the husband in his bitter persecution. Little by little the truth found lodgment in her own heart, and now, at nearly seventy years of age, she too is sitting at the feet of Jesus. My heart always bounds when I see her mild, pleasant countenance, for she reminds me of the mother so far away. She is learning to read the Word of God for herself, and, whenever I call upon them, she always puts on her glasses, and brings her book for me to hear her spell out a few words.

It cost her a struggle to give up the Old Church, and she said, with much simplicity, "It came hard to me to part with our place there, and know that others would come in and take it!"—the "chief seat in the synagogue." Kohar has no children, but a little adopted daughter and two nieces attend Markared's school, and they also are learning to follow Jesus.

For the last few months I have had in my room every week, a "convert's prayer-meeting," in which each one takes a part. The first time Kohar was present, she was greatly overcome by the petitions of these young disciples. She lingered after they had gone, and, wiping away her tears, said, "Oh, Varzhoohi! it melts my heart to hear these lambs confess their sins! What have *they* done compared with me?"

As she grows in grace, she longs, inexpressibly, to spend her life in Christian work for her people. Her husband frequently visits the surrounding towns and villages, on business, and when his enmity to the truth had seemed to subside a little, she ventured tremblingly, to propose to accompany him, and teach the women; gathering courage with the effort, she pictured the good that might thus be accomplished; when he fiercely turned upon her, and, in as thundering tones as his small capacity could send forth, commanded her to be silent, and never again dare to mention the subject! (We learn most of these facts about the "Agha," from Kohar's nieces.) Poor man! his conscience is ill at ease. One evening, when they were alone, he appeared so much more genial than usual that, in her great anxiety for his soul, Kohar made another venture, and read aloud in his hearing from the New Testament. He listened a moment or two, and then ordered her to stop: saying, in answer to her gentle, pleading remonstrance, "*I do not want to know! The more I know, the greater will be my responsibility!*"—forgetting that he will be held responsible, at the last day, for the sin of shutting his ears! Oh, the soul-melting pathos of Christ's wail over such wilfully closed hearts! "How oft would I have gathered you, but ye *would not.*" With their own hands they forever shut the

door of hope and heaven against themselves! The very stones might weep at such a sight!

A DINNER À LA TURQUE.

The "Agha" has started off on one of his business trips, and Kohar comes to the "missionary sisters" with a pressing invitation to dine at her house; and I am to spend the night. She wants us "all to herself, for a good visit!" So we go, at an early hour, and she receives and entertains us as honored guests. The smiling little Shooshan takes great delight in escorting us over the dwelling, and we are struck with the neatness and order everywhere apparent. By-and-by, the mother, and an elder niece, sit down with us at the low, round table, or tray, to partake of the food which is served by Loocea and Shooshan, while our hostess presides over the preparation of each course as it comes on, smoking hot, in metal-covered tureens. Such an array of fish, flesh, and fowl, such pastry, and such preserved fruits, I have never before seen in an Armenian house. It is a dinner fit for a king! Some of these dishes would not disgrace Delmonico. The "pilaff," of Egyptian rice, each kernel round and full, made up with the broth and white meat of tender fowls,—the pyramid thickly sprinkled with pine nuts, and Zante currants; the "dolmas," long, delicate squashes (which grow by the yard) cored, and filled with a savory preparation of rice and minced-meat, and boiled in young grape leaves. The stew, of quinces and mutton; the roasted and boiled chestnuts; the indescribable dumplings; the "stuffed" baked tomatoes; the crisp and flaky pastry, rich with butter, cream and honey; and rosy apples, apricots, pears, melons, pomegranates, and rich clusters of grapes, perfectly

preserved in wine! The fish, fowls, and lamb are broiled, or roasted to perfection; and as one course is followed by another, and still another, we are urged to eat of this or that favorite dish, gotten up especially for our benefit. Our kind hostess comes herself to inspire our flagging courage with new zeal, selecting the daintiest, choicest portions, and seeming so happy in her overflowing generosity, that I cannot disappoint her, and am willing to make a martyr of myself for the nonce! (I wonder if Paul had such an experience, when he said, "I have learned—to *abound!*") The dear good woman evidently believes in the "perseverance of the saints;" but she has not yet learned the "limit of human ability;" and so it comes to pass that she sits, in the small hours of the night, by the couch—which her loving hands have heaped high with the softest, downiest beds and cushions in the house, wondering, in her simplicity, as she bathes the aching head, "what *has* made the Varzhoohi so ill!"

But I can never forget the conversation and the family-worship of that evening! I happened to mention Mount Holyoke Seminary, and its wonderful influence in our own and other lands; and Kohar said, earnestly, "O, please, tell us all about it!" So they all gathered at my feet, the dear old mother, the daughter, and the three girls, looking up with eager interest, and uttering an occasional exclamation of surprise, while I told them the story of Mary Lyon's childhood, youth, and womanhood; what faith in God, and a life of entire consecration to His service, had accomplished for the world. Of the amazing fact (made known after her death) that she had been the means, directly, of the conversion of sixteen hundred souls! Kohar's eyes

sparkled, her face glowed with enthusiasm, and, clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "O, Varzhoohi! why cannot *we* get up such a school among our people? I am sure we can, if we try. *I* would do anything for it!" As I looked into her earnest, upturned face, and saw the soul shining through her eyes, I could but think that she, under other circumstances, might, indeed, have been a Mary Lyon among her people. If he who "hateth his brother," is esteemed by God a "murderer," then surely the love and the longing which is forbidden expression in acts, will be counted by Him as equivalent to accomplished deeds; and at the last,—to their own great surprise, many of God's "hidden ones," of whom the world has never heard, will shine in resplendent glory among those who have "turned many to righteousness."

THE WAR.

Our hearts bleed for our beloved country, rent by contending factions, and deluged with blood! It is a terribly prolonged struggle, and we stand powerless and dumb in the dim distance, longing and praying that the fearful strife may soon end. But we know that God sits serene above the storm, and when His purposes are accomplished, He will say to the Destroying Angel, "It is enough: put up thy sword!"

The desolating wave has swept across the broad Atlantic and the blue Mediterranean, and reached the door of many a peaceful missionary dwelling in this land. Drs. Goodell, Schauffler, and Dwight, of Constantinople, have each a son in the Union army. Dr. Schneider, of Aintab, has two soldier boys; and Mr. Rhea, of Persia, has two brothers in the Confederate army, besides many others, who have fathers, brothers, or cousins fighting on both sides!

And even here in the heart of Asia Minor, the "American War" makes itself felt among all classes of people. A few weeks ago there was a rumor in town that the "war was over," and consequently, the price of cotton had fallen so low that the market was glutted. This report created a great panic among the merchants of the city. Many came to the missionary to know if it were true, and what *he* had heard from the seat of war. It so happened that our mail failed us that week, for the first time. A new mudir, or governor, had just been installed over Marsovan, and to all inquiries, word came that the post "had passed through unopened," or, "there was nothing for us!"

Mr. Leonard told the people that it was too good news to be true, at this date; and that the panic was undoubtedly excited by speculators, to *frighten people who did not take the "Avedaper!"*—our evangelical Armenian and Turkish newspaper.

Thus are "the ends of the earth" brought together these "latter days."

LOOSINTAK.

They were examining candidates for admission to the church, in the chapel, and several of our dear young converts were of the number. So I quietly slipped in, and sat down behind Loosintak, who did not see me, and the questioning went on: "Well, Loosintak, but what first led you to think of your soul?" said good deacon Margos. "It was what I saw in the Varzhoohi's sick-room," she answered. "How was that?" "Why, I thought that I must have a religion that could make one so happy in view of death." This was wholly unexpected; I had not even known the fact; and the tears rushed to my eyes; for God had led me in, at that moment, to

learn a new lesson of His all-wise and overruling Providence.

Loosintak is a steady, substantial girl of eighteen years. She belongs to an excellent, but decayed family, and has not married, because the ravages of small-pox have destroyed her beauty, and her friends are too proud to give her in marriage to one who is beneath her in rank. She is already considered quite an ancient maiden among her people. During my illness she was called in to help, and with our dear Markared, often ministered to my necessities. When I afterwards gave her a large reference Bible, she seemed almost overwhelmed by the gift, and clasped it to her bosom, saying, "You have made me happier than if you had given me a kingdom!" She took it home, and her younger sister—one of Markared's brightest pupils—wept for joy, and slept with it in her arms all the night: for it was the first Bible that ever entered the house as their own possession! She might well sing:

> "Holy Bible, Book Divine,
> Precious treasure, thou art mine!"

for the sweet child had learned to know its worth, and esteemed it above all riches: "The gold and crystal cannot equal it, and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold: No mention shall be made of coral or pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies."

The Armenian name, Loosintak, means "crown of light." In after-years, God may say to this young woman whom He has reserved, and set apart for His own special service, "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house." And she will be a light-bearer to many of her sisters in distant

places, carrying that Bible to those who are now sitting in the darkness and degradation of Satan's bond-women. For if, as we firmly believe, "GOD HAS A DEFINITE LIFE-PLAN FOR EVERY INDIVIDUAL, GIRDING HIM, VISIBLY OR INVISIBLY, FOR SOME EXACT THING, WHICH IT WILL BE TRUE SIGNIFICANCE AND GLORY OF HIS LIFE TO HAVE ACCOMPLISHED,—"* to be in harmony with this plan is the secret of true happiness; it invests every circumstance, however small, with new significance. And oh, how unspeakably sad to reject His guidance and miss the meaning of one's existence!

AMASIA.

The Winter has sped away with its constant succession of busy days and weeks, and Spring has opened upon us. At Amasia, an ancient city, thirty miles south-east of Marsovan, there is a German colony, engaged in the manufacture of silk for a large house in Freiburg.

The gentleman who stands at the head of the enterprise, is a warm friend of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, and during the Winter has frequently written, urging his oft-repeated request for a visit. But missionary work prevented; at last a messenger arrives, in hot haste, with the word that his master is very ill, and begs them to come without delay. I accompany them: We start at an early hour in the morning, passing over a plain which is a very gradual descent, for Amasia is one thousand feet lower than Marsovan. There is very little to vary the monotony of the way, and we push on, reaching the rocks at

* Bushnell's "Sermons for the New Life!"

the outskirts of the town just as the sun goes down. A little farther, and we cross the old Roman bridge which spans the "Red River," and strike into the town.

Bald rocks, piercing the sky, with the tombs of the kings of Pontus cut in their face, frown upon us from every side, and this strange old city of Strabo, the ancient Geographer, is wonderfully interesting. But we cannot linger to gaze. On, on, up the steep hills, to the mansion so beautifully situated, where Death is doing his fatal work. Alas! it is too late. The dying man merely recognizes his friends, and is gone, beyond recall, leaving four motherless children without a protector in this foreign land. The two lovely daughters, seventeen and eighteen years of age, but lately returned from school in Germany, are stunned by the blow. Their brothers are away at school in the fatherland, and the little girls are too young to comprehend their loss. In the absence of a guardian, or any other responsible person, the missionary attends to a few necessary details of business:—The office, and rooms containing valuable papers and effects, are carefully closed, and a Turkish official places a great black seal over the lock of each door. Watchmen are then stationed around the house, for protection at night. A telegram is despatched to summon one of the firm from Germany, and preparations are made for the funeral.

A fearful pall and desolating gloom has fallen upon the house, so lately full of life and gaiety. The little Hildegarde, and Emilie, (the one nine and the other three years of age,) feel its chilling influence, and creep up to us confidingly, with childish wonder and awe, broken now and then by a momentary out-gush of rippling laughter at the antics of some playful pet.

It is Sunday, and the great hall, and adjoining rooms, are crowded with people of all classes and various nationalities, who have come to attend the funeral services. Jews, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Italians, French, Germans, and Americans are well represented, and all can understand, more or less, the one common tongue—Turkish—in which the missionary sets before them life and death. It is a solemn discourse from the text, "This year thou shalt die." Glancing around upon the strange, motley assembly, I see earnest attention depicted upon most of the countenances: the death of one is the means whereby many for the first time hear the words of life!

We gather around the open grave, upon a sheltered terrace within the grounds, where the bereaved husband so often wept and mourned by the tomb of his beloved and beautiful Emilie—the bride of one short year—and now he is laid by her side, while the funeral hymn, so sad, so sweet, rises and falls in mournful cadence from the lips of his countrymen, in the words, "Hört auf mit Trauern und Klagen:"—

I.

"Cease, ye tearful mourners,
Now your hearts to rend:
Death is life's beginning
Rather than its end.

II.

All the grave's adornments,
What do they declare
Save that the departed
Are but sleeping there?

III.

What though now to darkness
We this body give;
Soon shall all its senses
Re awake and live.

IV.

And from its corruption,
This same body soar,
With the self-same spirit
That was here of yore.

V.

E'en as duly scattered
By the sower's hand,
In the fading autumn
O'er the fallow land,

VI.

Nature's seed decaying,
First in darkness dies,
Ere it can in glory
Renovated rise.

VII.

Earth, to thy fond bosom
We this pledge entrust;
Oh! we pray, be careful
Of this precious dust.

VIII.

This was once the mansion
Of a soul endowed
With sublimest powers,
By the breath of God.

IX.

Here Eternal Wisdom
Lately made His home;
And again will claim it,
In the days to come;

X.

When thou must this body,
Bone for bone restore,—
Every single feature
Perfect as before.

XI.

O, divinest period!
Speed upon thy way;
O, Eternal Justice!
Make no more delay.

XII.

When shall love, in glory,
Its fruition see?
When shall hope be lost in
Immortality?"

The last solemn services are rendered, and the people disperse: But now comes the after-part—the saddest, the most terrible time to those who are left behind in this wide, wilderness-world. Oh! how like a great, grinding machine it sometimes seems, pitilessly crushing one's heart to powder! "They persecute him whom Thou hast smitten: and *they talk to the grief* of those whom *Thou hast wounded*," moaned the sweet Psalmist of Israel—probably after the death of the darling child who was taken away for his sin. But "*He* knoweth our frame; *He* remembereth that we are dust;" and whispers: "As one whom his mother comforteth, *so* will I comfort you."

These delicate, inexperienced young girls are left in a community of common, illiterate Germans, greedy of gain; many of whom, now that their head is gone, are given up to drinking and other irregularities. There is no one in the colony to inspire confidence and offer counsel and protection to the daughters of their late employer in this time of their sore need.

We cannot leave them thus alone. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard feel compelled to hasten back to the work which is suffering loss in their absence; but, after much consultation, it is pleasantly arranged that I stay with the stricken ones till some one shall come from Germany to care for them.

TWILIGHT TALKS.

The bustle and distraction of the last week or two is over, and we are sitting, in the still, twilight hour, around the cheerful blaze of a wood fire. The little Emilie climbs into my lap, and Hildegarde draws her stool to my feet, and lovingly leans her head against me. They quietly listen while the older sisters talk (in a singular mixture of German, French, Turkish, Armenian, and English) of past scenes—their school-life in Germany, and the return to Amasia, after an absence of four years. Their father had come out, with a company, to meet them, and was standing, for a moment, after dismounting, when he was suddenly kicked by a horse, severely injuring his right knee. He had been ailing for some time, and, in the low state of his system, nature was slow in repairing the harm received; under the treatment of a traveling quack, an Italian, who boasted loudly of his medical skill, he was undoubtedly bled to death. They said that their father was completely deceived by the false promises of the so-called physician, who assumed great authority, and would not allow them to send to Sivas for Dr. West; and it was only at the last that they managed secretly to send the messenger who summoned their missionary friends.

When their father left them and their two brothers in the "vaterland," he brought home a "new mamma"—the mother of the precious pet of the household. She was a lovely Chris-

tian woman, and her little French Bible, which is brought for me to see, bears marks of careful study. Her influence over her husband was very marked, and, after her early death, he was led to seek comfort from the living source whence she drew her daily supplies.

I am greatly interested to see how well these young ladies understand all the various arts of housekeeping. They are adepts in baking and brewing; are initiated in all the mysteries of clear-starching and ironing; can wash, and cook, and serve, if need be, and look very attractive in their dainty white caps and aprons, when engaged in household work. All these accomplishments were acquired at the Moravian school, where they spent three years: (Their fourth year of study being spent in the family and under the tuition of a French pastor.) This school has a special department for practical training in domestic duties and employments; a sewing-room, for instruction in cutting and making one's garments; a kitchen, where each pupil is required to take lessons in the culinary line; a dining-room, where she learns to carve and serve, and a laundry, where everything in that line is learned by practice, under careful instructors. This "domestic course" is considered quite as important, if not more so, than the intellectual, by practical and prudent German parents, and it is generally relished by the sensible girls, who look forward to the natural fulfillment of a home-sphere, for which it is an excellent preparation. It would be an admirable appendix to our American boarding-schools for young ladies, and might well displace some of the studies which tax the mental at the expense of the physical development.*

* We believe that the Millenium will dawn when wives and mothers learn that the CHEMISTRY OF COOKING is more important than any other science or philosophy in its effect upon the health, happiness, and

THE TOWN.

Amasia is truly a very picturesque old town. It would be famous if near the seaboard and easily reached by travelers who would portray its peculiar features to the world. From the windows of this house, we look down upon the narrow valley, through which leaps and roars a mad-rushing river; its banks, on either side, and up the hill slopes, thickly crowded with buildings of every description, for a mixed population of perhaps twenty or thirty thousand. Huge rocks rise in lofty grandeur around it so closely that they seem immense battlements, reared for a safeguard. An old fortress, perched, like an eagle's nest, upon the summit of the highest peak, sternly frowns upon the world below. Thither the kings of Pontus—whose open, vacant tombs now stare down upon us from their high places—used to "flee as a bird to the mountain" in times of danger. What tomes of history lie buried in these silent rocks! What pillars of testimony are they to an unrecorded past! There is a subterranean passage, said to be five or six hundred feet in length, and a well of water, in the heart of this natural rampart —of great use in ancient times, when besieging armies encompassed the place. The passage is occasionally explored, and my brave missionary sister at Marsovan once descended it in company with a few friends, and had to be almost dragged up again—a feat she will never again care to perform. It is now early in April. The climate of Amasia is much warmer, and the season a month in advance of Marsovan. The soil of the surrounding country is very fertile, and fruits of various

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usefulness of their families. The LABORATORY of the KITCHEN is responsible for a vast amount of the vice and intemperance of our land!

kinds are grown in great profusion. The apples are the best in the Empire; a very choice variety, of delicious flavor, specimens of which were sent to England by the British Consul at Samsoon, the last season, and received one of the first premiums. Fish and game are abundant, and this region is very attractive to sportsmen. A singular phenomenon occurred here two months ago, in the shape of a waterspout, which came with a mighty, rushing sound, and emptied itself upon the lower part of the town. Houses were torn from their foundations; men, horses, and oxen, with their heavy wagons, were swept into the river. Women and children wept and screamed, while many fell upon their knees in terror, and prayed, thinking that the day of judgment had come. When the cloud passed away, strange fish, of a size never before seen, were found scattered in the streets, and were speared on the river banks. And wives and mothers went up and down the shore, wringing their hands, and seeking their lost ones. Whence the flood came is still a mystery. One can scarcely imagine that such a body of water could have arisen from the Black Sea, a hundred miles away. It has been suggested that there may be a lake on the summit of some mountain not far distant which gave rise to the deluge; but this is mere conjecture. Traces of the indisputable fact remain in dilapidated coffee-shops, and other houses near the river, where the earth is all torn up, and great boulders choke the streets.

Besides the "*fabrica*"—silk manufactory—there are excellent flour mills, established here by the German colony, and they prepare a good quality of macaroni, and "semolena"—a preparation of wheat resembling farina, much used by missionary families. They have also a saw-mill in a wild, romantic place beyond the town, where the water comes down as at "Lodore"

—foaming, and roaming, and glancing, and dancing, and flashing, and splashing—amid thickets of heavy timber, in whose branches the birds sing the livelong day; and there are charming grottoes and cool retreats for mid-summer in that secluded place.

PROTESTANTISM IN AMASIA.

A "helper" and his wife, both from our Mission Schools, were stationed in Amasia, more than a year ago, to labor among the Armenians of the city (which is an out-station of Marsovan). But the work has evidently made "progress backward" during their ministry. The husband is puffed up with vanity and self-conceit, and full of high notions—though originally a "servant of servants." The wife was also from a very poor family; she is a good, amiable woman, but the slowest of the slow, and greatly disappoints us in allowing her husband's influence to keep her from sympathy with her own people.

When I go down to the chapel-room on Sunday, I find the preacher reading one of his stiff, cold essays to empty seats. Where there were once forty or fifty regular attendants, there are now not half a dozen. This is very sad. Alas! that so-called helpers should be hinderers of the work of Christ. But arguments, persuasions, and counsel, however kind and faithful, and oft-repeated, are lost upon "the man who is wise in his own conceit."

The testimony of impartial judges, living in the city, is all against his usefulness; and, ere long, he is dismissed from the service, by the missionary, who has never been satisfied with his course, but has patiently borne with his impertinence and assumption, hoping that the man would outgrow such childishness. This sin he lays at my door, and comes in wrath to pay me a visit. After he has relieved his

mind of the heavy burden, and become more calm, he begs me to use my influence to get him reinstated. This I frankly say, I cannot do; but tell him how he can show to every one his desire to serve the Master. "There is a village a few days distant from Marsovan, where the people are begging for a teacher. They offer a house, and a certain proportion of his support. Now, if you will go there, and work at your trade (he was originally a tailor), sufficiently to make up the rest, you may do great good, and no one can say that you do not love Christ's service."

The preacher is very angry; he can scarcely restrain himself until I finish speaking, and then, forcibly striking the table, he says, "*I go to a village!* I tell you, there is no command in the New Testament for one like me to work in the villages!" And when I refer him to Jesus, the Son of God, who "went about all the cities *and villages*, teaching, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom," he quickly leaves the room. Villagers are looked down upon by city people as a low and inferior class, very much as in ancient times, when the word signified "villain!"

The Armenian church is not far distant, and, hearing the chanting of the evening service, I find my way to the women's gallery, and quietly sit down among them. The place is crowded, but very little attention seems to be given to the services. In fact, few can see or hear enough to awaken any interest. At the tinkling of the little bells, the women cross themselves, and bow, and mutter a few words, but they are much more engaged in gossiping, and a busy hum of voices prevents my catching scarce a word of the reading and chanting that is going on below; so I enter

into conversation with a sad, weary-looking woman sitting at my side, telling her something of "what we all believe" about Christ; and presently open my little Armenian Testament, and read a few verses. Others begin to listen, and by-and-by I have quite an audience. It is delightful to unfold to them the teachings of our Savior in the Sermon on the Mount, in their own spoken language. When I leave, they beg me to come again, and give them more of the "sweet words;" which I gladly promise to do. But on the morrow, when I ascend the stairs, push away the inner door of green baize, and enter, no welcome awaits me. Instead, there is a buzz of confusion, and remonstrance, in the hive! One coarse, loud-voiced woman rudely bids me begone; and even raises her hand to enforce her words with an emphatic shove; but I draw myself up, and calmly look at her; her hand drops, and she shrinks back, somewhat abashed. I see some of those who were so cordial yesterday, but their faces are averted. As I linger a moment, the one with whom I had the most conversation, comes in, leading her little boy by the hand. I ask her the cause of this treatment, and she kindly answers, "The priests are very angry because you came; they have forbidden us to see or listen to '*the woman with the Book*;' and it is better for us that you go!" I turn away, sad at heart, for these priests, like the Scribes and Pharisees of old, "shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; they neither go in themselves, or suffer them that are entering to go in." The few Protestant families in the city seem spiritually cold and dead, and the work is in a very discouraging state.

TIDINGS FROM HOME.

A packet of letters comes from Marsovan, containing several from the far-away home-land. A glance at the well-known superscription assures me that one is from my mother; I open it, and the first words are these: "Will you weep, or will you rejoice, when I tell you that your (so long and sorely afflicted) brother G. is no more an inhabitant of earth? As for me, I look up, and see my five sons *there*, with their father, and can say, exultingly, 'SURELY, I HAVE HELPED TO PEOPLE HEAVEN!'" Blessèd mother! always so delicate, so unfitted to battle with earth's storms, and with such unspeakable love and tenderness for her children. It is a miracle—a wonderful triumph of faith, that the loss of her "Benjamin," in whom so many hopes were garnered, does not call forth the cry, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me! *I am come into deep waters!*" But God is faithful: He hath delivered "in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch" His belovèd. These thoughts shape themselves into a few simple lines: —

The billows bore her up!
She rose upon each crested wave
That swept her treasures from her sight,
Nearer to Him who gave,
Higher, to heavenly light.

The billows bore her up;
Amid the fierceness of the storm
That burst upon her agèd head,
She saw the Master's form,
And, "Peace; fear not!" He said.

The billows bore her up;
Faith rose triumphant o'er the grave,

On heaven born wings, beyond the night,
Victorious palms to wave,
With the Redeemed in light.

The billows bore her up;
With eyes uplift, and heart in heav'n,
She sang, "*All safe! but gone before;*
My barque is only driv'n
Where tempests beat no more!"

THE ARRIVAL FROM GERMANY.

Herr Metz has arrived from Germany; he is the son of the head of the house in Freiburg, and the younger, traveling member, of the firm which has its branches in various parts of the world. Through some Turkish stupidity, the telegram was fourteen days in reaching its destination, and it is nearly a month since it was sent. He seems very grateful for my stay during the interval. It is interesting to note the change produced among the people by the presence of an earnest, energetic, wide-awake man! It is like a fresh breeze from the north, infusing new life, and setting all the wheels of the machinery in regular motion. Every man, woman, and child in this German colony feels the healthful effect! Another proof that, after all, everybody likes to be *well governed.* They are certainly happier for it, whether they acknowledge it or not. On Sunday, their chapel is opened once more, and a respectable congregation attend the service, of which he takes charge. The school-master used to perform this office, but he died a year ago, and of late there has been no one to take that place. They are without a pastor, and Herr Metz is anxious that "Missionary Leonard" should come, and "give the people the Communion," while he is with them; for they are all members of the Lutheran Church.

But this he cannot consent to do. Their drinking and Sabbath-breaking habits makes the name they bear a by-word and a reproach among the people of the city, and greatly hinders the work of Christ. The Mission is indebted to the firm for a valuable property in Tocat, which they generously sold at a merely nominal price* for the Seminary formerly established there, and it seems ungracious to refuse the request of their excellent representative; but the Book says: "If any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner, with such an one no, not to eat."

A good Protestant brother is passing through the town, on his way to Marsovan, and arrangements have been made for my return, under his escort.

The horse is brought to the door, and I am ready to mount, when the bright, sparkling little fairy, Emilie, looks up appealingly, and says, in the sweet English she has lately learned, "*Darling Miss! don't* go away!" but the quiet Hildegarde clings to my dress, while tears silently fall from her eyes. It is hard to leave the precious, motherless lambs.

Just after we pass out of the city, the unruly beast who has been pressed into unwilling service, suddenly plunges, and throws me from his back! Fortunately, we are beyond the rugged rocks and scattered boulders, so that not much harm is received. But the thirty miles on his back, proves a very trying ride, and 'tis great joy to see once more the old mud house at Marsovan!

* The commodious konak was unfortunately burnt, two or three years after its occupation, but the land is an excellent site for a chapel.

ANNUAL MEETING.

It is the time "when the tribes go up" to Constantinople, for the yearly Meeting of the Mission, and we are among the delegates. Three days of travel, mostly by the mountain route, brings us again to Samsoon. When we reach the summit whence the blue sea is spread out before us, we shout for joy, and wave our handkerchiefs as to a dear old friend! An Italian steamer takes us swiftly to our destination: It is crowded with a migratory multitude of all ages and races, "some in rags, and some in tags, and some in velvet gowns," going to Constantinople to seek employment; many of whom are secured by agents, who pay their fare, and *own* their services for a certain period. At the landing we meet other delegates, who have come by different routes. Some of them have spent weeks in the weary, overland journey, jogging along, day after day, with wives and little ones, on horses, mules, or donkeys, carrying most of their necessary food and bedding with them. Their faces are bronzed, perhaps blistered, by long exposure to the sun, and their attire is rather antiquated, according to modern ideas. But the worn travelers hasten to the various homes assigned for their reception. The greetings that ensue, are such as one may imagine will attend the final gathering in the Father's House above!

This is the first visit of more than one missionary-wife and mother, after prolonged isolation from the society of English-speaking people. How her heart throbs, and what unbidden tears choke her utterance, as she looks once more upon dear familiar faces, and listens to loving voices! A thousand details which no correspondence can supply, fur-

nish the theme of social converse, when the heart finds full utterance after long repression.

Not infrequently such isolated laborers in the foreign field have passed through experiences of sorrow and suffering which intensify the emotions with which they return to the missionary homes at the Capital, where they were first welcomed on their arrival from their native land, at the commencement of their new life. Little ones have been given and taken away; the husband, or the wife, has been early smitten down. Or, a failure of health renders it imperatively necessary for them to relinquish their chosen work, and return to America. Some have brought their precious children,—the "olive plants" which have sprung up around them in the wilderness, to cheer and bless their solitude,—only to send them home to be educated, and then go back alone to their heaven-appointed work.

Turning the corner of a street, some day, I suddenly come upon a rather queer-looking company, advancing from the opposite direction. The ladies all wear (home-made) "sun-bonnets," and the children are somewhat ancient in appearance; one of the overgrown boys is actually wearing the swallow-tailed wedding coat of a missionary, who went out seventeen years before! It is a party of missionaries, fresh from Persia, on their way to America! Ah! how my heart does them reverence! Fidelia Fiske, in her sun-bonnet and old-fashioned dress, is more a queen among women than was she of Sheba, in royal apparel, with her train of attendants, and caravan of earth's choicest treasures! *

* Yet the noble woman who had so long and so faithfully ministered to the daughters of Persia,—where the edicts of fashion are never

These seasons of reunion in Constantinople homes are like Bunyan's visit to the "Delectable Mountains," whence he saw the gates of the "Celestial City." Kindred spirits are drawn together with more than magnetic power, and sweet foretastes are enjoyed of the "rest that remaineth," and the fellowship of saints above. To the fresh recruits, just arrived from the land of our fathers, it is a grand preparation for future work.

SUBJECTS DISCUSSED.

A day or two of rest and refreshment passes. The delegates are nearly all present, and now commences the daily sessions of the missionary convocation—a "Meeting of the Board," on a small scale!

The first half-hour is spent in a devotional exercise, and after all the preliminaries are arranged, business proceeds in the usual order. There is a formidable list of subjects on the "docket," mostly relating to the "wants of the Interior;" and the discussions are animated, and often intensely interesting. The Training-Schools, the Press, the Postal and Diplomatic Departments, and the Treasury, each in turn receives a share of attention. Now and then, a knotty question, or a difficult problem causes hours, and

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known,—felt sensitive about appearing before her own countrywomen in her singular garb; and, on the sea voyage to her native land, confessed that she was somewhat troubled about it. But our Father, who "knoweth that ye have need of these things," put it into the hearts of some kind Christian women of the Bowdoin church, in Boston, to meet her with a carriage, on her arrival at India Wharf. And when she reached the room prepared for her entertainment, she found her wardrobe supplied with every article of dress necessary for her own self-respect and comfort; and as perfectly fitting as if the Lord had ordered her measure to be taken and sent on in advance, by express!

even days, of earnest and anxious discussion. Our beloved and honored "Father" Goodell sits among us, his head grown hoary and his frame feeble in the service; but he occasionally electrifies us all by a sudden flash and sparkle of the old-time play of wit and fancy. Some subject in connection with the funds of the Mission has elicited considerable thought, and during a pause, he naively says, "The care of money is very perplexing and responsible work, especially that of the LORD'S MONEY. When I was Treasurer of the Mission, years ago, I was greatly troubled at the end of the year, and could scarcely sleep at night, because there was a *surplus* in the Treasury, and I could not tell how it came there! Well, we were just going to divide it up for various objects, when lo! there came a letter from Persia, saying that it belonged to them!—It was owing to changes in the currency.—But a Treasurer should be a very godly man. In fact, a Treasurer is *always in danger of falling from grace.* The treasurer of our Savior's little company went out and hanged himself!" This excites a general smile, which deepens into laughter, when our faithful and facetious Treasurer, Mr. Pettibone (then in the chair), looks up, with a merry twinkle, and quietly says, "Any more suggestions, brethren?"

Some of the questions to be settled are as trying and as difficult as those which frequently come before the "Prudential Committee"—of the "Board"—at home. There may be a missionary in the field who ought not to stay; his presence is actually harmful to the work—of this his brethren are painfully conscious; for mistakes are far more fatal in this land than in a Christian country. A precedent once established cannot soon be broken down, and "custom" has powerful sway among the people. A missionary who lacks the essential qualifications for foreign service, may

put back the work of evangelization for a score of years, and cause the loss of many souls. But who shall tell him that he had better go home? And, suppose he has gone home, for a season, and wishes to return; according to custom at the Missionary House, letters come from the Secretaries, asking the brethren if, judging from the past, they truly wish his presence and coöperation in the field; virtually throwing the responsibility upon them. It is a delicate matter, and requires the exercise of no small degree of moral courage, and a willingness to bear opprobrium, rather than allow the cause to suffer irreparable loss. Kind Christian hearts instinctively shrink from hurting the feelings of a brother; but, shall the *Savior* be "*wounded* in the house of His friends?"*

These and kindred subjects are freely talked over by the "brethren and sisters" in our little evening gatherings at the various homes. "Missionary policy" is a fertile theme, and "uniformity in the pay of native agents" comes under this head. Mr. Parsons, of Nicomedia, has long advocated an approach to uniformity on this basis, viz.: that every preacher should receive one-third more salary per month than the wages of the best artisans in the place where he labors. This he considers a just proportion, not beyond the ability of the people to assume, when they shall come up to self-support. It works disastrously when the preachers and teachers at one station receive much larger salaries than those under the supervision of a missionary in

* Experience and observation confirm the conviction, that MORAL COURAGE is one of the rarest of virtues among Christians at the present day. Many a servant of Christ (like Elijah) boldy hews to pieces the priests of Baal,—before the Lord,—and then FLEES FROM THE WRATH OF AN OFFENDED WOMAN!

an adjoining station. The love of money is indeed the "root of all evil." Wherever there is trouble among these infant churches, money seems to be at the bottom of it! It is not strange that Secretary Mullens, of London, who has himself been a missionary of wide experience, should say to the band who were going to Northern China, "*Try to get along without money.*"

Some of the young missionaries are here from Bulgaria. They are laying foundations, and meet with many discouragements. One earnest soul, panting for conquests, like a soldier in full armor rushing into the battlefield, is disheartened. The people do not come in crowds, and sit, with open mouths, to be fed; on the contrary, they repel, and resist, in many cases, the entrance of the truth. His Sunday congregation "averages two and one-half," he says; and the work is slow and painful to one who came, glowing with ardor, from a precious outpouring of the Spirit—in the church at home, where his labors had been abundantly blessed. The husbandman hath need of "*long patience*, until he receives the early and latter rain." And, oh! how much does he need the sympathy and prayers of "them that tarry by the stuff" at home, in this most trying and most important period of his work.

The day is not far distant when these faithful servants of Christ, who now go forth "weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

Earnest conversations are held by the younger members of the Mission concerning the basis upon which the work of evangelization shall be built. Shall it be Education—using schools as machines with which to work upon the people? Or, shall the Master's plan—the Apostolic method of preaching

the Gospel, take the precedence? My own experience, thus far, leads me to advocate the latter as the more normal, and hence the more healthful mode of development. It will be a slower process; apparent results, so earnestly craved, will not so early cheer the eyes and heart; but, where the soil is first prepared, the good seed will more deeply take *root*, and, in due time, bring forth a glorious harvest. After people have accepted the truth, and their eyes are open to see the need of Christian education for their children, they are much more grateful for *aid* in that direction, and much more ready to do for themselves; instead of reversing the order, and considering the missionary under obligations to them, because they have done him the favor of sending their children, and consequently expecting, if not demanding, the supply of all their bodily necessities, and perhaps, also, their future employ and support, whether they are useful or not! This fact is patent; it underlies all Christian work for the masses, in all lands, because we deal with human nature, which is everywhere the same.

Another question of importance in the Meeting, is the location of new missionaries, the final decision having been left by the Secretaries of the Board to the Mission assembled for consultation; and many things must be taken into consideration in each case: the language to be acquired; the climate; the needs of the various places; and of the missionaries who eloquently assert their claim to the new-comers. Letters are read from headquarters at Boston, in which appears that dreaded word—"RETRENCH!"

It cuts to the heart like the piercings of a sword. Are the churches at home so poor that the knife must be applied to vines that have just begun to bear living fruit in this less favored land?

Must the door be shut against the souls that are only now beginning to press into the kingdom?

At this point every heart melts, and business is suspended for a brief season of prayer.

THE SERMON, THE REPORTS, AND THE LAST GREAT DAY OF THE FEAST.

The annual sermon is preached by one of the "fathers." He has chosen for his text the words of Joshua—"There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." After reviewing the past history of the Mission, he turns to the present, with its increasing facilities and encouragements and ever and anon rings out the pathetic appeal, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth more laborers."

The interest culminates when the different "Station Reports" are read. English friends, and others of various nationality,—Scotch missionaries to the Jews, and perhaps a passing traveler or two,—are with us on this occasion. Our friends at home, who receive but a meagre portion of these thrilling narratives in the columns of the *Missionary Herald*, cannot conceive the interest of a "Missionary Concert," where reports come fresh and glowing from the heart, before they have had time to cool in crossing the Atlantic! To the laborers, assembled after long and patient toil in separate portions of the field, nothing can be more inspiring than this outlook. Every heart feels the grandeur of the enterprise; every hand is placed more firmly upon the "Gospel-plough," and every eye looks up for the blessing, without which, "Paul may

plant and Apollos water in vain;"—and then we sing, "I love thy kingdom, Lord," as we never sang it before!

A week or ten days have quickly passed, and the last "great day of the feast" has arrived. We gather around the table of our Lord and Master; not many words are spoken; hearts are too full; but the solemn silence is eloquent; and chastened countenances speak of that "inward and invisible" communion, of which the outward is but a sign and symbol. The last hymn is sung with quivering lips; the benediction is pronounced; but no one is ready to go down from that mount of blessing: a spell seems to bind every one to the spot. "*Sitting together in heavenly places*," at last whispers one; and hands are grasped, and tears and smiles commingled, form a rainbow-like radiance upon many a face.

Heart has been knit to heart in a bond that can never be broken.

> "Our hopes, our joys, our aims are one,
> Our comforts, and our cares:"

It is hard to separate, not knowing what may befall the different members of our beloved band, before another year comes round. We cannot forget that, but one year ago, a strong and noble brother whom we had just learned to love, fell by the hand of the assassin, on his return; and the young wife soon followed her husband to the grave. We glance with tender emotion at those heads already wearing the "crown of glory;" the "fathers" seem ripe for Heaven. But,

> "When we stand with Christ, in glory,
> Looking o'er life's finished story,"

how shall we thank Him for linking our hearts and names in

earth's grandest service, with some of the choicest, purest, and most self-abnegating spirits the world has ever known!

The pioneers of this Mission, the leaders in this "REFORMATION," were no ordinary men. They were as truly "born for this time, and work," as was Paul, or Luther. They rank among the true heroes of earth's history. Ah! how infinitely inferior seem the names and exploits of Napoleon, of Wellington, and Nelson beside these captains of the Lord's host—Dwight, Goodell, Schauffler, Hamlin, Riggs. Most nobly have they stood at the helm to guide the richly freighted Gospel-ship through troubled waters to a port of peace. In the darkest hour their faith has never failed. As the work of God widened and deepened throughout the land, with the passage of each year, they were gradually, though reluctantly, withdrawn from much of that direct *individual* labor which, from the beginning, was so remarkably blessed in results. Constantinople became more and more the great ARMORY to prepare weapons for the outlying fields of battle. Little time was left for hand-to-hand encounter with the enemy in their own midst. And every man at his separate post fairly staggered beneath the burden imposed upon him.

THE WORK AT THE CAPITAL.

With every year the machinery of the Mission becomes more weighty and complicated. The Press, with its translators, and proof-readers, and colporteurs, ever crying, "Give, give!" The Treasury, with accounts in many different and fluctuating currencies, looking forward to the fountain-head, at Boston, and backward to each missionary station in its estimate for the current expenses of each year. The Postal Department, increasing its taxations with each addition to the

missionary force. The Educational "Bureau," establishing and superintending schools. The Diplomatic Bureau, digesting and preparing reports of persecution from remote districts, carrying each case before the English and American Ambassadors for representation and redress at the Sublime Porte. The "Commissariat," receiving and forwarding supplies of all kinds for the army of the Interior. The "Sanitary" Department, caring for the battered soldiers who come back to Constantinople as the "Army Hospital;" or, sending them on their way to the fatherland once more to breathe their native air, and revive amid old scenes and old friends. And the "Committee of Reception and Entertainment," of comers and goers, to "bring them forward on their journey after a godly sort." Persia pours her tide of missionary life through Constantinople. All the wants of that Mission are supplied through this channel. Now, a wave from the shore of the Western World sends a noble company of devoted men and women to this port, to tarry for a little, and then proceed by the Black Sea to ancient Trepezius—Trebizond—where they commence the tedious journey of weeks, over rugged mountains and desolate plains, infested, oftentimes, with bands of robbers. Anon, a reflex wave brings back over the same weary, toilsome route, a stricken remnant, or a few broken-down laborers whose strength scarcely suffices for the journey home, received as "angels, and entertained" *awares*! * * * *

All this is but a part of the blessed burden that must ever fall to the share of the missionaries at the Capital. "Besides those things that are without, that which cometh daily, the care of all the churches." Stamboul is the heart of the Turkish Empire; and with each throb, it sends streams of

life, or of slow poison, ending in death, through every artery and vein of the great system! This fact renders its thorough occupation and evangelization of vastly more importance than any other point in the field. It is essential to the spiritual welfare of each missionary station in the interior, that the representative churches at the Capital be well grounded in the faith, letting their "light shine." Loss here, inevitably entails suffering there, sooner or later. But this has not always been fully appreciated by those at a distance from the centre, whose hearts have been filled with the needs of their own immediate fields; for *missionaries are not angels, but men and women, with all the weaknesses and wants of common humanity.* Consequently, the Capital has often, if not always, been inadequately manned, and its overtasked laborers might well take up the lament, "They made me keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept." Oh, that the Christian world could but rise to an elevation whence, with one sweeping glance, it might survey this vast battle-field, and take in the grandeur of the warfare that is going on! Surely, neither men nor money would be wanting for this army of which Christ is the "Commander-in-chief!"

THE OUTLOOK.

The Turkish Empire is the home of many races. A vast reservoir into which the severed fragments, the *debris* of ancient nations, have been swept by the flood of time and the ravages of war: Each race retaining its own distinctive language, religion, and, more or less, its national customs and costume; but all alike subject to one government, abjectly yielding allegiance to the Moslem usurpers of the soil. Of the thirty millions who comprise its population, the ruling race—Os-

manlis—form but little more than one-third: The remainder is made up of Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, Arabs, Jews, Circassians, Turkoomans, and Koords, with an intermixture of the descendants of the ancient Medes, Chaldeans, and Parthians: Besides the Slavic races of European Turkey, among whom are four millions Bulgarians, the millions more of Roumans or Wallachs, in the Danubian principalities, the Arnauts, or Albanians, the Druses of Syria, and the Copts, Nubians, etc., etc., of Africa. It is a huge conglomeration, forming one unwieldy nation, with no common bond of union, no spirit of patriotism to produce a powerful public sentiment. But God evidently preserved and brought them thus together for some far-reaching and all-wise purpose. His hand set in motion the forces which should pour a tide of new life into this decaying empire, and mould its disintegrated and antagonistic masses into one living body, whose Head shall be Christ the Lord.

This is the Christian Crusade of the nineteenth century; far exceeding in moral sublimity that of the olden time, when the kings of the earth banded themselves together to rescue the Holy Land from the hand of the Turk!

How wonderful that the Great Commission,—the Master's last Command, uttered in this very land, more than eighteen hundred years ago, should have been caught up, and re-echoed in the New World, by a nation not yet a century old! That scores of its sons and daughters should carry the "glad tidings" from the Caspian and Black Seas on the north, beyond the Mediterranean on the south:—In the country of Eden, and Ararat,—the cradle of the human race; on the plains of Mesopotamia,—the home of Abraham; among the mountains of Koordistan, and all along the

course of the sacred rivers Euphrates and Tigris, where Jeremiah wept, and Daniel prayed; and the Nile, where the "Lawgiver" was raised up to deliver his people: In Palestine, where the "Word was made flesh and dwelt among men," the land of Gethsemane and Calvary,—and through all the provinces of Asia Minor, where once the feet of the apostles trod; that now, as then, "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians," may hear the "wonderful works of God, every man in his own tongue!" "And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His Name, among all nations."

SUMMER-SCENES.

Here we are again, at our work in Marsovan. We enter into all its details with new zest, after our recent conference at Constantinople, and with a feeling somewhat akin to pity for our sisters there, whose time and strength must necessarily be so devoted to "serving tables," that they are deprived of much that fills and satisfies our hearts. And in the intervals of leisure, it is very pleasant to review the scenes of those two weeks. Before leaving, we took a little trip to Nicomedia, and enjoyed a rather novel experience on the way, in the Turkish steamer. It was densely crowded, people sitting flat upon the deck, and we found it almost impossible to secure a spot where we might spread our rug. By dint of perseverance, and perhaps a little pressure, we finally managed to settle ourselves in the im-

mediate vicinity of a harem of half-a-dozen Turkish women, to their evident annoyance. They had spread themselves out as much as possible, to prevent our getting near them, and now we were in close proximity! "*Aman! aman!*" Their wrath was roused; they struck at us several times, using very bitter language. Finding it was of no avail, they laid down their weapons, though nursing their ill-nature with many muttered imprecations. I was pleasantly conversing with a neat-looking Armenian woman who, with her children, was going to spend the summer in Bardezag, when there was another outbreak among the furies! One of their slaves, an ugly black woman of the deepest dye, repeatedly punched me with her umbrella, saying that *she* "didn't want to sit by an *infidel!*" At last, she gave me an unmerciful blow, which roused my spirit; arguments were of no possible use; so I looked savagely at her, and brandished my parasol. She flourished her umbrella, and I seized our *three*, and held them aloft! She looked horrified at the thought of my touching a Mussulman woman, and cried out, "*Who are you?* Where did you come from?" But she made no more demonstrations. It was really too ridiculous to be provoked with the ignorant old creature; but it was the only argument that she could understand! Every time that I looked at her hideous black visage, partly covered by the white yashmac, I could scarcely restrain a laugh at the idea of concealing *such* charms! Among the passengers were many Greeks, who were going to the once famous, and recently revived baths, in an old town on the Marmora, not far from Nicomedia.

The mother of the Sultan, a remarkable woman for her time and position, was severely attacked with inflammatory

rheumatism, a few years before her death, and when her favorite physician, Dr. Millengen, (who, by the way, was one of Lord Byron's medical attendants in his last illness), informed her of these mineral waters, and their virtue in olden times, she at once ordered the baths restored. When they were ready, she proceeded thither, and proved their efficacy; and since that time the place has become the resort of many who are similarly afflicted. A number of Armenian women, sitting near us, were going on a pilgrimage to one of the many "holy places" in the country,—sanctified by some saint,—that they might pay the vows which their souls had made in times of trouble. Three or four of them were nuns; the first that I had seen belonging to the Armenian Church. They were full of curiosity about me, and my "belongings;" and after a deal of questioning, evidently classed me among the saintly sisterhood! They said that they had "renounced the world," and had taken upon themselves the vow of celibacy. Their ignorance of spiritual things was pitiable; with all their pretensions to sanctity, they could not obtain even a dim comprehension of a Christian life which, while *in* the world is not *of* it. And after I had read a few passages from the New Testament, they showed their distaste by avoiding further conversation. O, who would dare to

> "Break the sweet ties that God hath given,
> And seek to win His heaven
> By leaving home-work all undone,
> The home-race all unrun,
> The fair-home-garden all untill'd,
> The home-affections all unfilled;
> As if these common rounds of work and love
> Were drags to one whose spirit soared above

Life's tame and easy circle, and who fain
Would earn her crown by self-taught toil and pain,
And leave the home where blessings fall like light
For self made, by-paths, shaded o'er with night!" *

By-and-by, I heard some one humming an operatic air, and looking around, recognized a well-dressed Armenian merchant, whom I had before met in Nicomedia. He told me, with great enthusiasm, of the new Armenian theatre in Pera, an imitation of the French;—that all the actors were Armenians, and that it was "a grand means of educating their children!" "In this way," he said, "we can reproduce the former glory of our Armenian kings and queens, and awaken a spirit of loyalty and devotion to our nation!" We talked long and earnestly; he said that he belonged to the "liberal party" in the Armenian Church; and assured me that French influence (and, alas! French infidelity) was steadily gaining ground among them. Thirty lads from the best Armenian families of Constantinople, had recently gone in a chartered steamer to Paris, to be educated.

RECEIVING VISITS AND VISITING.

We are busy writing letters for the post, on the afternoon of a Saturday, when a company of fifteen common, rude Turkish women "storm our castle," and we "surrender arms;" *i. e.*, throw down our pens,—and give ourselves to the task of satisfying their curiosity, by showing them over a part of the house, keeping our eyes open, lest some small articles should disappear! Picture a group of fantastically-dressed women—thowing aside their black masks, and black and white silk

* Dr. Horatius Bonar.

veils, or common white sheets—surrounding the sewing-machine, which is swiftly turning off its work—their mouths open, and eyes staring! "Ajieb! Mashalla!"—Wonderful! God is great!—they cry at last. After they have gone, we find that our choicest flowers have borne them company! This is the season when we may expect many such incursions. And very little can be accomplished in the way of teaching them, they are so hard and coarse, so innately vulgar. It is with difficulty that we can keep them within bounds, and yet we do not like to close our doors and refuse them admittance.

It is vastly more agreeable to go the rounds, following up the old man whom we have employed to teach many of the elderly women to read at their houses. Fifty dollars a year, furnished by a kind friend in New York, pays for his labor; he has from twenty to thirty pupils, and the results are very encouraging. Passing into the little court-yard of a humble dwelling, I see, through the open door and window, the good woman I came to visit, sitting at her loom, with her book open beside her; she is not aware of my presence, and it is pleasant to watch her as she swiftly plies the shuttle, and then pauses to spell out a few words, when her work goes on again. I enter the room; she greets me with a bright smile, and says, "O, Varzhoohi! I have just read a verse all by myself, and it is *so sweet!*" And the toil-hardened, withered hands take up the Testament, and she slowly, and stumblingly reads, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" while my eyes overflow with tears of joy; for she had utterly despaired of learning after many vain attempts, and it was long before she could be persuaded to "try once more." "Well, mother, are you

not glad now, that you made one more trial, and did not give it up entirely?" "O, yes, I am very glad!" she answers; "I prayed to the Lord with all my heart, and He helped me; blessed be His name!" She leaves the loom, and sits down in the door-way, and we spend a delightful half-hour in reading and talking about the Word, closing with a prayer.

In another house, the pleasant-looking woman of about sixty years of age, who keeps herself and everything about her so tidy, brings her primer, and, sitting at my feet, spells out a few sentences, stopping now and then to tell me, with childlike simplicity, about her weak eyes, and how she has applied leeches behind her ears, hoping thus to improve her sight so that she may get on faster. She says, "If I can only learn to read a chapter in the Bible to myself, when I am here alone, I shall be content;" and is greatly pleased with a few words of encouragement. There are a number of younger women who have learned more rapidly, and can now read a chapter quite well.

Public sentiment, which was once so bitterly arrayed against education for woman, is gradually changing, at least sufficiently to allow them to learn to read, if no more. One day I met some women going home from a meeting conducted by Markared, and as I passed, I heard one say to the other, "What makes her so pretty?" "Because she *reads!*" replied her companion. And she was right. They had unwittingly discerned something more than mere beauty of form or feature: It was the mind, the soul, shining through its earthly tabernacle!

SUMMER FRUITS.

Marsovan is reinforced! At the Meeting of the Mission it was voted to remove the two Training-Schools from the Capital to this place. Mr. and Mrs. Dodd were transferred from Smyrna to assist in the work, and they just have arrived with their three children, accompanied by Miss Fritcher, the new teacher, fresh from the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will follow in a few months. They are all here at present, and the old house is brimful of life! We hardly know how to accommodate ourselves to this "intermediate state;" it is such a contrast to the quiet, even tenor of our daily course, hitherto.

The season is warmer than last Summer, and remarkably fruitful. In the Spring, Mr. Leonard hired a garden, not very distant, for the purpose of growing some vegetables. There were numerous fruit trees in it, but they had been unproductive for the last year or two, and its owner "let it out" for a moderate sum. Probably the deeper ploughing and working of the soil was what they needed, for everybody is amazed at the result, and none more so than the old Turk, who repents him of his bargain! The trees were loaded with luscious cherries, golden apricots, purple plums, the white and black mulberry, and blushing, downy peaches; and now we are luxuriating on delicious pears, which melt in the mouth like honey! They are of a size and color rarely equalled, brought to the house by the bushel, in great baskets. There is a little shanty in the garden, where the watchman stays at night; "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers."

We call to mind Joseph's counsel to Pharaoh during the

seven years of plenty in the land of Egypt, and think it wise to "gather up the food of this good year;" and therefore, resolve ourselves, "brethren and sisters," into a "paring bee," for an evening or two of each week, to prepare the fruit for drying. And while our hands are busily at work in the old dining-room down stairs, our tongues find full employment; each one "bringing forth out of his treasure, things new and old."

Now and then a scintillation of wit, a playful sally, or a spicy repartee, causes a merry laugh to go round. We are not afraid of a bit of fun,—"sanctified fun," some one calls it; but it is fun, nevertheless; and we should be a stupid set if we did not "let *nater caper*," once in awhile, as Dr. Lyman Beecher used to say.

> "Why should the children of a King
> Go mourning all their days?"

If anyone has a right to be happy, it is the Christian!—And if, as Dr. Chalmers wisely said, "The happiest life is that which has the fullest occupation, with the highest aim," then missionaries should be the happiest people under the sun!

"Varzhabed" has just returned from a trip to the mountains, and comes in to show us a "new shrub" which he has discovered, bearing crimson berries. We look at it, and exclaim with delight, "It is the genuine *red currant* of our gardens at home!" How like a friend it seems. That green sprig, with its crimson clusters, carries us back to the thick rows of bushes, almost forming a hedge, around the garden where we played in childhood. We see the great apple tree in the corner, whose low, broad arms encircled us on many a hot summer day as we nestled in its green bower with our book, and little heeded

what the future might bring. This incident leads to a conversation about plants that are not indigenous to this country. The strawberry, the tomato (in general use), and the potato, were introduced by foreigners. It is a singular fact that coffee, now so notoriously the beverage of the Turk, was once prohibited at the Capital, and a heavy penalty imposed upon those who should sell or drink it. Tobacco also fell under the ban of a Grand Seignior of the olden time; and an unlucky wight, who was caught smoking his pipe, had it thrust through his nose, and was paraded by a public crier through the streets of Stamboul upon a donkey, with his face turned to the tail! This despotism may be the secret of its universal use; for from the time of "Mother Eve," human nature craves that which is forbidden.

We have accepted an invitation to visit the vineyards of some of our friends, and partake of their "pleasant fruits." What a change a few short months have wrought! Where, in the early Spring, we saw but an orchard of brown stumps and bundles of withered "branches gathered to be burned," there is now a waving field of verdure richly laden with the tempting fruit. The heavy purple clusters lie prone upon the ground in many places; their weight is too great for the branches; and we continually call our companions to look at this or that magnificent mass of the white, limpid variety, crowded together and pressing their neighbors in each cluster like corn in an ear bursting with fullness.

There are Bible illustrations on every hand. If the pruning knife had not been fearlessly applied in the Spring time, where now would have been the "*much fruit?*"

As we survey the abundance around us, the words of the Psalmist spring to our lips: "Thou crownest the year with

Thy goodness, and Thy paths drop fatness. The little hills rejoice on every side; the pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys, also, are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing."

HAJIKEUY.

This village of a few hundred houses is an out-station of Marsovan, about four hours distant, under the care of the teacher of the day-school, an honest, simple-minded brother, known by everybody as "Deacon Movses." Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, Mr. Dodd and I start off to spend the Sunday there. The roads are excellent, the weather propitious, and our hired horses are in good condition. We greatly enjoy the ride, reaching the place just at the "noon call." The good deacon is quite taken by surprise when his gate swings open and we ride in; but he limps out to meet us with a cordial welcome: a little, insignificant-looking man in person, but with a good face: Deacon Movses is generally esteemed as a consistent Christian; though exceedingly slow in movement, lacking energy of character, yet faithful and persevering; and so meek and gentle withal, that he frequently insinuates himself where a bolder and more aggressive spirit might fail. He was formerly a barber, and knows but little besides his Bible.

The house occupied by him for residence, school-room, and chapel, consists of three rooms; the walls are low and rough, the floor of earth, and the windows open, or partly closed with strips of white paper. The location is excellent, being on the line between the Turkish and the Armenian quarter. The deacon, though middle-aged, is unmarried, and his poor old mother usually keeps house; but she happens to be away at this time. A number of the school children have been assisting him in his domestic duties, and they have so plentifully sprinkled the earth-

floors with water to lay the dust in sweeping, that we can find no comfortable place to seat ourselves. The low windows are set far back under the veranda, and not a ray of the sun penetrates within the rooms; therefore some time must elapse ere we can venture to take possession. However, we find a corner outside, where we spread a mat, and prepare the food which we brought with us. Meanwhile, crowds of children and neighbors gather to gaze at us and watch our proceedings. Their presence proves so annoying that they are sent away by the deacon, who places some one at the outer door to prevent intruders till we shall be ready to receive those who come. And there the crowd wait, with eager impatience, our time to admit them. After we have rested a little, and put away our things, the word is given, the door thrown open, and they rush in, pell-mell, as if we were so many wild animals on exhibition! When we rode into the village we heard many exclamations of surprise at my appearance. "It is a girl, a girl! Look, look!" and people rushed to their doors and windows. But a few grains of truth are sown, while they are satisfying their curiosity, and, after the first rush is over, I am glad to welcome a company of Armenian women, who appear not only willing but anxious to hear the Gospel; others join their number, and all listen quietly and attentively. While I am talking in Armenian, Mr. Dodd has succeeded in drawing around him a group of Turkish mothers, to whom he is speaking in their own language.

Thus the afternoon passes away, and, as the sun goes down, we are too tired to talk any more. We go out for a walk, visit the Armenian church, which is quite new in appearance, and the school (of one hundred children), and find ignorance and superstition reigning in both. We pass out of the village, among the great cabbage gardens, and along

a delightful path lined with roses and clematis, above a little brook which softly murmurs its way beneath the overhanging trees and shrubs. Coming out upon a hillside, a spot is pointed out beneath a clump of trees, where, in pleasant weather, the few Protestants of the village are accustomed to gather for public worship, and passers-by in the valley below, are often drawn aside to join them. Near this point there is a mulberry plantation, and a large house fitted up for the care of the silk-worms. Cattle are quietly grazing in the green meadows, and flocks of geese slowly saunter by. Numbers of idle women and children follow us from place to place, and bring the inmates of each house to the door by their noisy cries, and we are glad to shake them off at last. We make our cup of tea, and eat our supper in Turkish fashion, sitting in one corner of the veranda, not yet venturing to occupy the rooms within. But the air grows cool, and preparations are made for the night. Mr. Dodd has brought a couple of hammocks, and one of them is swung for me in the school-room, being fastened to a rafter overhead, at one end, and to the lattice of the low window opposite at the other; making an inclined plane which I cannot help eyeing rather suspiciously. The only furniture of the room is a mat or two on the floor, and an earthen vessel full of wheat in one corner. A box or stool is brought, from which I can clamber into my lofty couch; and, after extinguishing the light, I make my first essay with great caution, but speedily find myself turned over and landed unceremoniously upon the floor! The sudden fall produces a literal earthquake, shaking the old mud walls of the little dwelling in a way which brings out the friends in haste from the kitchen, anxiously inquiring if any harm has been done! The next attempt is more successful, and I am fairly suspended for the night, beyond the reach of fleas,

and other vermin. But, oh ! the misery of a position where one is forever slipping, slipping, slipping *downward !*

Day dawns at last,—Sunday morning, never more joyfully welcomed ; and this is my first and last experience with hammocks !

At nine o'clock the Armenian women come in, till they number thirty-five. I read to them the twelfth chapter of Luke, and afterward the twenty-third Psalm, setting before them the road that leads to eternal death, and the way of life and peace everlasting. They are very quiet, and keep me talking for two hours or more. At noon Mr. Dodd takes charge of the regular meeting. There are twelve men and three women present. It is impossible to get any rest between the services. If I shut myself in the school-room, women and children persist in gathering around the windows, rudely gazing and talking about me ; and, if I go out, it is no better ; so I submit to be persecuted for the sake of the Cause. At three o'clock the children come to the Sunday-school. There are many new-comers and goers, and the number increases to fifty or sixty. A tract is given to each of those who can read ; and the children read portions of Scripture, repeat the commandments, and answer questions. We sing many hymns, and I talk to them, and tell stories which illustrate Divine truth. In this way two hours are spent, when we are obliged to send them away, for we are tired, if they are not ! In the evening nine persons come to a service in Turkish, and thus ends the day. I make my couch on the hard floor, with plenty of small, sharp tormenters to keep me company ; but the school children come before dawn, and take possession of the room.

THE RIDE TO A GREEK VILLAGE.

After breakfast, which is quickly dispatched, we ride to the silver mines of Geumish, four or five miles south-west of Hajikeuy. The road lies over a pleasant plain, surrounded by mountains.

We stop at the Greek village, of two hundred houses, and visit its church, which contains many specimens of curious carving and the usual quantity of pictures, among which a representation of the Angel of Death, and the Last Judgment, are very prominent.

In the school near by, we find a hundred boys reading ancient Greek, and it is interesting to see some of them poring over Xenophon and Homer! We are treated with great courtesy, and invited to a Greek house, the master of which is the head-man of the silver-works.

Here we are offered rakee, and sweetmeats and coffee are served. When the men leave the room, the women come in for a chat with me; one of them has been at the missionary house in Marsovan, and she urges me to stay. We mount our horses to ride over to the works, in the town, which contains three or four thousand Turkish houses. As we pass through the village, on our way, it is amusing to see the queerly-dressed Greek children, scampering, with their dogs, over the roofs of the houses, which are built half underground. The women come out, and stand in the narrow doorways, to look at us; they present a neat and somewhat picturesque appearance in their quaint attire. After we have watched the smelting process, and procured a few specimens of the ore, we return to the house, to partake of the good dinner very kindly prepared for us; and when it is over, Mr. Dodd has

an opportunity to read and preach to a company of Turkish women who have come in, full of curiosity about me.

On our return, we have the company of a young Armenian, who affects the Turkish dandy. He is gaily mounted on a fine horse, carrying a gun over his shoulder, and two pistols and a dagger in his richly ornamented belt, which has many elaborate "fixings" dangling at the side. His showy head-dress is covered with cords and tassels of black silk, resembling braids of hair, a part of which fall over the neck and shoulders. His light cloth jacket, with its slashed sleeves, is profusely covered with embroidery, in gold and silver, mingled with colored silk; he wears loose white trousers, and embroidered leggins, tightly laced, reaching to the knee. Dashing his spurs into his horse, he starts off at full speed, flourishing his gun, which flashes in the sunlight, and altogether, forming a striking contrast to the poor little deacon who is seated upon a broad pack-saddle, with rope stirrups, and a coarse, ragged sheep-skin thrown over the back of his angular old nag, whose spirit has been roused by his dashing neighbor, and now follows, full tilt, after him! Our horses catch the inspiration, and away we all go; a sort of John Gilpin ride to the bewildered deacon, who holds on to his one-sided rope-bridle, with all his might, and breathlessly begs the rest of us to slacken our speed! But this is not easily accomplished, and he cuts such a ridiculous figure as his bagging blue trousers fill with air, and float out on the breeze, while his elbows bob up and down, describing most awkward angles, as he unwillingly joins in the race, that we cannot suppress our mirth. We make the remainder of the trip in twenty-five minutes; and after our horses are rested,

return to Marsovan, at a somewhat slower speed, though accomplishing the usual four hours' ride in two.

VIZIER KUPRI.

It is a cold December morning, and the snow lies thickly upon the ground, but the horses, which were previously engaged, are brought to the court-yard, and soon after eight o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard and myself are on our way to Vizier Kupri, a town of considerable size, and an "out-station" of Marsovan, one day's journey distant. Our road lies over the mountains, where the snow is eight or ten inches in depth, and through dense forests, whose stillness is broken by the pleasant sound of the woodman's axe. It is very slippery descending the mountains, and we walk a part of the way. After four or five hours of travel, we stop to rest at a little Greek village, and eat our luncheon beside the rude fireplace, where a few sticks are burning, in the house which we are permitted to enter. A number of Greeks, mostly young men, are going about the streets with their *knitting-work* in hand, and some of them pay us a visit, making the needles fly, while they discourse in Turkish with the "Badveli." We have never before seen the odd spectacle of men knitting their own hose, and wonder whether the custom is due to the sensible wives and mothers who have learned that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do?"

We reach the town of Vizier Kupri as the muezzin is calling the faithful to evening prayers; ride through the dark, narrow streets in the dreary chill of coming night, and are soon at the house of the only Protestant, openly known as such in the place. A hearty welcome awaits us,

and we are conducted to an upper room, just vacated by the "helper" stationed here. The weather is growing extremely cold, and we are very glad to have the little sheet-iron stove, brought by the "Badveli," put up for us, instead of depending for warmth upon the brazier of coals provided by the family. We expect to spend a fortnight, in missionary work, and have accordingly brought the essentials in food and bedding. When we are a little settled, the family gather in our room for a visit. There are, our host and his wife, six children, and a widowed sister, besides a bedridden grandmother, who stays in the stable below, for warmth, they say.

Our beds are spread upon the floor (Mr. Leonard and Sarkis camping down in the outer room, which is far from comfortable.) We are very weary, and sleep till a late hour in the morning. But we cannot get a glimpse of the sky through the oiled paper of our windows, and feel as if imprisoned! It is Saturday, and before our preparations for housekeeping are completed, the women begin to pour in upon us. There is a perpetual stream of comers and goers during the entire day. Sunday morning, before light, we hear the children singing, in bed, in the room beneath, "I'll awake at dawn of the Sabbath morn;" and occasionally the father's voice joins in the strain. Public service is held at ten o'clock, in the outer room, where the missionary converses with the men who call upon him; there are perhaps thirty in attendance; after it is over, a number of women come into our room, and we read and talk, for an hour or two, of the things concerning their peace and happiness. They say, "We are beasts! *We were born too soon!* If we had come into the world later, we might have done as you do." This is the first missionary visit of one of their own sex.

Night again finds us glad to rest, and glad for the work that has made us weary! Mr. Leonard has succeeded in finding a piece of glass, in one of the shops, not much larger than the palm of his hand; but when it is inserted in one of these paper window-panes, the transformation in our room at day dawn is really wonderful. We catch a glimpse of the blue sky, we see the blessed sunshine, and are no more like caged birds, pining for freedom!

A SPECIMEN OF TURKISH POLYGAMY.

The father, mother, and two wives of one of the Turkish soldiers still in prison at Amasia, have come to entreat that he may be pardoned and released. "Thereby hangs a tale:"

One day, last summer, as several of our party were riding in the outskirts of Marsovan, and I was at a little distance from the others, a heavily armed cavass suddenly sprang from a side path, and seized my horse by the bridle; when I cried out, in Armenian, another one came up and seized the other side, looking sternly at me. The next moment, Mr. Dodd, hearing voices, but not understanding Armenian, looked around, and instantly rode towards them with his whip uplifted, whereupon they left my horse and seized his, one of them drawing his dagger; then they left him, and attacked Mr. Leonard, who had speedily come up in the rear. The three ladies of the party quickly sped away to a place of safety; help was summoned from town, and after a little skirmish, in which the drunken cavasses several times tried to discharge their pistols (which, fortunately, had become wet, by their tumbling into a stream of water), and missed fire. They were secured, sent to Amasia for trial,

and there imprisoned; where, by order of the authorities in Constantinople, they have remained till the present time.

It appears that the home of one of them is in this town. The special pleading of his parents and wives is truly Oriental. They humble themselves at the feet of the missionary in a way which is degrading and almost disgusting, repeatedly kissing the hem of his old study-gown, and they would even kiss his boots, if he would allow them to do so! One of the wives is young and rather pretty; she has two children; the other is much older, utterly devoid of beauty, and childless. I fancy that she is the drudge of the family. When Mr. Leonard makes out the paper they so much desire, their gratitude is unbounded, and they faithfully promise, for the offender, total abstinence from intoxicating drinks henceforth forever! The common Turk does not usually have more than one wife. A plurality of wives is a luxury in which only the wealthy can indulge, and the poor man must content himself with but one;—unless, indeed, he can manage to make them support him and his establishment—a thing not unknown in more civilized lands, where there is but one wife to bear the burden!

SOWING THE SEED.

During our stay we visit a number of houses, and everywhere there is abundant opportunity to sow the good seed. To the older women, who cling tenaciously to the meaningless rites and ceremonies of the Old Church, we present Christ as our Sacrifice, and ever-living High Priest. To the younger women, more especially, make known the tender, compassionate Burden-bearer, the sorrowing, sympathizing Savior. They gather around us in groups of eight or ten

at each place; and at one house when I commence reading, in Armenian, the story of Nicodemus, a young woman exclaims, "My man read that last evening! He reads every evening, before he goes to bed, in one of your Bibles!" This leads us to give her a tract on "Growth in Sin," and one entitled "Light of the Soul" to another woman, who says that her husband and two brothers are readers. We also give a number of tracts to boys who can read, and persuade the mothers to send their little daughters to school.

After some of these visits, we extend our walk beyond the town, and mark the traces of ancient history in broken columns, scattered stones, and ruined walls; presently we come to the bed of what was once a river of no mean size; and on our way back notice, here and there, slabs, covered with partly defaced Greek inscriptions, built into the wall of some miserable old dwelling.

Our compassion is excited for the aged mother of our host, who is stowed away in the stable by her daughter-in-law; she says, in extenuation, that really the place is much warmer; and, besides, the old woman curses and swears so fearfully and is so filthy, that she wants her out of the way for the sake of her children. I beg permission to go in and see the aged invalid; and finally, one of the boys is sent with me, bearing a torch. As we approach the dark corner, he calls out, "Granny, here's a lady come to see you!" But we hear no voice in reply; he calls again, louder than before, and still no sound; awe-struck, I whisper, "She is dead! she has died here in this dark hole, all alone!" when there is a slight stir, a wavering movement of the miserable heap, and the indistinct mumblings of imbecile old age come up to us in a far-away, sepulchral voice. I take the torch

from the boy's hand, and let the light fall upon the face. It is deadly white, the features sharp and pinched, and the eyes, unnaturally large, are glaring from their sunken sockets, like some starved wolf held at bay in its den. A sad, sad sight! It would not sound strangely if she should exclaim, as did a childless Armenian mother the other day—"*God has forgotten me!*" But, possibly, she is too far gone to feel. I touch the cold, shriveled hands and feet; send the lad for a fresh dish of hot ashes to place beside them, and with an unuttered prayer for help, make the almost hopeless attempt to awaken a spark of life in her shrouded soul, and lift the dimmed eyes heavenward. Thank God! there is a response, though very feeble, as the precious words of Christ are repeated close to her dulled ear. And I gather courage to point the dying woman to Him who was wounded for our transgressions; by whose death alone we receive the gift of eternal life. It is her eleventh hour, and the flickering flame seems ready to expire; but one look directed to the cross, *in faith*, will as surely bring salvation now, as when the dying thief hung by the crucified Redeemer! I cannot leave this sister-woman in her dismal dungeon without a prayer by her bedside; and when I rise from my knees, she mutters something which sounds like thanks. The boy says, "Granny is crying!"—as we leave the place, and it gives me an opportunity to beg him to be kind to her. When our fortnight is ended, and we are about to leave Vizier Kupri—with the humble hope that some souls have been led to see their need of Christ, and that others are "walking in the truth"—we make one more faithful appeal to our host and his wife in behalf of one whom every natural instinct should teach them to love and cherish; ending

our argument with the counsel to put themselves in her place, in anticipation of the time when, perhaps, their own children shall copy their example. They are pleasant, kind-looking people, and seem not to imagine that there is any cruelty in their conduct.

UPHEAVALS.

"For the divisions of Reuben there were great thoughts of heart: Why abodest thou among the sheep-folds to hear the bleatings of the flock?" sang Deborah, the "Mother in Israel," and the deliverer of her people. And to the Corinthians, Paul wrote, "It hath been declared unto me of you, my brethren, by them which are of the house of Chloe, that there are contentions among you." So now, this Protestant community, and infant church of Christ in Pontus, is passing through the *transition state*, incidental, if not inevitable, to every mission. A peculiar combination of circumstances has finally culminated in an outbreak, which will, we believe, prove a purifying process, and ensure a more permanent state of health and peace hereafter.

For some years before its present occupation, the Station had been left to itself, with only temporary supplies, and an occasional visit from a missionary. No faithful shepherd could be found to stay and watch over the flock, "rightly dividing the word of truth." Three years ago, the "candlestick" was almost "removed out of its place." The people had "heaped to themselves teachers; having *itching ears*;"—(well illustrated by their comments on a plain Gospel sermon from "What must I do to be saved?"—"We don't want such preaching; everybody knows *that!* Give us something that we don't understand! preach to us about the 'living

creatures and wheels' of Ezekial; the 'roll' that the prophet ate, and the visions that he saw:—Tell us about the 'candlesticks,' the 'seals,' and 'vials,' and 'plagues' of Revelation; and the 'woman, clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet, and the twelve stars on her head.' THAT'S THE KIND OF PREACHING THAT WE WANT!") And there were roots of bitterness left in the church; a "Diotrephes," a "Demas," and an "Alexander the coppersmith," ever ready to serve Mammon instead of Christ. On the arrival of the Missionary who settled among them, these men and others waited upon him to inquire what business he would recommend (or furnish) to them. His quiet, yet decisive refusal to "know anything among them save Jesus Christ and Him crucified," did not conciliate their favor: And his persistent and uncompromising adherence to the *principle* of aiming at self-support, in the salaries given to "helpers," only served to increase their discontent. It was nearly two years before he could secure a preacher in Armenian, and during that period, conducted all the services himself, in Turkish, which was not so well relished or understood by all the people.* The preacher who was finally obtained remained but a few months, being seized with the *medicine-mania*, a prevailing epidemic among many of the young men; flatter-

* This may seem strange to those who estimate the value and usefulness of a foreign missionary by the number of languages he has acquired. As a rule, however, the most faithful and successful laborers in WINNING SOULS, and TRAINING THEM FOR THE MASTER'S SERVICE, have but one missionary language:—unless called to purely literary work in the translation of the Word of God, etc., as for instance, Drs. Riggs and Schauffler of Constantinople, who are "BORN LINGUISTS," and speak and write with more or less ease, fifteen or eighteen languages. But this does not raise them a whit above their brethren

ing himself that when once a practicing physician, he could and would preach the Gospel to his people freely and without charge. When he left, a still younger man was sent from the Capital to be both preacher and teacher. He had many high notions, and little idea of self-denial, or obligation for his support and education, for the term of nine years. Claiming, in fact, that such a sacrifice of time, on his part, was an imperative reason for expecting much more from the missionaries. Indeed, "why should not he, who considered himself in every respect their equal (if not superior), live as comfortably as they?"

The renegade helper dismissed from Amasia had settled himself in the place, with malice prepense to work against the missionaries; and joined heart and hand in "sowing discord among the brethren." They devised various ways of stirring up and keeping alive the growing dissension. Looking over the list of contributions in the "Missionary Herald," they estimated the probable amount apportioned for their people, comparing it with the actual expenditure by the Missionary for Gospel-work, and the expense of his own maintenance; thus increasing their ground of complaint, as they supposed, very much after the manner of a Protestant washerwoman in Constantinople, who once said to some of

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who are equally devoted and zealous in other departments of the ONE GREAT WORK! The missionary whose main business it is to preach the Word,—"in season and out of season,"—may 'pick up" the colloquial of one or two commonly spoken tongues, sufficiently for all ordinary purposes; but no man whose heart burns with love and zeal for the Kingdom of Christ, can turn aside for the mere study of languages, the time and strength which should be given to the thousands around him who are perishing for the Bread of Life! A false estimate of his ability, and a *refined selfishness*, may lead a young missionary astray in this matter, to his own great loss, and that of the work.

my pupils, "Let us ship all these Missionaries to America, and use the money collected for us,—which they spend upon themselves,—in doing something for our people!" An experiment, by the way, which would undoubtedly result as it did in a place in another field, where the people were suffering from famine, and the Protestant pastor's appeal, published in Constantinople, produced an abundant response in money, clothing, etc., a part of which the "Committee of Brethren" *loaned* to the people, on certain conditions, they, meanwhile, speculating upon the principal (intending, eventually, to purchase land, and thus secure a permanent "poor fund,"), until they worked themselves into a great state of bewilderment and confusion of ideas, ending in a general break-up!

The grown-up son of the aforesaid woman so far profited by his mother's wise teachings, as to walk, one day, into the house of a Bible-agent (mistaking his bearings), and say,—after gazing at the surroundings awhile, "All this is *ours;* for it was bought with the money of the American Board!" This seems, as it is, very childish; and we have constantly to keep in mind that the mass of this people are but grown-up children. For centuries they have been ground down under the iron heel of the oppressor, and it is not strange if they often mistake LIBERTY for LICENSE, and assume as a *right* what was granted as a favor.* It is well for us, some-

* Alas for unsanctified human nature! One of my own pupils (who was also for a time an assistant teacher in the Training-School at Hasskeuy), writes to Markared, in a bitter and complaining spirit; she says: "We should have been taught the piano and French in the school!—It was our *right!*" She was a good scholar, but proud, ambitious, and worldly in her spirit and aims: a very different character

times, to look at things with their eyes. The influx of new missionaries for the two Training-Schools, before their work is quite ready for them, or they for it, and no tangible results can be seen, has doubtless had its effect upon some already discontented souls. After much search for a house of suitable size to accommodate the Girls' School, and a missionary family, an old Turkish konak was leased for a term of years. It is a wretched affair of a building, *we* think, with a great stable under the living-rooms, not more than two of which receive a ray of sunshine to dispel the musty smell and the sickening perfumes which come from below. But to the people, it looks very grand: "And here are so many more,"

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from the gentle Eva, who, on my return from America, had to be reproved once or twice, and said, with tearful eyes, and warm heart, "*The more you rebuke me, the better I love you!*"

When in England, seeking restoration to health, before venturing upon the excitement and nervous strain of life in the United States, I took lodgings for a few weeks in a pleasant village of Yorkshire: And while there heard much of the charities of Lady D——e, from the people who were her tenants. Lord D. was widely known as the "Christian Nobleman;" and after his death, Lady D. built the beautiful church which they had planned; and two hospitals, or "*Homes*," for aged and disabled men and women. She also caused all the *Inns* where liquor was sold to be closed; repaired and improved the cottages, adding bay-windows, and enlarging and beautifying the yards, enclosing them with rustic or iron palings (whichever the tenant preferred). A cow and a pig was given to every peasant who did not own one, and a row of stables were built for their accommodation. Besides all this, Lady D. went in person to visit the sick, and sent or carried port wine, or any delicacy they might need; and she once made the journey to London with a little blind boy, paying £100 for the removal of cataracts from his eyes, restoring the sight. Another lad, the son of a journeyman tanner, showing a taste for music, she placed him under the best masters in London, and afterward made him the organist in the village church. Many of the young girls were received into her own household and trained in domestic work. One of these girls, who was greatly be-

they think, "to be supported out of the money given by the American churches!"*

Finally, the ownership of the chapel, towards which the people originally contributed a tenth or twelfth, is made a pretext for open dissension. But the real point at issue is the control of the pulpit. At one of the many meetings called by the Protestants to settle this vexed question, the missionary who had, like Paul, "for the space of three years, ceased not to warn every one, day and night," spoke to the brethren of their ingratitude; when one of the "baser sort" sprang up and said, "You shouldn't complain: We treat you missionaries better than they are treated in some places!"

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loved by all, unfortunately fell into a trap-door in the cellar and was drowned, her body not being discovered for several days: This gave the family a great shock, and the entire household went into mourning for two weeks: (All this was done without any sounding of trumpets; and English friends in London listened with the deepest interest to my story of one who, like the Queen, was a "mother to her people.") But, are the people *grateful* for all this unwearied kindness and generosity?" I inquired,—my mind and heart full of the great problems of human nature in its various phases.

"No! *We have long since ceased to look for gratitude!*" was the chastened reply. How much more grateful would they have been (when the blessings of a true independence and self-help should have gathered around them) for the disinterested benevolence which, as parents for their short-sighted children, heeded not their crying and fretting, but put them upon their own feet, and taught them how to care for themselves, in view of coming manhood, and its responsibilities!

* "The old idea is not dead yet, that to be a missionary is to enter upon an ease-taking, money-making work. The highest salary that is paid any American Missionary is $1,500, without a house, paid by the Presbyterian Board in Western Asia. From $600 to $1,000, according to the relative expensiveness of living, is about the average for a married missionary. Unmarried missionaries receive from $300 to $600, and as to 'ease-taking,' just let any complainer try the work."—*Christian Weekly.*

"How is that?" he inquired. "Why, they KILL them!" said the man, very impressively. "Yes; and *eat* them too!" said the missionary, with a smile. This made the others ashamed, and they rebuked the forward brother, telling him to hold his peace hereafter.

It is a time of trial and rebuke; a time when the servants of Christ need the support and sympathy of Christians at home! But surely, the Master is with them, or they could not maintain that quiet dignity, that firm, yet gentle poise which will admit of no compromise for the sake of expediency. They will not plaster over the old sore, "healing slightly the hurt of the daughter of my people, saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace." It is a time for the exercise of faith and patience; unceasing prayer and watchfulness.

But, "we *know* that *all* things work together for good to them that love God;" and the end justifies our most ardent hopes and desires.

When the disaffected ones see that nothing can be gained, they give the signal, "To your tents, O Israel!" and the secession of a minority, headed by the ambitious preacher, is the temporary result. But his reign is soon over, and the stray sheep return to the fold, considerably humbled by their late experience, and much more teachable than before.

This "shady side of the picture," which we missionaries are accused of never showing to the world, has been looked upon by our good Kohar, and other true, loving souls, with silent amazement. It has not once shaken their faith in God, or in His servants, but it has taught them that if Satan, the great "Accuser of the brethren," cannot prevent the building of Christ's church, he will subtily seek to un-

dermine its walls, by working *within* it; for, as the Apostle Paul says, "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light: Therefore, it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness; whose end shall be according to their works."

It is the "mystery of iniquity," known, and deplored, in every church, and every land where the "wheat and the tares grow together until the harvest." To His faithful servants, the Master says, "Remember the word that I said unto you, the servant is not greater than his lord:—I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you:—For even hereunto were ye called!"

Henceforth, this church, more firmly grounded in the faith, pursues an onward and upward course, well meriting the encomium bestowed by one of the missionary fathers, who tarried by the way, after a survey of the land, some months ago, before the Station was reinforced, and pronounced it "the best trained church and congregation he had seen in all that region;" and the Sunday-School "a very Garden of the Lord!"

CHAPTER X.

HARPOOT.

IT was the first day of the New Year, when we at Marsovan received tidings of a breach made in the far-away camp upon the shores of the Euphrates, by the loss of the teacher in their Training-School for girls; and the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us!" rang in our ears. After much consultation among ourselves and with the senior missionaries at Constantinople, it was finally decided to defer the opening of the school here, for a season, that Miss Fritcher and I might go together, and "stand in the gap," till some one should be sent from America to fill the vacant place. But the winter was very severe. Some of our occasional rides for air and exercise were taken when the mercury was ten degrees below zero; and it happened, now and then, that a few of the poorer children belonging to our Infant Sunday-School would present themselves at the dining-room of the missionary house, where it was held, with their little bare feet bleeding, from contact with the ice, on their way thither; and our first work would be to bind up their wounds, and tie on some old shoes, to protect them in going home. Even when the spring opened, we were doubtful when it would be safe to commence the journey, owing to the unusual amount

of snow which had fallen during the winter, rendering the roads quite impassable in many places. While in this suspense, a messenger arrived from Sivas, bringing a telegram from the missionaries at Harpoot, directing us to start as soon as possible, for the school had opened, and the traveling in that region was good. This was Saturday, April 9th. On Monday, the footman "girded himself" for his journey, and returned to Sivas, with letters, and a telegram, to be sent to the friends, informing them of our decision. Tuesday was the day appointed for parents to pray for the conversion of their children. An interesting service was held in the chapel, and after it was over, the women remained for my farewell meeting. There were nearly seventy present, although a heavy rain had been falling all day.*

They gave marked attention to my parting words of counsel, and then came, one by one, to say, "Yertak parov,"—go with good,—and as each received a special word, suited to her case, her countenance betrayed the emotions of her

* It seemed appropriate on this final occasion, to present some thoughts concerning the Day of Judgment, from the words, "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad: Knowing therefore the TERROR of the Lord, we persuade men." After a few preliminary remarks, the following practical and faithful application was made:—My sisters, you and I will be there! Let us try to realize the scene: Suppose the Books opened—those wonderful ACCOUNT BOOKS—and your names called, one by one; when the Judge asks you to render an account of your stewardship,—Durohi, Takoohi, Mariam, what will you say? Will you begin to excuse yourselves? Can you say, "I did not know; I was ignorant, and 'no man cared for my soul!'"

What do you think HE will say? Listen! "I made you for my glory; I GAVE MY ONLY BEGOTTEN AND WELL-BELOVED SON TO DIE FOR YOU

heart. The aged mother was there, whom the brethren examined for admission to the church, last year, and found so ignorant of the doctrines, that they concluded not to receive her; when she went away, saying that she knew she was not worthy, but she "*did love Christ;*" and was afterwards accepted upon our testimony. The kind old body tottered up to me, with a fervent, "God bless you!" It was all she could say.

We lingered, reluctant to leave the place where we had so often gathered around the Mercy-Seat, feeling that we might never again meet in that sacred spot. At last, Kohar drew me aside, and wiping the tears from her face, earnestly inquired, "Who will teach the children of your little Sunday-School, when you are gone?" When I told her that Mrs. Leonard would take charge of the children,—though she feared that they would not understand Turkish as well as Armenian; but that Markared could not teach them because of her own "Mission Sunday-School," at the other end of the town—she very modestly offered to assist in it so long as her

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I sent teachers to instruct you in my Word. You thought that I did not notice your life (you who have professed better things, and lived according to the devices of your own hearts). But I saw all your ways; here they are, written down! I saw your heart; no true love to God was there; I heard you slander my servants, your best friends; I saw you go from house to house, speaking idle words; I saw you flatter people before their faces, and *afterward*, heard you say everything bad about them; I saw you in my House; you sat there as one of my people, but you only worshiped me with your lips,—even in my Holy House, you talked (or thought) of worldly things, and *slandered!* You served Satan. You are *his* child! Go, therefore, and dwell with *him!* And all the assembly of holy beings will say, 'Amen!' For Thou, Lord, art holy, and righteous, and just, and true!"

Then suppose He should call up one of these mothers:—Badaskhan or Teurfanda,—"What has become of those children that I gave you

(still persecuting) husband should be absent on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem. She then spoke of the day-school for girls, supported by friends in New York, and taught by one of my former pupils. "Will *that* now be given up? O, it must not be!" she continued, without waiting for a reply, "*We* must keep it going on; we sisters in the church must get up a Society to support that school for little girls, rather than have it given up!" As I looked at her face, all aglow with interest, and feeling, and remembered that she was childless, I felt that the dear disciple had been truly baptized into the spirit of Christ. Precious jewel! Would that there were more like her throughout this land!

THE DEPARTURE.

Saturday, the 16th of April, was the day appointed for our departure, that Sunday might be spent in Amasia, and, indeed, prove a day of rest, at the commencement of the long journey. Accordingly, our preparations were all completed the previous day, and in the evening, the little mis-

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to train for God and Heaven? How did you bring them up? Did you teach them to honor my Sabbath, and reverence my sanctuary? You are a member of my church; you talked piously, saying, 'Lord, Lord,' but your *life*, your *example*, your *heart* was all wrong! You knew your duty, but you did it not!" Do you say, "God is merciful; God is Love." Remember Lot's wife; remember Sodom and Gomorrah; remember Ananias and Sapphira! My dear sisters, we may never again meet on earth. I wish so to speak to you that the blood of souls will not be required of me at that Day. When the Judge says, "I sent you to Marsovan; what said you to those women? Where are the souls that I committed to your instruction?" I wish to feel that if you are lost, *I* am not to blame. A few last words of encouragement and counsel to those who were "walking in the truth," and the meeting, which had proved a very solemn one, closed with prayer. (Such teaching may seem harsh, but it was needed by some, and good for all.)

sionary circle of three families came together to celebrate the Lord's Supper. The service was conducted by the beloved brother who first brought me to that home, where such a rich experience had been mine. After a vivid portraiture of the farewell gathering of our blessed Lord with His disciples, he turned to the covenant which God had made with his people Israel: "Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared," repeated and intensified by Christ, in the words, "Lo, *I* am with you alway." It was a precious season; not only strengthening our hearts for the toilsome way before us, but also knitting more closely the bonds which united us to one another, as brothers and sisters of the household of faith, acknowledging but one Head, the Great Shepherd of the sheep.

Saturday morning came, clear and bright; the air pure and refreshing. At seven o'clock, we were mounted, ready to depart. A crowd of Protestant friends assembled in the great court-yard of the konak, to bid us "God-speed;" and among them was our dear Kohar, who again said, "How can I let you go? I have yet *so much to learn!*" Quite a company of these friends escorted us out of the city, and the two missionary brothers and Mrs. Leonard rode with us for an hour or two; then we parted; saw them turn their horses' heads in the opposite direction, and paused, till they should pass out of sight; caught the last glimpse of waving hats and handkerchiefs, on a distant knoll, and slowly turned to pursue our way, feeling much as if again leaving our kindred of the childhood home, to go forth among strangers in a strange land!

We form quite a respectable caravan. Mr. Dodd, our mis-

sionary escort, is mounted upon his own steed, with leather bags, shawl, and rubber cloak attached to his saddle. Miss Fritcher looks very gay upon her pony, with bright yellow trimmings to her saddle-bags fresh from the saddler's, suiting his taste far more than hers. And I follow, firmly seated upon a high, steady horse belonging to the muleteers, surrounded by numerous "traps" in the shape of cloaks, shawls, umbrella and parasol, a small satchel fastened to the horn of my saddle, containing sundry little comforts, besides the inevitable saddle-bags, bulging out on either side with plethoric significancy. We are dressed to suit the occasion, and the country, entirely ignoring the requirements of the world we have left so far behind. Our head-gear is certainly not of the latest Parisian style. My sun-bonnet is a nondescript invention for the journey,—an immense "calash," somewhat like those the grandmothers were wont to wear in olden times. It proves exceedingly convenient as a protection from the sun, and, when we meet a lordly Turk, I can withdraw my head into its deep recesses so far as to almost obviate the necessity of a veil. That of my companion is smaller, a rather dainty white one, since she is more recently arrived from the outer world, and not wholly disenthralled from its tyranny; but the sun looks upon her more frequently, and, in the end, my blue "*parachute*" bears off the palm! We amuse ourselves by imagining the sensation our present appearance, with our retinue, would create on Broadway, New York, or Washington street, Boston.

Haji Simeon,—a good, stalwart, Protestant brother, who knows the country through which our road lies, and is to be our man-of-all-work, secure places for lodging at night, and oversee the muleteers as far as Sivas,—comes next, sitting astride his bedding, etc., etc., piled upon a pack saddle.

Close behind is the *cook*, and the *kitchen*, both mounted upon one horse! Two boxes, containing the necessary articles of food, cooking utensils, and dishes, are strapped across the horse's back, swinging out on either side, and an earthen jug for water, and a tin cup or two dangle from the broad saddle on which Sarkis has placed his bedding and a great, shaggy sheepskin coat, himself mounted on the top of all. Three mules, carrying our trunks, camp-bedsteads, with the bedding in huge leathern sacks, two donkeys, and three muleteers, who take turns in riding, bring up the rear. In securing "animals" and making the bargain for this journey, the *men* were thrown in! They "*find themselves*."

THE JOURNEY.

And now we are fairly on our way, rapidly passing over the broad, grassy plain, where herds of cattle and flocks of sheep are quietly feeding, attended by their shepherds. We ride through a couple of Turkish "mud villages." Numbers of storks, held in reverence by the Moslems, are fearlessly stalking about on their long legs, or perched upon deserted chimneys, whence they look down with stately composure upon our party. Their return from Egypt is considered a sure sign of settled weather; and when the singular clapping is heard from the old tree overhanging the mosque, near the missionary home at Marsovan, where a famous stork has made its nest, its arrival is hailed with great demonstrations of joy.

At noon-tide we rest by a stream of water, beneath the shade of a grove of young willows, and partake of the excellent luncheon provided by the dear friends from whom we have parted.

As we approach the rocky ramparts of Amasia, beautiful

flowers, springing from their stern embrace in many a rugged cleft, greet us with a smiling welcome—the timid hare-bell trembling in the breeze, as it nods its drooping head to the passers-by. A little further on, and we come to a perfect wilderness of verdure. Banks of sweet, blue-eyed violets look modestly up from their lowly beds, with here and there "spring-beauties," delicate anemones, flowering shrubs, and graceful vines. On the other side of our pathway are numerous trees, the silver-leafed poplar, or the aspen, larch, beach, oak, sycamore, and olive, just robed in their new and delicate spring-dress, amid the deeper-hued hemlock, cedar, pine, and holly,—with the clematis and hawthorn interlaced, and the wild rose peeping out from the hedge-rows, preparing for a later display. Between the thick foliage of the drooping branches, we get occasional glimpses of the dazzling greensward beyond, and from the deepest thicket catch the faint, soft warblings of the nightingale as evening shades begin to fall. We receive a cordial welcome from our German friends, with whom we spend a pleasant Sabbath, while the men put up at a khan in the town.

Monday morning finds us again ready for our journey, much refreshed by the rest, and a feast of American letters, and notes from the missionary circles at Marsovan, Constantinople, and Harpoot. Miss F. received *twelve* from the United States, and was no more grateful than I for but *two*; reminding me of a story respecting one of the early missionaries to this country, who waited long after her arrival for a home-mail, and when, at last, it came, she was greatly disappointed, and actually shed a few tears, because there were "*only sixty*" letters for her! In process of time she rejoiced over even one.

It is nine o'clock before Haji makes his appearance with the horses. The clouds, which have hung darkly over us all the

morning, threatening another rain like that of yesterday, break away, and the sun again shows his face.

Herr Ströh accompanies us a little way. He is very polite and attentive,—notwithstanding our "outlandish rig," which he declared "very sensible" to the *fräulein*, in whose mirth over it we heartily joined;—pointing out numerous relics of ancient architecture in passing through the town; slabs covered with inscriptions, inserted in the walls, or forming the doorsteps of native dwellings; and particularly calling our attention to some old buildings on the outskirts, as specimens of the Moorish or Saracenic style. The gateways are exquisitely beautiful; the elaborately-carved stone resembling the finest embroidery or lacework. We ride for some distance over an old aqueduct, a rocky wall looming up on either side. Here our German friend courteously wishes us a good journey, and returns to the silk works, which he superintends, and we go on our way rejoicing in the beauty so lavishly showered on every side. The glorious sunshine, the glad music of birds and rushing streams, with now and then a sparkling, foaming cascade, dashing headlong among the bleached rocks; flowers are blooming everywhere; wild goats clamber up the mountain sides, and flocks of sheep are scattered over the verdant plains, with here and there a shepherd dotting the peaceful picture. By-and-by we meet a few villagers, and from the bag which one of them carries over his shoulder issues certain sounds suggestive to our "man Friday" of savory edibles for supper: Whereupon he stops to bargain with the owner thereof. Looking back a few minutes later, we see feathers flying in the air, and ere long Sarkis joins the company with his prize—all plucked and ready for a stew—fastened to one of his boxes, where it swings, "a specimen of suspended animation."

LODGINGS AT THE FIRST HOTEL.

At four o'clock we reached our "hotel," at Yeni-Bazaar. This mud khan stands alone in the open country; a long, low building, comprising a range of small rooms around a larger one in the centre, appropriated to the horses and other beasts of burden. Each room is capped by a rude chimney. Our caravan fills up the vacant places in the "inn," which is, undoubtedly, very like the one in Bethlehem, where Joseph and Mary sought shelter, betaking themselves, for want of room, to the part assigned to the animals. We were fortunate in securing an *end* room, with a separate outer door, secluding us from the other travelers. We bend low to enter our new quarters; the place is about twelve by fourteen feet in size: four bare mud walls; the floor and fire-place at one end being all of the same material and dingy color; two or three chinks near the roof, admit the light and air, and with the chimney, furnish sufficient ventilation; and we are thankful to escape from the cold, piercing wind of the last hour or two; grateful to be by ourselves, instead of camping down in the stable by the side of our horses and mules, and, mayhap, a lower order of creation! While we are waiting for our luggage to be brought in that we may find a seat, the low door-way is crowded with curious gazers of all sorts and conditions. A mat and piece of sackcloth are spread upon the floor, and here we take our position, while the horses are being unloaded. The luggage is stowed away for safety, as compactly as possible, at one end of the apartment; that is our "store-room;" the little bedsteads are put up, with a curtain hung before them, that we may rest; and this

corner is both "dressing-room" and "bed-chamber." Sarkis makes a fire, and prepares a refreshing cup of tea, at the end which we denominate "kitchen and dining-room;" after which, we get out our "note-books" to "write up,"—in the central "parlor and library," seated upon camp-stool or saddle, as the case may be, in place of easy-chair, or sofa!—And we are very merry over the contrivances to make the most of our limitations.

At this moment, Haji puts his head in at the door, and says that there is an opportunity to send letters to Marsovan; and while our pens are busily employed in writing to the friends who are following us with their prayers, the "chicken stew" is simmering over the fire, and Sarkis bobs in and out, in the discharge of his culinary duties. Dinner is announced at eight o'clock, in our aristocratic hotel; the hours are kept according to the most approved style, though the table arrangements are certainly very unique! A couple of boards are placed upon a box, over which napkins are spread, and tin plates ranged, very near the edge, to leave space for the indispensable dishes in the centre. Things are considerably crowded, and jostle their neighbors without much ceremony; but there is one comfort: everything is close at hand, and needed condiments and comestibles can be reached from bags and boxes almost without rising! The fowl proves to be a tough subject; we suspect its ancient origin, and eschew it, after many vain endeavors to extract a supply of nourishment; turning for consolation to the toast and rice, which are saturated with the broth. When the meal is ended, we finish and send off our letters, spend a half-hour in singing new Sunday-School tunes in the "Golden Censer," and after "family worship,"

betake us to rest for the night. Mr. Dodd spreads his couch on the other side of the room, and Sarkis lodges with Haji and the muleteers. We sleep well, and rise early; the beds are taken down and packed, while our simple breakfast is prepared and eaten; and when we are having prayers within the dismantled room, Sarkis is washing dishes, and packing up his "kitchen," outside.

THE FOURTH DAY.

All things being ready, we start soon after seven o'clock. Our route is again south-eastward; a cold wind from the north-east is uncomfortably chilling for the first two hours, and the roads are muddy from recent rains. But as we proceed, our eyes are again cheered by sweet spring flowers, and the songs of birds, the clear note of the cuckoo rising in the intervals. A range of noble mountains surrounds the pleasant plain, which, like the country selected by Lot, seems well watered and fruitful. We see Turkhal, and its ancient castle, not far away. The scenery around the town is said to be exceedingly wild. Hamilton, in his work on Asia Minor, says of this place: "The most remarkable feature is the castle-hill, which is completely insulated, and rises to the height of six or seven hundred feet, the castle being situated on the very summit. The rock is a semi-crystaline limestone." The ancient name, given by Strabo, is Gazionra; described as a royal residence, and one of the strongholds of Mithradates, in Pontus.

As the hours move on into the afternoon, I become very weary, and even a moment of rest upon the bosom of mother-earth is a luxury; but "the loads" go on, and we must keep together. The last two hours drag their

slow length along interminably; and the rain falls fast as we approach the Koordish or Circassian village, where we are to spend the night. The men look very picturesque in their high, shaggy, black hats, and long blue coats, the belt bristling with weapons, and a cartouch on each side of the breast. These Circassians are very straight and spare in figure, a little above the medium height; they are generally known as a lawless class, and eye us sharply as we draw up in the dirty court of the khan, where women and children join the crowd called forth by the arrival of the "Franks." We dismount and enter the great room in the centre of the building; it has quite an imposing dome, but a glance at the dirty earth floor, and the narrow platform extending around the sides, where a number of travelers are passing through the various stages of rest or refreshment, quickly dispels the illusion of grandeur.

We can take our choice, mingling with the common herd in this "outer court," or securing a little sanctum, in a small, dark, inner room. We prefer the latter, and a man is forthwith ordered to prepare it for our reception. The clouds of dust which speedily issue from the door give unmistakable evidence of its condition; a dirty mat, and one or two pieces of carpet are spread for us, and we take possession of our cheerless quarters. Sarkis has gathered a few bits of wood, which he is chipping off for kindlings to make a fire in the miserable hole of a chimney; I ask him the name of the "inn," and he simply indicates it by drawing his knife significantly across his throat: "CUT-THROAT khan!" I exclaim, in horror, to my companion, who is no less startled than myself at the intimation. We survey our little room with keen scrutiny; there are no outer doors or windows, nor even a

chink in the wall for egress; it would be impossible to escape through the narrow chimney, and we are completely shut in, at the mercy of those fierce, armed men,—if they should choose to attack us in the night! But our thoughts at once turn to Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps, and we dismiss our fears. My narrow bed is soon prepared, and yielding to overpowering fatigue, I fall into a sound sleep, from which I am awakened to partake of supper; but feeling more the need of rest than of food, after a little refreshment I again seek my couch, where my senses are quickly locked in slumber, till the two wide-awake ones call me to come and *sing*. Stupefied, and but half-conscious, I am like one in a dream:—It seems a little like Paul and Silas singing in prison! but they are really in earnest, and I must rouse myself and tune my voice to sing "praises unto God." The door-way is filled with listeners, to whom we *sing the Gospel of Love*:—"Peace on earth, and good-will to men." When we kneel in prayer, they are silent, and respect our worship; and we say, with the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." Our quarters are even more cramped than last night; and when the beds are all spread, one has to wait for the other, there is so little space to stand!

When at last all is still within, the rain pattering upon the roof makes soft and soothing music, and we sleep till the first call to arise, at half-past two o'clock in the morning! This Mr. Dodd decidedly declines doing, and the muleteers leave us alone till a little after four. The breakfast, of boiled eggs, and coffee, is dispatched, and we read the ninety-first Psalm, with a deeper appreciation of its meaning than ever before; offering grateful thanks for the peace and protection of the

night. The real name of the place is "Executioner's Khan," so called because that office was held by the man who built it, and its vicinity to the spot where the execution of several noted robbers took place.

FIFTH DAY—TOCAT.

The rain is over, and the morning proves bright and pleasant, though the roads are very muddy, and there will be no walking to-day. Our route lies through an extensive, treeless plain; the summits of the mountains are enveloped in fleecy clouds, and as the sun rises in his strength, they slowly roll away, and disappear, till all those rocky heights are bathed in the warm glow of living light. It is a grand sight, and inspires faith in the final triumph of truth over every barrier raised by the god of this world!

A traveler joins our party; a fine-looking Jew, returning to Tocat. He converses in Hebrew-Spanish with Mr. Dodd, who, with Mr. and Mrs. Parsons of Nicomedia, labored for several years among the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." "I am hurrying home," the stranger says, "for to-morrow is Passover."—And after a moment's conversation, he adds, somewhat plaintively, "We have no *sacrifice* now; neither at Jerusalem." Mr. Dodd is speaking of the One Great Sacrifice for sin,—the Savior of the world, when a number of peasants, miserable specimens of humanity, pass by, and the Jew, pointing to them, derisively inquires, "*Can these poor sticks be saved?*" He listens with constrained politeness for a few moments, while the great plan of redemption for the entire race of man is spread before him; then says, with a shrug, "I am an ignorant man; I leave these things to the Rabbis;" and quickening his

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horse's pace, the misguided son of Abraham, from whose heart the veil is not yet removed, presses on his homeward way. We take our luncheon, and gather flowers on the banks of the rapidly flowing "Iris,"—tiny white and azure-eyed blossoms, which tell us, "*God is here also!*" "Stars of Bethlehem" look up from the road-side, and link themselves with compassionate thoughts of those who still reject Him who was "made like unto His brethren," that He might make *them* "SONS OF GOD!"

The approach to Tocat is very fine; we pass over a good carriage road, with pleasant gardens and vineyards on either side; great rocks and mountains tower heavenward, their sides richly tinted with many hues, like vast specimens of mosaic; red earth is very prominent in the soil. The ruins of an old castle rise conspicuously, overhanging the city; we cross an old Roman bridge, with five massive arches, and watch the men and boys who are fishing on the banks of the river. The number of good buildings is surprising, though here, as in all Eastern cities, the old and the new are strangely intermingled. From many of the walls, and more modern structures, large tablets, of Moorish, or Greek origin, bearing inscriptions, peer out upon us like ghosts of the past.

This is the city where the blessed missionary, Henry Martyn, laid down his life. We stop at a khan close by the towering rock which bears the castle on its apex, in the very heart of the city; and crowding through the place where the animals are fastened, pass up a flight of stairs, which lead to a large, comfortable room, with the luxury of a board floor. There are yet two or three hours before sunset, and after a brief rest, we sally forth, under the escort of the

Protestant helper, who has called to welcome us; bending our steps to the Mission premises not far distant, a quiet, secluded quarter, within the town. Here Dr. and Mrs. Van Lennep were stationed for a few years, in connection with the Theological Seminary for the Interior; but when the buildings were destroyed by fire, the place was abandoned. The grounds are beautiful; nowhere in this country have we seen so charming a place occupied by the missionaries of the American Board. Five or six terraces are covered with a variety of trees and shrubs, amid whose leafy bowers the clear, sparkling water gushes from a great marble basin; the air is fragrant with the perfume of roses, and vocal with the melody of the feathered songsters who make their home in this deserted paradise. But the sweetest, the most fragrant, and most sacred spot within this enclosure is the grave of Henry Martyn. We pause in silence beneath the Weeping Willow, whose drooping branches caressingly touch the tomb, as they gently sway back and forth, and our thoughts are busy: How little did I ever dream that *my* feet would one day stand by the grave of the Missionary whose name, from earliest childhood, had been a household word; and whose touching memoir was perhaps the first secret inspiration that finally led to a similar service! My little "Daily Food" is in my pocket, and it seems a singular coincidence that the verse for the day should be, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord:" the remainder of the passage comes home to my heart with new force and depth of meaning: "Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors: and THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM." Near the new and handsome monument lately erected by the East India Company—through the persistent efforts of Dr. Van Lennep—stands the

old tombstone which he, with his students, rescued from oblivion, digging it from the earth, where it had long lain unheeded till it was shrouded from sight. It is a simple, time-stained tablet, with a rudely-cut inscription in Latin. Close by that honored grave, sleeps his own first-born, "Henrico," a lovely boy of five or six years, who was a young preacher of righteousness to the Armenians during the last year or two of his brief life. We gather a few leaves and rose-buds, as a memento of the hallowed spot, and, as we turn away, softly sing:

> "Asleep in Jesus; far from thee
> Thy kindred and their graves may be;
> But it is still that blessed sleep
> From which none ever wake to weep."

Tocat is the chief commercial centre of this region. Its situation is very picturesque, and many of the dwellings are embosomed in gardens; but though in the very midst of mountains of the finest marble, it is almost entirely built of wood and sun-dried bricks. There are fifteen mosques in the city, one of which, in the Saracenic style, is very old. It is circular, with two wings, and a large portico built of the most beautiful marble in a variety of colors.

SIXTH DAY—AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

We make an early start in the morning for a long day's ride among the Chamlu Bel, or Pine Ridge Mountains. How grand they are! What thoughts they inspire of Him who piled them up so lavishly—our Rock and Refuge from the storms of earth! The distant peaks, lifting their snowy heads against the clear blue sky, look pure and solemn, as if

holding communion with their Maker. Nestling close by banks of snow—some of which are ten feet deep in the shaded nooks of these upper regions—we meet again our sweet spring friends—"God's smiles"—in blooming flowers; and on every side, rushing streams are hastening to rejoice the world below. As we descend from some mountain height, sunny slopes decked with the yellow primrose greet our steps; "star-flowers" lift their pure eyes, and little strangers, clad in pale blue, nod a welcome.

Evening advances; the shadows deepen among the mountains, and they are wonderfully beautiful and impressive. Our accommodations at "Kharghun" are somewhat different from any we have yet found. Sarkis and Haji lodge in a corner of our one inner room, and just outside are eight horses, two donkeys, and three Turks! We are very weary after being in the saddle for twelve hours, and greatly annoyed by men and women, who come "for to see the *hanums*." They walk in without ceremony, examine and pronounce upon our looks and clothing, as coolly as if we were put up for sale in a slave-market! It is impossible to secure any rest, and we are constantly obliged to watch, lest they steal some of our effects. Mr. Dodd takes pity upon us, and mildly remonstrates, telling the intruders that we are weary, and wish to be alone. But his words produce little effect, till Haji, who has had more experience with this type of humanity, comes to the rescue, and issues a stern command, which speedily disperses the curious crowd. It is perhaps according to the "law of compensation," that "tired nature's sweet restorer," which so often refused to come at our call, when surrounded by all the comforts of a Christian home, should now overpower us as soon as our heads touch the pillow!

SEVENTH DAY—SIVAS.

Our next station is Sivas. One more day's journey, due south, and we shall rest in the homes of missionary friends! We are in our saddles at six o'clock in the morning, glad to take full draughts of the pure air of heaven, the wine of life, so fresh, so free, and yet so little prized! The way is not very pleasant: a shower, of two hours' duration, comes on, and we jog along, single file, looking like a disconsolate company of monks, in our rubber cloaks, with the hoods drawn over our heads. The clouds empty their watery contents upon us four times during the day. We have just alighted, to walk down a steep hill into the plain which stretches invitingly below, when suddenly, claps of thunder reverberate among the mountains; vivid flashes of lightning play about our defenceless heads, and before we can succeed in remounting our horses, a perfect deluge is let loose upon us! Oh, how the last two hours stretch their weary length! At every turn in the road, we longingly look for our haven of rest; but, like an *ignis-fatuus*, it constantly recedes. At last, however, to our great delight, it comes in view; and after many turnings and windings, we find ourselves pacing its muddy streets, and are soon welcomed, and at rest, with one of the three families who are stationed in this city. This is the evening of Friday, and we remain for a few days, to rest and make the necessary preparations for the yet longer journey which lies beyond.

It is not a time to see much of the missionary work at this Station, for the weather is very inclement; but we enjoy the society of Mr. and Mrs. Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. Winchester and their little ones; and among the Protestant

friends who call to see us, are two of my former pupils from Constantinople, one of whom is married to a promising pupil of Dr. West, who, with his family, is now absent at Cesarea.

TWELFTH DAY.

We leave Sivas on Wednesday morning, the 27th of April, taking the "post route" south-east, on the line of the telegraph to India; and, when we are really on our way, a signal flashes along the wires to Harpoot. From the high ground beyond the city we obtain a fine view of it, with the ancient "Halys" rushing past.

The rains are over, and the air is pure and exhilarating. We are refreshed by our prolonged season of rest, and the wild rocks which are piled around our pathway echo to the songs of our pilgrimage. Madame Guyon's delightful hymn—"O, Lord, how full of sweet content"—is often on our lips. But more frequently than any other do we sing, "In Heavenly love abiding," Anna Waring's sweet pilgrim-song:

"Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him."

After a ride of six hours we descend to more uniform and monotonous scenery. Not a tree can be seen; not even a shrub to which we may tie our horses while we rest and partake of refreshment. Our muleteers are in advance, and the Turkish guard, who was secured at Sivas, is with us, our good Haji having departed on his own business. A few boulders at a

turn of the road present our best halting-place. One of the horses is fastened to a projecting stone, another is held by the cavass, and Mr. Dodd secures his own by fastening the bridle to his leg; proceeding to open the saddle-bags containing our luncheon. At this stage of affairs a large drove of horses, mules, and donkeys appears in the road. They are upon us before we are aware, and in a moment our horses become wild and unmanageable; one of them breaks loose and rushes among the confused and tumultuous crowd; Mr. Dodd is dragged some distance into the midst of the caravan, and the cavass has his hands full with the two wild, plunging horses he is trying to hold. It is a moment of terror. Miss Fritcher and I clamber high among the stones to a place of safety, our hearts full of unspoken fears for our brother's life. Certain possibilities flash through our minds:—"If our protector is taken from us in this wilderness, what will be our fate?" But "the Angel of His presence" saves us: Greatly to our joy, Mr. Dodd is enabled to disentangle himself and obtain the mastery over his steed; and, after a little, the other horse is secured.

Still trembling from the fright, but with hearts full of gratitude for our preservation, we hasten to resume our march, taking from the open bag sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger should our lost appetites return. This little episode has fatigued us more than many a day's journey.

We reach the small Koordish village of Oulash, in good season. Here again the people persistently crowd around, feeling of our garments, and talking all manner of gibberish, while we inhale the disagreeable odor of their persons and breath. I tell them that we wish to be alone awhile, when one of the women exclaims, "She speaks Armenian!" and immediately sends word to her son, a "reader in the church," who soon

makes his appearance, and enters into conversation. He says, in answer to my question, "We have no Bible in the house, but there is one in the church." After hearing several hymns read and explained, they reluctantly retire, and we are left to make our preparations for the night in the one room which serves for all the company. However, the great chimney furnishes sufficient ventilation, and we sleep soundly till day dawns.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

We travel but four hours to-day, that we may make our stopping-place for Sunday at a convenient and comfortable khan. The road becomes more and more wild and desolate as we proceed on our journey. There is not a tree to be seen in any direction, and very few flowers. A couplet of an old hymn frequently comes to mind :

> "Lord, what a desert land is this,
> That yields us no supply."

It is mid-day when we reach "Deliklitash;" there is no khan in the village, and Mr. Dodd tries in vain to obtain a room. We seat ourselves among the stones of the burial-place at the edge of the village, and are quickly surrounded by a company of women and children, many of whom are but half clothed, and so diseased and filthy that the sight is sickening. We are forced to turn our eyes away from misery which we cannot relieve.

Meanwhile the cavass is canvassing the place, and, greatly to our relief, after an hour of weary waiting, he makes his appearance, bringing word from the Mudir that we may occupy his house. We find a large upper room, carpeted, and with a few cushions ranged around the wall. A crowd of officious

hangers-on,—"office-seekers" if not holders, surround us. The great man comes to pay his respects. Coffee is made by his "cup-bearer," who asks us for sugar to "sweeten them all round." After a prolonged sitting, his Turkship withdraws, and we are left to enjoy a little quiet and freedom by ourselves.

This is the region of flat roofs: We saw at Sivas, for the first time, a few specimens of "the grass upon the housetops, which withereth afore it groweth up."

Hearing the usual cry of the muezzin, at sunset, and not having noticed a mosque in the little rude village, we look out, and see him standing on a roof near by, where the people are collecting for worship. They come from adjoining roofs by means of an inclined plane, or from below, by climbing a rough ladder. When the "Imaum," or priest, arrives, the evening service begins, and all unite in the act of devotion. It is a novel sight. We watch with interest the simultaneous bowings, kneelings, and final prostrations of the body toward Mecca; and afterward listen to the explosive responses, the deep "AMIN!" which every now and then bursts from the motley congregation of men and boys as the priest rapidly proceeds with his discourse. As soon as the service is ended, they scamper off like so many school-boys let loose; and we laugh to see them going their several ways, clambering up and crowding down in various attitudes.

FOURTEENTH DAY.

Our next station, "Alijikhan," is said to be nine hours distant. The road lies over rocks and mountains, and a cold, piercing wind prevails during the day, which makes riding very hard. After a few hours a heavy rain adds to our discomfort, and the wind increases till it is like a terrific gale at sea. We

bend our heads to many a furious blast, which howls in our "rigging" of rubber cloaks, and almost takes away our breath. My gentle "Gray," a pony purchased at Sivas for the journey, cannot endure this constant battling with the storm, and, when it reaches its height, at the summit of a mountain, he resolutely turns about and refuses to face such music! In vain I urge him on; he is impervious to any appeal of the whip or other forceful argument, and stands "stock-still," while the rest of the party, unconscious of the dilemma, are fast vanishing from sight. The situation is really becoming dangerous, for the way may be lost; and, as a last resort, I try "moral suasion," putting my head down by pony's ears, and stating the case, with many kind pattings and soothing words. This works like a charm! he immediately turns and commences the steep descent, and ere long, the other horses are seen in the distance.

The rain pours faster and faster, and, towards evening, wet, cold, hungry, and nervously exhausted, we stop at a wretched village. We are shown a room from which the family have just been ousted by their "lord and master" for the sake of a few piastres. The entrance is so dark that we can see nothing, and, after groping about a little, stand still, and call for a guide and a light. It is a narrow, filthy place, and the air is thick with impurity from the stable, into which the door opens. But we are very thankful for even this shelter from the storm. Our damp outer garments are strung around the room, and we hover over the smoky fire, sipping our tea and trying to look cheerful.

It is a night of troubled tossings. In the darkness, certain *soft, crawling creatures* are dashed against the wall with a feeling of desperation! What they are we know not, nor care to know.

It is a good place to *go from;* and, oh, how we revel in the pure mountain breezes when once more on our way!

FIFTEENTH DAY.

"To Hassan-Chilibe—six hours;" says the genial muleteer exchanged for the Turkish guard at Deliklitash. When we approach the place he rides on in advance and secures a good, almost new room for us in a private house, where we spend a Sabbath of rest. Sarkis buys a tender lamb of a villager, and has ample time to prepare food sufficient for several days. We are all so thoroughly exhausted by the continued strain of the last few days, that we conclude to stay in our clean, airy quarters over Monday. It is sweet to think and speak of the "Lord of the way," who has provided such entertainment and rest for His weary pilgrims. We read, and sing, and worship in this secluded corner of the earth, far away from any temple dedicated to our God; but His presence fills our souls with unspeakable peace.

"To us remains nor place nor time,
Our country is in every clime;
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there."

Finding that our Koordish host can read, Mr. Dodd presents him with a copy of the Gospels and Acts, in Arabo-Turkish, and he at once seats himself in the doorway and reads aloud for a long time, Sarkis explaining in a very simple manner. The family are very quiet and do not intrude, but welcome us when we ask permission to come in and see them at their work in the large, low, rough-looking room at one end of the house.

There is an opening in the centre of the roof to let in the light and let out the smoke which has so darkened the great rafters. Under this aperture sits the "house-mother" baking bread. Near her is a vessel of coals covered by a flat sheet of

iron. She rolls out the dough in thin cakes about the size of a common breakfast-plate, and with a quick motion deposits it upon the heated iron. It is soon browned, and, with a wooden spade, she slaps it upon the huge pile beside her on the bare earth floor. This bread is unleavened, coarse, dark, and gritty. We are very politely presented with several cakes and urged to eat; and, really, it is quite sweet and not at all unpalatable. These people are more cleanly than any villagers we have yet seen. A married daughter is busily employed at a large carpet-loom, and we watch the slow and simple process of forming the singular figures of the thick Koordish rugs and carpets. Close by sits the aged grandmother, with distaff and spindle, and one of the older children is winding yarn upon a clumsy reel. We cannot converse with these women with any freedom, for their stock of Armenian words is very limited; but they seem much pleased with our call, and are wonderfully delighted with the picture in a book which we are reading,—the memoir of "Susan Underwood," by Mrs. Dr. Anderson. While their heads are bent over the book which is to them such a curiosity, we notice the singular workmanship of their ornaments,—necklaces, beads, and heavy bracelets of gold and silver—and long to tell them of treasures to be laid up in Heaven, and ornaments of priceless worth.

Hearing a peculiar sound as we pass out of the door, we look up, and see upon a neighboring "housetop" "two women grinding at the mill."

EIGHTEENTH DAY.

It is the 3d of May. We again set forth upon our winding way; the morning is pleasant, though somewhat cloudy, and the road very uneven; now we are climbing rocks, and

now descending through narrow mountain passes, frequently meeting trains of camels, mules, and donkeys.

The mountain scenery of this region is truly magnificent. There are grand gorges and chasms, vast rents in these adamantine walls, as if some mighty hand had torn them apart, and made a path-way for the roaring cataracts and foaming torrents which pour through them; reminding one of the sublime words of Habakuk, "He stood, and measured the earth: he beheld, and drove asunder the nations: and the everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow: The mountains saw Thee, and they trembled: the overflowing of the water passed by: the deep uttered His voice, and lifted up His hands on high." We have with us a foot-soldier as "guide and guard," while passing through this desolate district, where bands of robbers sometimes pounce upon unwary travelers.

After emerging from these wild passes, it is delightful to come again upon the telegraph wires; they link us to the great, beating heart of the world which we seem to have left so far behind; and a sort of companionship is established between us!

The night is spent at a forsaken "Café" in "Hakim-Khan," which we reach at an early hour. The old town seems more respectable than any that we have seen since leaving Sivas. Our wonder is often excited in traveling through this desolate and unproductive region, with Harpoot in view, that there should be any possible inducement here for men to build a city. Yet that immense old Khan, near by, upon whose roof a donkey is leisurely grazing, tells a story of by-gone days, when, perhaps, its massive walls and lofty arches echoed to the tread of stately kings, with their

retinues, or the commanders of armies who have feasted upon their spoils, leaving a desolate country in their track. Over the great door-way is an inscription in Roman and Arabic characters. We enter the vast hall, and wander among suites of desolate rooms with their broken fountains, while fancy pictures the stern knights of olden time, in their helmets and coats of mail; or gay cavaliers, who may here have laid aside their armor and given themselves to convivial pleasures for a season.

We saunter to an open space on the outskirts of the town, and are scarcely seated beneath the trees, when a number of Rebekahs and Rachels, who are going to, or coming from the public well, with their pitchers on their heads or shoulders, pause on their way, and soon draw near to see the strangers. One of these bronzed maidens has a large ring in her nose; it is the first nose jewel that we have seen in Turkey. They are particularly interested in comparing the whiteness of our hands with their own, and their simplicity is very child-like: *Gloves* are entirely new to them, and cause many exclamations of surprise as they curiously gaze and chatter.

We find that the "old inhabitants of the land" have undisputed possession of the two narrow shelves, or platforms, where we bestow ourselves for the night, and "flea-powder" is brought into abundant requisition; a modern invention which they despise, and too often disregard! But again we sing: "Our bondage here will end, by-and-by, by-and-by!"

Mountains, mountains everywhere! If we did not know the part that they have to perform in equalizing the temperature of the earth's surface, etc., etc., we should be tempted to say, "What a waste!" Descending one of

these lofty heights, we see a train of camels slowly passing around the summit of another which lies in our route. The rocky path seems but a narrow line, and those who are at the highest point, appear to be treading in the air. We wait for the caravan, rejoicing that we are not fated to meet where neither train could find sufficient footing to allow the other to pass, or even to turn and retrace their steps! The very thought of such a collision shakes our nerves.

Reaching "Argawan" at dusk, we find a good place, a comfortable room, and are chatting over our tea about the probable perplexity of the friends at Harpoot respecting our movements, when Mr. H. N. Barnum walks in, giving us a delightful surprise! He has brought pleasant notes from the missionary sisters, and fresh supplies for our empty larder; and his advent makes us feel that our long and wearisome journey is indeed drawing to a close.

TWENTIETH DAY—THE EUPHRATES.

In leaving Argawan, we for the first time see women churning butter in a goat-skin, with the hairy side turned in. It is suspended between two poles, and is pushed back and forth by each woman in turn, very much like a child in a swing.

We are but well on our way, when a new experience befalls us; Mr. Dodd yields to the kind persuasion of the brother who has joined us, to try a new horse,—which resents the exchange, and throws him and his saddle-bags high in the air, and dashing furiously into a pond near by, speeds away like the wind, through the fields beyond! When he is finally caught, there is a general state of insubordination among the other horses; and mine deliberately

lies down and rolls over, pinning me, for a moment, to the ground, in dangerous proximity to the prancing steeds. Truly, "a horse is a vain thing for safety." All are again mounted, after this little episode, when a storm of hail beats about our heads, followed by rain. It is hard riding over some of the rough places where we cannot walk. During our luncheon, in a wild, romantic spot, the gentlemen are obliged to hold their horses, lest another outbreak should occur.

We are passing over a high bluff at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, when lo! at our feet, a swift-rolling, turbid, yellow stream, with steep banks rising on the opposite shore! It is the Euphrates—"that Great River"—along whose flowery path our first parents strayed in the happy days of primeval innocence. How changed the face of nature since that blissful time! It oppresses one with a feeling of sadness akin to that of the captives who hung their harps upon the willows which shaded its banks in far-away Babylon, and sat down to weep, saying, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" The river has evidently receded from its bed; it is not more than a quarter of a mile wide at this point, and the shore is so devoid of vegetation, that one can scarcely find a leaf or flower worthy of preservation as a memento.

The rude ferry-boat now touches the land, and we scramble in; the higher order of creation taking possession of a narrow elevation at the upper end, while the lower order, in the shape of horses, mules, donkeys, etc., fill the larger space within the clumsy old "scow." The men push off with their long poles, and it is slowly worked across the rushing, muddy current.

We are all safely landed, scale the steep ascent, and pass

through a quaint, yet pleasant place called "Gaban Maden," where vegetation is rank, and trees are very abundant. A helper is stationed here, at whose house we spend the night. While we are resting, Mr. Richardson, of Arabkir, makes his appearance, giving us another pleasant surprise. Maden is one of his out-stations, and he has come to meet us, and look after it. Mr. Barnum is now holding an evening service in the humble chapel. We find that the helper's wife, who was for eight months in the school at Harpoot, has twenty pupils, whom she teaches three days each week. After some conversation with her and a few Protestant women who have called to see us, we partake of a simple supper, followed by evening worship, when we join in singing, "Thus far the Lord hath led me on," and raise another "Ebenezer" to His praise. Our good host and hostess are very kind, but evidently somewhat puzzled to provide lodgings for so many guests; and they have sent out to borrow some beds of their neighbors! We seem to have come into another climate; it is so warm that most of our party prefer sleeping in the open air, where, however, they fall an easy prey to the gnats and sand-flies, who have already commenced their Summer carnival.

THE TWENTY-FIRST, AND LAST DAY.

It is now Friday, the 6th of May, and the last day of our journey! We start at an early hour in the morning, and passing out of the town, are soon clattering over the atrocious "Turkish pavement," on a side-hill, above the rapid stream at our right. Here we meet "Asiz Pasha," with his harem and train of attendants. There are three "moffahs," (covered boxes, with seats, swung over a horse's back,) for the favored beau-

ties, and the rest are carefully veiled, and mounted on horses or mules. The stones of the pavement are broad, and worn so smooth, that our horses are constantly slipping, and one of them falls; it is hardly safe to ride, and yet we can scarcely maintain our own footing, and might easily be precipitated into the roaring current below! My horse has lost one of his shoes, and the other makes a painful clattering, soon following its companion. We are two or more hours in passing over this part of the road, and gladly leave it to enter upon the plain.

It is a long day; and when, at last, it draws to a close, and the lights and shadows of evening begin to play over hill, and vale, and mountain, we spy our Harpoot friends watching for us upon the summit of a hill. Mr. Wheeler is there at the head of the Girls' School; Mr. Allen with the young men of the Seminary, and Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Barnum, mounted on white donkeys:—Besides the pastor and his wife, (one of my former pupils,) and a crowd of men, women, and children of the Sunday-School and day-schools, who greet us with a joyous song of welcome. The meeting with these brothers and sisters is like a home-reception at "Thanksgiving time!"

Slowly, slowly, the procession winds around the numerous hills, over a narrow road built by the students;—with here and there glimpses of the vast plain which stretches a thousand feet below the barren, rocky heights upon which the city is built, and the snow-capped mountains beyond, which enclose that "GARDEN OF EDEN,"—with its many villages peeping out from their trees and vineyards!—Gladly we turn the last curve, pass the Chapel and Seminary, around the corner by the "Barnum cottage," and into the

court-yard of the Konak, where we meet the smiling face of Mrs. Wheeler, who helps us up the steps into her cosy parlor, and bids us "WELCOME TO HARPOOT!"

At last, we have reached the goal of our hopes: the point to which our longing eyes have been directed for nearly three weeks! It now seems to me that I shall be compelled to stay here the rest of my days; that nothing would tempt me to retrace the weary way, especially that climax of slipping, and straining of nerves and muscles, in the fearful road by Maden. It is an aggravation to think that the distance of 350 or 400 miles, which we have traversed, as it were by inches, could easily have been accomplished by rail within twenty-four hours! That, had the Turks a spark of modern enterprise, there might be a railway direct from Trebizond, a distance of 175 miles, and the entire journey from Constantinople would require but from three to four days!

CHAPTER XI.

EDEN.

WE are recovering from the reaction which invariably follows a prolonged period of travel in this country, and the excitement consequent upon finding ourselves in a strange place, amid new surroundings. It is not easy for some natures to transplant their interests and affections; and as we look out upon this dingy, treeless city of Harpoot, where houses, walls, and streets are of one uniform clay-color, our thoughts lovingly and yearningly turn toward the green shades of Marsovan; and the dreary prospect before us sends momentary tides of desolation through the heart. But we ascend to a higher plane of vision, standing upon the flat-roof of the *konak*, and looking southward, beyond our immediate surroundings, upon a smiling plain a thousand feet below, which extends a distance of 60 miles from East to West, dotted all over with towns and villages, and encircled by magnificent mountain ranges, whose snow-crowned summits, sixty miles away, tower above their less stately neighbors. A lovely lake, like that of Galilee, sleeps within their embrace; a branch of the Euphrates curves its gleaming arm around this wondrous mosaic of emerald and agate, carnelian and onyx, with the golden sunlight resting upon embowered villages, of which we count

twenty-five without, and fifty with the aid of a glass, their beaten paths crossing and recrossing the plain, in every direction.

It may indeed have been, as the people say, "the very Garden of Eden," where Adam and Eve together watched the opening of blushing flowers and the ripening of luscious fruits, after the marriage ceremony—"the crowning," as the Orientals call it—had been performed; for, "in the day that God created man—male and female created He them, and BLESSED THEM, and CALLED THEIR NAME ADAM." Here, perhaps, they plucked and ate the forbidden fruit, whose prolific seeds have borne bitter harvest all over the face of the wide, wide world!

And this lost Paradise, so long trodden under foot by the Destroyer, "her hedges broken down, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her, wasted by the boar out of the wood, and devoured by the wild beast of the field:"—This vineyard, planted "eastward"—by God's "right hand"—at the opening of man's history—("a river went out to water it;" and *from thence* it was parted and became four heads; and the fourth river is "Euphrates:")—This long-deserted Garden is to be "regained" for the "second Adam," and made to "blossom as the rose;" to "blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; and the REDEEMED shall walk there."

It is a grand, an inspiring outlook. Descending from this elevation, which has so quickened our faith and zeal, we enter the school-room, where fifteen boarders and fifteen day pupils, with the wives of the students, are gathered in what was once a great stable underneath the main building. Here is our work,—a garden of God's own planting; vines to be trained for

a harvest of "much fruit" and perpetual self-propagation. Mr. Wheeler introduces Miss Fritcher and myself to our new pupils, and their smiling faces express unfeigned gladness. Elbice, the assistant teacher, was my pupil in Constantinople, and she gives me a special welcome. We are shown the five or six small lodging-rooms opening from a corridor leading to the school-garden; and, at the end by which we entered, the little dining-room, with the assistant teacher's sleeping closet opening from it, and the kitchen adjoining. This latter part is all new, built beneath the little parlor and bedroom prepared for the missionary teacher, with a flight of stairs leading from the narrow passage to her door.

The konak is a large, substantial native house, mostly built against a side-hill, and facing the south, with an enclosure on the west containing a pleasant terrace, and the school play-ground below; the cottage occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Barnum standing at its extremity, on the lower street, and the stable between the two. The place was purchased some years ago of an Armenian merchant who had failed in business, and was glad to dispose of it for a merely nominal sum to Mr. Dunmore, who first selected Harpoot as a centre of missionary operations, and laid the early foundation of the work in this region. Its situation, at one extremity of the city, is in many respects very advantageous. Opening a little gate at the end of the terrace next the "sacred corner," hallowed by those who have "fallen asleep," we pass through the grounds surrounding the neat-looking chapel, and find in its large, airy, upper rooms, a company of twenty or thirty students, mostly of mature years, gathered from various parts of Armenia and Mesopotamia, who are preparing to teach the gospel to their countrymen.

Mr. Allen is the principal teacher, though Mr. Barnum and Mr. Wheeler each share to some extent in the instruction of certain classes.

From the Theological Seminary we turn to another and quite important class of this community of perhaps one hundred souls, centered here for Christian training. The row of humble dwellings on the street close by, are mostly occupied by the married students and their families, while they are under missionary instruction. In one of these rooms a number of simply constructed hammocks are swung across each angle, and from side to side. Every hammock contains a baby; and on the bits of carpet, and scattered cushions, are seated the one, two, or three-year-old children, attended by a motherly woman and one or two of her daughters. This is the "*primary* department" of the "university."

It is a quarter past eight in the morning. The chapel bell* is sounding its clear tones over the Harpoot hills—the signal for the pupils of both schools to assemble; and from the house-top, we watch them as they begin to answer the summons. Some of the mothers are hastening to deposit their infants in the general nursery, and hurrying off the older children to the day-school; while others, not so cumbered with care, are more leisurely setting forth. The city girls may be seen ascending or descending some steep street, and here and there joining their companions. A group of women, clad in their native costume, with a dark kerchief thrown over the head for a veil, draw near, some studying and others knitting by the way.

Half-past eight o'clock. The outer door is now closed, and the tardy ones must wait in the court-yard till after prayers. All

* Which is simply a bar of steel, suspended above the chapel roof, and struck by a mallet.

are in their seats, with the open Bible lying on the desks before them. We enter. They rise and respond to our morning salutation. A portion of Scripture is read, in turn, followed by a brief comment and personal application of its truths ; and, after a song of praise, we bow around the Mercy-Seat to ask the Spirit's guidance and the Father's blessing for the new day.

Twenty minutes have passed, and at the stroke of the bell, the various primary classes file off, right and left, with military precision, to their recitation-rooms, and the first class seat themselves in a row, on the floor, in front of the table, for a Bible lesson. Recitations in arithmetic, geography, grammar, reading and spelling, fill up the morning hours, with a ten or fifteen minutes recess, when the mothers go to the " Nursery " to look after their little ones : An hour's intermission takes place at noon, after which they again assemble : A general exercise in writing, followed by Jones's catechism, and a little astronomy and moral science for those who are sufficiently advanced, varied by exercises in singing and spelling, fill up the time till four o'clock, when the school closes with prayer, and the women hasten home to prepare the evening meal for their husbands and children. Miss Fritcher has taken charge of the domestic department, and classes in arithmetic and geography, while perfecting her knowledge of Armenian, and I assume the religious instruction, and general discipline of the school.

SANITARY SURROUNDINGS.

Spring has advanced into Summer, and the chilling rains of May, which came in almost regular succession every afternoon, have given place to warm breezes and unclouded sun-

shine. The people now sleep at night upon their flat roofs; and it is quite interesting, sometimes amusing, to note the unique arrangements of the various families dwelling on the slope of the hill below us. Occasionally an Armenian who is more openly zealous for the faith than his neighbors, offers his evening prayers upon the house-top, so loudly that all who choose may hear him, a type of the self satisfied Pharisee of olden time.

The atmosphere is very dry, and full of electricity; and if only the people of this city understood and applied sanitary principles to their surroundings, Harpoot might be one of the most healthful towns in all the East: Its situation —so high above the level of the plain—is admirably adapted for such regulations; but the great want of the place is water, and when a sweet shower softly distils its blessed dews, instead of the fragrant incense ascending to heaven from springing grass and grateful herb, the air is filled with noisome exhalations from open and stagnant sewers, reeking with long-time accumulation of filth! The narrow pipes—almost impossible to cleanse—extending far underneath this old house, add their full quantum within, to the vile odors without, when summer heat is at its height; and there is no escape from the slow poison, which will surely make itself felt at no distant day, in undermining the physical system of those who, sleeping or waking, inhale it with every breath. This, however, is, to a greater or less extent, the case with almost all of the houses occupied by missionaries in Turkey; and it undoubtedly has much to do with the failure of health.

If Marsovan is famous as the "capital of fleadom," surely Harpoot is entitled to equal celebrity, for their renowned con-

freres—the "B flats"—have here taken up their seat of empire! and when sand-flies, gnats, and mosquitoes, to say nothing of an occasional scorpion or centipede, are added to the fraternity of plagues, on these suffocating Summer nights, sleep is a very difficult, if not impossible task to sensitive mortals! The rooms below were first occupied by the students of the Seminary, who now rejoice in their more airy and healthful quarters above the chapel, where they catch every breeze that sweeps over the hill-country beyond, and enjoy a fine and extensive view of sky and mountain scenery. Our school-room is spacious, and somewhat chapel-like, with its two substantial pillars in the centre, its neatly white-washed walls, with a space colored black, extending around the sides, to serve for various crayon exercises, its ceiling of uneven rafters,—the trunks of trees from which the bark was simply peeled,—good board floor and comfortable chairs and desks; but its low position, and small, high windows at one side, opening upon a close, narrow street, shut in from the breezes by a wall of houses opposite, affords very small chance for free ventilation. We open the door into the court-yard in front, but that is surrounded by a high wall and the "door of the gate" kept closed; and the door at the end of the corridor opposite, leading into the little play-ground, but that is bounded by the stable! And with such a company to occupy the room during the hottest part of the day, it is no wonder if the air is, at times, almost stifling, especially to one who returns to it after a little absence in the upper regions! It becomes very evident that my health will not long endure this heavy atmosphere; and noticing how it overcomes with drowsiness the women who are unaccustomed to the confinement of a sedentary life, I

frequently send them out to shake themselves, Samson-like, and recover strength!

A FREE LECTURE ON CLEANLINESS.

So it comes about that on one of the Wednesday afternoons appropriated to general exercises, I arm myself with a pair of bellows, for illustration, and propose a plain and simple lecture on the air, and the office of the lungs, intending to wind up with a practical lesson on personal cleanliness.

This is something new; curiosity is aroused, and the women are now all wide-awake. I must simplify and illustrate as to children, for many of them were perfectly ignorant when admitted to the school; some of them are considerably older than myself; one is the mother of twelve children, and one is a grandmother! Their husbands were selected because of their fitness for the ministry, but the wives had to be taken just as they were, whatever the material; and we must make the most of it, that they may be true help-mates to their companions when placed over a vineyard of the Lord. Holding up the bellows, I inquire its use; and many voices answer, "To keep the fire going; to make the fire burn!" "Well, now I am going to tell you about a pair of bellows that God has given every one of you to keep the fire of life burning in your bodies." I find that some of the older women do not know the Armenian word for lungs: But after puffing the air with the bellows, and explaining how we take it in and give it out, through the agency of those internal organs, they seem to understand; and I proceed to speak of pure air, and the change it undergoes after it is taken into the human system: how the refuse—the spoiled air—is rejected, for a fresh supply of fuel which will

bring roses to the cheeks, brightness to the eyes, and vigor to the brain.

From this I show what happens when the pure air is exhausted, in a poorly-ventilated room, or church, where many people are gathered for an hour or two: how dull and heavy they become, because all the good air is used up; and since they must go on breathing, are compelled to take in, and use over again, what they and their neighbors have already rejected! No wonder if some of the more delicate ones go home with a headache, or dizziness, after inhaling such poison! "What would you think of putting food into your mouth which another had masticated?" Ugh! the looks of digust, and unmistakable shrinking, and shrugging of shoulders, plainly show what my simple-minded audience think of this strong, if not coarse figure. But I am perfectly willing to disgust them, for their ultimate good: Inveterate diseases require strong remedies. I next speak of other things that render the air impure: the habit, so common among Orientals, of sleeping in the clothing worn during the day, and of bathing, and combing the hair but once a fortnight, or even a month!

This leads to a talk about the important office of the skin, with its millions of pores—minute breathing-places; and the cleanliness, so essential to health and happiness; that our Maker has given us a faithful sentinel to warn us of danger, in the delicate olfactory nerves. After speaking of the absolute necessity of a purer atmosphere in the school-room, if they wish me to stay and teach them, and stating my own habits in this regard, I propose that they should take a sponge-bath, and also comb their hair *every day*. Thus far, the pupils, especially the women, have listened

with absorbing interest: but now, many hands are raised, and when permission to speak is given, one and another says, "But how *can* we bathe, when we have but one room, and all the family sleep there?" "To be sure; but the men first rise and go out, do they not? 'Where there's a will, there's a way!' Get behind the door, under your sheet; dip your towel in water, and half wring it out, apply it vigorously for two or three minutes, and the thing is done! And if you go to the public bath once a fortnight, for a regular soaking and steaming, you will need nothing more in that line."

"But about our hair; how can we comb it every day, when it takes such a time to braid it?" "I suppose you must learn to do without so many fine braids; you know what the Book says, 'Not with plaited hair;' if it takes so much time, and interferes with higher duties, I should say that it must give way to a simple coil, or two or three large braids beneath your ordinary head-dress." This seems rather hard; it is a breaking away from customs handed down from time immemorial, and they look sober over the prospect; but I proceed to expatiate upon cleanliness of clothing. Finding that very few have sufficient changes, the following plan is laid before them: "Lay aside at night, where the air will play upon it, as much as possible of the clothing worn during the day; if you have but two suits, change every day, exposing to the sun and wind that which has been worn one day, that it may be resumed the next, ending on Saturday—when you wear your cast-off garments—with a general washing of the whole; removing far from your dwellings all decaying vegetable and animal matter, and thoroughly cleansing your rooms, that everything may be sweet

and pure for God's eye on His holy day: You may open your Bibles and read His own words on the subject: Deut. xxiii. 14: 'For the Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp to deliver thee: therefore shall thy camp be holy: that He see no unclean thing in thee and turn away from thee.'" The question is now put, "Will you accept, and carry into practice these simple regulations?" After much hesitation, and many doubts expressed by the women, they all agree to try them for one week. . . . The trial proves satisfactory, and when put to vote, the "Rules of Cleanliness" are unanimously adopted by the school. A marked change is ere long effected in the atmosphere of the schoolroom, and a no less apparent transformation in the clearer complexions and brighter eyes of our pupils who are learning that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

A "bodily exercise" (which profiteth *much*) is now added to the morning programme, somewhat after this fashion: "Any one who has broken the 'Rules of Cleanliness' may rise." Ten or a dozen women and girls are on their feet: "What have you done, Mariam?" "I came without combing my hair." "What is your excuse?" "I had to go down to the fountain for water many times this morning, and my time was little." "Tahkoohi, what is your offense?" "My dress had a rent in it." "Why did you not mend it?" "I had no time." "Well, Sara, what have you to say?" "My dress appears dirty; it is faded, and will not look clean!" "Anna, which rule have you broken?" "I did not bathe this morning!" "Why not?" "Truly, Varzhoohi, it was not possible; we lodged in one of the villages last night, and there were fifteen or twenty others who slept in the same room, and I couldn't find a corner anywhere!" This excites

a smile. Another says that her stockings were not mended, or her apron was soiled, and so on: And after a few words, suited to each case, the examination, which has occupied ten or fifteen minutes, closes, and the "court is dismissed."

Months pass away, and our pupils return from a long vacation. When I inquire whether they have kept up the practice of daily bathing, etc., many of them say with much emphasis: "We could not get along without it! We are so much stronger, and feel so much better for it in every way, that we just kept on the same as in school-time!" This is very pleasant; and it is still more gratifying when, a common sentiment being established in the school, the rules can be dropped, and the pupils thrown upon their moral responsibility. Self-government, in this particular, really works too vigorously for the comfort of new-comers, who are at once told, by pupils more zealous than wise, "You will be expected to comb your hair and bathe *every day*, in this school; and no one comes with soiled or torn dress, or unmended stockings!" etc., etc., quite overwhelming the poor bodies at the outset, with what, to themselves, was a gradual revolution. But if all these women train their children in these healthful habits, and by their example and influence, introduce the same among surrounding families, what a blessed thing for the next generation!

VISITS AMONG THE FAMILIES, AND HOME-SCENES.

One of our good, simple-minded women has been absent from school for a few days, and toward evening of a warm Summer day, we pay her a visit. We find her lying on a humble couch spread on the floor in the scantily-furnished apartment, and by her side a queer little bundle, looking like a

veritable mummy. On inspection, it proves to be "number thirteen!" a black-eyed, dark-complexioned boy-baby. Five other children are playing about the room; the oldest boy is away, and six of the original twelve have died. The mother is thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age; her husband was a useful pioneer among the villages, before receiving any special training from the missionaries; but Mariam was considered exceedingly stupid and indolent. Her mind is certainly not very strong, but it has wonderfully waked up since she entered the school. Hovsep says that when the babe was but two days old, she was up and performed an example in arithmetic upon her slate; and that she would have been back again in her class before the week was ended, had she not suffered from an attack of ague and fever caused by eating a large, raw, unpeeled cucumber! On our way home, we call upon Teurfanda, the grandmother among our pupils: A large, motherly-looking woman, of perhaps forty-two years. She is briskly at work in her tidy house, surrounded by her well-ordered and interesting family. Both husband and son are in the Seminary, the former having been for years a helper. Teurfanda finds it more difficult to ascend the "hill of science,"—even far enough to be able to read her loved Bible,—than to perform any amount of physical labor; but she prays, and perseveres, stumbling along most wofully in her combinations of the thirty-eight Armenian letters, but yet pressing onward, and learning much from the general exercises of the school, and listening to recitations in which she cannot take a part.

Descending the hill, we stop at a house where two or three families have each a room. The first room is occupied by a couple who have been married but a few months. The hus-

band is in the senior class of the Seminary, and it is hoped will prove a useful minister of the Word. Shumon is a fresh, comely woman, about twenty-eight years of age; her face indicates character and intelligence. We esteem her one of our choicest gems. She was a widow, and her daughter, twelve years old, is one of our boarders, mother and child being in the same class. The desire of her heart has been granted in coming to the school, and it is delightful to see how she drinks in instruction from the Word of God. Her selfish, grasping relatives stripped her of all her household effects when she married a Protestant, taking even her personal ornaments—in defiance of the law; but though left so destitute of worldly goods, her room almost bare, but perfectly neat, we hear not one complaint, or petition for aid, only the overflowings of her heart's content. She and her husband are truly of one heart and one mind; and referring to this, in the fulness and simplicity of her soul, she says, with charming modesty, "I often wonder if ever two people were happier than we!" then, as if fearing she had said too much, a blush mounts to her face, and she adds, "Of course, I don't mean in *your* country, but in this land, among our countrymen and women!" It is a most refreshing and genuine bit of the poetry of life, and speaks volumes for the elevating, refining power of a living Christianity. We have time for but one more call. As we enter the door, two bright, active children run to tell mother that the teachers have come. Elmas leaves her cooking, and welcomes us with a beaming face. What a contrast to her appearance when first admitted to the school! Then so coarse, so stupid, and utterly ignorant, that she seemed but a moving, breathing clod of clay, beside her wide-awake, in-

telligent-looking husband; and I almost queried if indeed it enshrined a soul, to be awaked from its lethargy! But even learning the alphabet appeared to inspire her with self-respect, and raise her a few degrees above the "donkey race," as women are termed in the benighted region from which she came. And as the Summer wore away, a new light began to play over her face; the awakened soul shone from the eyes, her person and apparel received more attention, and by-and-by, when she came attired in a new print dress, to attend one of the more private and informal examinations of the school, her fresh, rosy face looked wholesome, if not handsome, and many marveled at the change. We do not expect that Elmas will acquire much more of book-learning than the ability to read her Bible, write her husband a letter when he is away from home, and keep their small household accounts; but even this much will cause her to be looked upon by the women of her native village, as highly educated; at least for a few years, until the standard is raised.

Meanwhile, her mind and heart are constantly expanding, and her conscience becoming enlightened in the new atmosphere to which she has been introduced; and we trust that an enduring Christian character is being slowly, but surely built up, through the invisible teaching of the Spirit of all truth.

What a new world is opened to such an one! The commonest words of her language must seem instinct with a life and meaning never before known:—Wife, husband, mother, children, love, God, heaven: and the reality, the blessed experience, of a "house" changed to a "*home!*"* Ah! it must

* The Eastern languages have no word for home, because they lack the thing!

indeed seem like being born into another kingdom! How does mere human knowledge, earthly wisdom, sink in comparison with that "from above," which produces such fruits in the heart and life. Alas! for those born and reared beneath the full blaze of Christian light and truth, who lightly esteem this heavenly wisdom; who have "forgotten God, and burned incense to vanity;" their one life spent in ministry to self, in disappointed dreams, and

> "Reveries so airy, with the toil
> Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
> And growing old in drawing nothing up."

How will these Armenian women, who have gladly received but the crumbs which fall from the Master's table, "rise up in the judgment and condemn them!"

SUMMER TRIPS.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler and Mr. Barnum attended the annual meeting of the "Eastern Turkey Mission," which was held in Erzeroom. They returned to us toward the close of June, after a hard journey, in which they really suffered for want of food. Bread was scarce, and poor, and so coarse and dark, that one would imagine the bit they kept as a specimen, to be merely a piece of old, smoky plaster!

They were accompanied by two village girls, to be trained in this school for a distant Station. But these fresh candidates brought with them so much of "animal life," that we were almost in despair at the sight: their hair and clothing fairly swarmed with one of the plagues of Egypt! Of course, they were at once sent to the public bath; but that did not cure the evil, and unceasing vigilance was required on our part, to keep the enemy at bay, during the months of their

stay: They also proved very deficient in moral sense, and finally, after much patient toil had been bestowed upon unfruitful soil, they were returned to their homes.

Both schools have a brief vacation in mid-summer, and at its commencement, there comes an urgent invitation from our friends at Arabkir to attend the installation of a former Harpoot student, over the church in that city: Mr. Allen is the only Missionary who can leave, and Miss F. and I, with one of the helpers, accompany him, starting on Wednesday, after an early tea, riding two hours to the village of Heulakegh, where we spend the night. The missionaries have here a "little chamber on the wall," with a bed, a table, a stool, and a candlestick, such as the good woman of Shunem prepared for the prophet Elisha: And whoever comes to spend the Sunday, in teaching and preaching, will find a clean and quiet corner. We, however, decide to sleep upon the roof, and extra beds and coverings are borrowed for our use. But the fleas, and the sand-flies—more tormenting than mosquitoes, "who say grace before their meals"—added to the heavy "yorghan," or "comfortable," make us very uncomfortable! And the novelty of the position, the deep blue heavens arching over us, and the full-orbed harvest moon sailing in stately splendor as queen of the night, can scarcely atone for these discomforts, and we heartily rejoice when the first rays of morning gild the horizon, and the air is filled with the household chatter of innumerable mother birds who are training their young to use their wings. We prepare our tea, boil a few eggs, and with other eatables which we brought with us, make a famous breakfast, followed by "family worship," all on the house-top, in the quiet dawn. Then, mounting our horses, we

sally forth for the day's journey, avoiding the worst part of it as we approach Gaban-Maden, by passing through a ravine in the partially dry bed of the stream, which we cross and recross many times. We stop at noon, under the shade of a large tree, bathe our feet in the rippling water, and after partaking of a luncheon, enjoy a refreshing sleep. The night is spent at Maden, and in the morning we again cross the Euphrates. The heat is excessive, and we long for a cooling bath in the sacred river. But learning that none of the missionaries have ever enjoyed the luxury, we put away the thought. Our good, quiet brother, however, intends to gratify the desire, and when we are safely landed on the other side, he slips away for a few moments, and returning, informs us of a secluded spot beyond the rocks, where we may safely bathe, kindly offering to hold our horses while we are gone, and charging us not to venture too far into the rapid current. We provide ourselves with the necessary apparel, and soon find a pleasant cove under the rocks. And oh! the luxury of bathing in the cool, clear water, after all the uncomfortable, steaming heat of the morning! We revel in it, and in the associations connected with the stream, wondering whether "Mother Eve" enjoyed it any more than we; and how she arranged her dripping tresses, as she bent over the pure current that mirrored back the loveliness, which we cannot help wishing had been bequeathed to us—her daughters! Hastily gathering some shining pebbles, as mementoes of the spot, we finish our toilet, and return to the patient brother, feeling almost as elastic and rejuvenated, as if we had indeed bathed in the "fountain of perpetual youth!" We find no trees to cast a grateful shade over our pathway, as we resume our journey northward, and

realize the full force of the words which convey so much to summer travelers in this country,—"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

At mid-day we rest, for a little, by a wayside fountain; and our good missionary brother makes a canopy for us by extending his traveling shawl from it, to a pile of stones which he has gathered for the purpose; when we depart, we leave the "heap" as our "Ebenezer," according to the custom of the country. The afternoon ride is pleasanter, through harvest fields where the reapers are busy, and women and children are gleaning after them; and through green meadows with silent streams gliding through, whose presence is only known by the verdure which marks their course. Our approach to a harvest-field is always marked by the coming forth of a man or boy, bringing in his hand a little sheaf of wheat, which he presents to us as the "first fruits," expecting a "backsheesh" in return. This is an ancient custom, and a few paras are usually bestowed as an encouragement to the cultivators of the soil.

ARABKIR, AND THE ORDINATION.

We reach Arabkir soon after the sunsetting, and gaze with delight upon the wealth of living green in which it is embowered, in the bosom of a lovely valley, and reaching up the slope of the surrounding hills. A few wheat-fields with their golden harvest, gleam amid their emerald setting, in the heart of the town, and the contrast to Harpoot is as striking as it is refreshing. It appears that the old city was deserted during a time of civil war and oppression, when troops were quartered upon the people, and they fled to their gardens and vineyards, a few miles distant. Here, also, we

find narrow streets and fearfully rough pavements; and after a long, rambling ride up and down through the place, Mr. Richardson comes forth to meet us, and we gladly dismount at the door of a cottage, which looks so home-like, that our hearts bound at the sight; at the entrance stands one of our own American sisters, her face all aglow with the welcome she is waiting to give us, and by her side is the dear daughter, grown from the four-year-old who first came with her parents from America, to a young lady of fifteen, just returned from the Deaconnesses School at Smyrna, to gladden the solitary home where death had entered and taken a younger sister. Over their shoulders peep a number of curious eyes belonging to Armenian hangers-on, but a gesture from Mrs. Richardson sends them away, and we are folded in her motherly embrace: A few moments more, and we gather around the table spread for our refreshment in the cottage-home, which was planned and built by Mr. and Mrs. Clark, formerly of our Mission.

The Sabbath dawns; Mr. Allen preaches a good sermon in the chapel, from the words, "But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven;" afterward Mr. and Mrs. Richardson present their babe for baptism. It sounds strange, and yet very pleasant to hear a missionary address the parents in *Armenian*, as "dear brother and sister," and many eyes moisten when he speaks of their little daughter, consecrated to Christ a few years since, and lately taken by the Good Shepherd to the heavenly fold: But when the baptismal water is applied to the child, whom they covenant to train in the fear of the Lord, he speaks the sacred Names of the Holy Trinity, in our blessed mother-tongue, which sounds peculiarly clear and sweet; the transition rendering it doubly

grateful to the ear. It brings to mind the words of an English writer: "A man should love and reverence his native language, as the awakener and stirrer of all his thoughts, the frame and mould of his spiritual being, as the great bond and medium of intercourse with his fellows, as the mirror in which he sees his own nature, and without which he could not commune with himself; as the image in which the wisdom of God has chosen to reveal itself to him." On Monday morning, Mr. A. is quite unwell, and continues to grow worse; we think it an attack of ague and fever, and all the usual remedies are prescribed and taken, but without effect. Tuesday is set apart as a day of fasting and prayer for the church, preparatory to the ordination, which takes place on Thursday.

The morning prayer-meeting, held at sunrise, is well attended, and very interesting. Constant accessions are made to the number by helpers and brethren coming in from the villages to attend the exercises. On Wednesday morning the business commences. The Council is formed, and officers chosen: B. Tomas, pastor of the Diarbekir church, is selected as Chairman, and B. Marderos of the Harpoot church, Secretary; Mr. Allen is not able to be present. The delegates, representing other churches, take their seats in front of the audience; and as I look upon the goodly company, I only wish that Christian friends at home could be present on this interesting occasion. The examination of the candidate occupies three hours, and is mostly conducted by Pastors Tomas and Marderos, with Mr. Richardson. The people, closely seated upon the floor of the plain but pleasant chapel, listen intently to the questions and answers. I never heard an examination which was more thorough and searching, showing clearly the ability of

the two Armenian pastors. No one seems to weary; in fact, the time is too short. Such occasions are wonderfully helpful in teaching the people the ground-work of faith,—the essential doctrines of the Gospel preached by Christ. In the afternoon, six young men are examined for licensure, five of whom are from the Arabkir field, and were educated at Harpoot. This examination proceeds no farther to-day than the evidence of their personal piety: But it is exceedingly interesting to see how the people listen; how eager they are to catch every word.

THE RETURN—SICKNESS AND DEATH.

We leave Arabkir on Thursday, with many fears lest our brother's strength should prove unequal to the journey, but he is very anxious to get home. His illness increases on the way, and as we slowly pace along, he looks ready to faint in the burning sun, and suffers from a raging thirst, with "no cooling stream at hand." And though he is very patient, and scarcely speaks of himself, we cannot restrain the growing fear that he may die by the way-side. Friday afternoon finds us slowly pressing on, step by step, when we long for wings to speed us on our way!

Miss F. has suffered much from the heat, and the hard gait of her horse in descending the hills, and her strength fails; but the good Armenian brother who is with us, lends a helping hand, and cheering one another with words of faith and hope, we again push on, that we may reach Harpoot before the night sets in, as the morning may find Mr. A. unable to travel.

The sun goes down, and darkness surrounds us, but silently and slowly we still press on our way over hill and

valley, with unutterable longings for the distant gleaming of Harpoot lamps; but the darkness grows deeper, and not a ray of light pierces the gloom to revive our fainting hopes: We lose our way, and after wandering about, are forced to retrace our steps, till, at midnight, faint and dizzy, we approach a Turkish village; but no house will open its doors to take us in; and after many vain endeavors to find at least a corner for the one so ill, we camp down upon a threshing floor, under the shelter of some stacks of straw, spreading the bundles upon the hard, uneven ground, for a couch, and then,—as the Apostle Paul wrote of his shipwreck,—we "wish for the day!"

With the first rays of morning, we set forth; *my* strength is now ready to fail; but a cracker and a few drops of brandy, which most fortunately we have with us, revive the fainting courage, and although the hours go by on leaden wings, as if they would never bring us to the end, at last it is reached! we turn the final corner, and find ourselves once more with the dear friends in the konak.

Mr. Allen is quite ill for several days, and before his recovery, little Katie, who has been ailing, is seized with the same disease—dysentery. Within a few days, baby Hattie, and the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, are both attacked with measles, and for a week there is scarcely a well person in the two families. We have no physician to aid at this trying time, and the care and responsibility, added to the sorrow, is very great. Dwightie Wheeler is the first to be taken from the lovely group of missionary children, who made a picture that delighted my eyes and heart when I first saw them assembled to welcome their "new aunties."

The measles settled upon his lungs,—the weakest part,—

and produced congestion. It is very hard for the parents to part with the noble little fellow, who has given so much promise for the future, even at the age of two years; but they bow submissively to the Divine will. Two days after, on Thursday, the 12th of August, Dr. West is summoned, by telegraph, from Sivas. The opening of the School is delayed for a few days, that Miss F. and I may more entirely devote ourselves to nursing the little sufferers by night and by day. A response, with medical directions, is received from the doctor, on Friday; he travels "by post," and reaches Harpoot on Monday; but both of the children are very low, and he gives little hope of their recovery. Three days and nights of ceaseless and silent watching by the little cribs, with many prayers, and tears, and ebbing hopes as the pulse grows weaker, and the breath fainter; and then, the lovely babe of nine months sleeps her last sleep.

Katie lingers, sweet and patient to the last, responding to the gentlest query, in the night-watches, though with gasping breath, "Yes, Auntie." As her fond parents bend over their fading flower, their stricken hearts are almost broken. But when He who gave, takes the last one of their three precious daughters,—within the short space of three years,—they unmurmuringly say, "Thy will be done." Katie breathes her life away, on Saturday, August 27th; and for the third time in three weeks, a little coffin is made—from packing-boxes—which we lovingly cover with black cloth, and line with plaited muslin, in Mr. Wheeler's study; and then lay the little sleeper to rest, with geranium leaves and a few pure white blossoms, and opening buds, strewn around the pillow, and within the folded hands. On Sunday, the "sacred corner" of the terrace again receives the casket

committed to the keeping of mother-earth, and with our sympathizing Armenian friends, we sing:

> "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
> Take this new treasure to thy trust."

The falling earth once more sounds the knell of buried hopes, and after the solemn benediction, beneath the bending skies, we turn away to the desolated home, and leave the peaceful sleepers, "while angels watch their soft repose," in the land of the stranger.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnum are now passing under the cloud which threatens to deprive them of their two tender, fragile little ones; they are affected, like those just gone, with measles and dysentery.

At this crisis, Dr. West receives a telegram from Sivas, which compels him to leave us. He says, in answer to my query, that much of the illness in these families is owing to their proximity to several vile sewers, three of which were opened by people on this street, while we were watching by the little sufferers; and the very room where they lay was so filled with the noxious gas that every breath was poison! His own system was somewhat affected by it (in the same form of disease,) during his stay; and it needs no argument to prove that the more sensitive and delicate mucous membrane of children, must inevitably become vitiated, producing malignant diseases of the vital organs. Many children in the city are dying from the same cause, and one of our Armenian neighbors, in referring to the mortality, innocently says, "There is something in the air this year which seems to poison every child that has the measles." Alas! we know what the "*something*" is, but are impotent to save precious

lives where the evil is so wide-spread and continued! The season is said to be very unhealthy. A sirocco from the arid plains of the South, frequently visits us with its scorching breath, bringing clouds of fine dust on its wings. There is not a tree on the Mission premises beneath whose shade the little ones may play; and more than sixty persons must breathe the air of this dwelling from day to day, besides numbers of Armenians and Turks who frequent the konak. There is no health-retreat, no mountain resort, to which these stricken families may flee in times of danger; and, through all the stifling heat of the long Summer, the father and mother in the cottage untiringly watch over their darlings, and see them slowly fade and die, soon following their little play-mates to the "everlasting gardens;" first the timid, dove-like Fanny, then the loving, enthusiastic Willie Goodell, who has yielded his will to Jesus, and no longer fears to follow his little sister to heaven: And again, with aching hearts and tearful eyes, we prepare the little coffins, and see fresh treasures buried out of our sight! Mr. and Mrs. Barnum would be utterly stript, but for a little nestling that came to comfort them a few days before the end.

THE MISSION OF LITTLE CHILDREN IN MISSIONARY FAMILIES.

I realize more forcibly than ever before, some of the trials peculiar to the foreign missionary family: The lack of suitable food for the children; the vain search for a supply of good milk;* the constant and soul-vexing succession of poor native nurses, who cannot be trusted,—where the missionary

* Cows are used for agricultural labor, like oxen, in the East, and the milk of sheep and buffaloes is much more esteemed by the people.

mother is too enfeebled to furnish nature's most healthful nourishment to her offspring; these are a few of the wearing "little things" which must be experienced to be fully appreciated. But what is home without the children? especially a missionary home, where the family, in its entirety, is a living object-lesson to the people, who see all its endearing relations sanctified by a high and holy love which has its birth in heaven. Are they not all "ministering spirits?" Ah! how many and how precious lessons have we learned from the five "wee bairnes" whom God has taken!

It was once said by that eminent scholar and teacher, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, that "no student would continue long in a healthy religious state, unless his heart was kept tender by mingling with children, or by frequent intercourse with the poor and suffering." "No one can truly mingle with children," writes another, "without unsealing new points of tenderness and mystery. When God makes men fathers, by one more precious means, he is carrying on the education of the world. He teaches us by the children as much as He teaches the children by us." And surely, if any one needs such blessed helps, it is the foreign missionary, who is constantly associated with a people who look to him for guidance and teaching, and draw largely upon his mental resources and physical strength, without affording him the opportunity of contact and comparison with superior minds and high culture.

Yet there are those, at home, who hold up Xavier, as the model missionary, and would cut God's ambassadors loose from all family ties, and send them forth "untrammeled" by such "encumbrances!"

"Too many children!" said a noble little fellow of six

years, fresh from Africa, whom I once congratulated upon the number of his brothers and sisters: And he shook his young head sagely, as he put his hands in his pockets, and paced back and forth across the room. "What makes you think so?" I laughingly inquired. "O, people shake their heads at us, here in America, and say, '*it costs too much money!*'" "I suppose they wish that my father had never married; but *I* don't!" exclaimed one of the numerous Scudder family, from India—when alluding to the feeling expressed by some good people that all missionaries should go forth alone, because of the somewhat abnormal relation sustained by their children to the churches at home, and the great trial and deprivation of being (in most cases) early separated from their parents.

"Great is the mystery of godliness, (or *Godness*)." "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all," alone can understand the heights and depths of the whys and wherefores in thus using man in the salvation of man. Suffering and self-denial are inevitably linked with fellowship in Christ's work; and perhaps none can better fathom the deep meaning of the Apostle's words than the missionary who, like him, is called to "fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in (the) flesh for his body's sake, which is the Church."

We miss, unspeakably, the pattering of the little feet; the soft, winsome prattle; the dimpled smiles, and the music of gushing, rippling laughter, so contagious and refreshing after the toils and trials of the day. And the tears start afresh to our eyes when one of these smitten parents exclaims, as she listlessly wanders about the solitary rooms, "My arms are *so* empty!" while her heart yearns over every mother she sees with her babe.

Not the faintest likeness remains of those so early taken away; but faithful memory paints each picture in never-fading colors: The flaxen hair, the full round forehead, and fair face of Dwightie Wheeler, with eyes of heaven's own blue, looking so demurely and mischievously at times, and the sweet, yet firm mouth, curving with an arch smile,—especially when in some little conflict, his father says, "Papa is not going to have a *controversy* with you, my son!" The brilliant complexion, and large violet eyes of Katie Allen, with the wealth of brown curls falling upon the neck and shoulders of the plump little figure that moved so gently amongst us: And the soft hazel eyes of baby Hattie, lighting the sweet expressive face, shaded by short silken hair of dark-brown; the dewy, rose-bud mouth, and tiny dimpled hands that called, and beckoned, and patted with love's own language! The oval face, so *spirituelle*, and downcast eyes of deepest blue, stealing timid glances from underneath the fringed lids, of the shy Fanny Barnum, our little "sensitive plant," whose finely-curved lips betrayed every changing emotion. And Willie Goodell Barnum, with soulful eyes, as deeply blue as his sister's, intense and sparkling with an overflowing affection; the round head covered, like hers, with the soft, shining hair that is "gold in the sunshine, and brown in the shade"—whose mobile face mirrored every feeling of his inquiring, active mind. The three children who remain, greatly feel the loss of their little companions; and the shadow which has fallen upon their young lives, is manifest in subdued tones and spiritless play. Surely, if anything but the "love of Christ constraining" had brought these missionaries to this land, nothing less than that could keep them here! And yet, thank God, there is light

in these dwellings—as among the Israelites, when thick darkness reigned in Egypt. We can each and all say with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" for unity in sorrow and suffering has drawn and knit our hearts together in a dearer and closer bond of Christian love; and we turn to work again, "with hearts new-braced and set, to run untired Love's blessed race:" And the mothers?—they of the aching hearts and empty arms? Ah!

"How can a Mother's heart feel cold and weary,
Knowing her dearer self safe, happy, warm?
How can she feel her road too dark or dreary,
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?

She knows that when the mighty Angels raise
Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone
Is hers forever; that one little praise,
One little happy voice, is all her own.

We may not see her sacred crown of honor,
But all the Angels flitting to and fro,
Pause, smiling as they pass,—they look upon her
As mother of an angel whom they know."

Tidings have reached us of the death of two other precious missionary children,—Welles Williams, and Emily Smith,—the light and joy of loving hearts in Mardin, and Marsovan; and Mrs. Dodd, of the latter place, has been brought very low, in that old Turkish konak, where the seeds of disease and death have been reeking, in the darkness, for many years!

But the severest trials that fall to the lot of the missionary, are not from within; they come from without, from some of those upon whom much labor has been bestowed, and for whom costly sacrifices have been made; who show little appreciation or gratitude, and even use the influence which they

have acquired, *against* their best friends and benefactors, and the Cause which is infinitely more precious to them than their own personal interests: It is here that the iron enters the soul of the faithful missionary, laboring among a people so foreign to himself, in thought, and life, and language, that it is no marvel if his motives, his aims, and his actions are often misunderstood and maligned. It requires faith like that of Moses, who "*endured as seeing Him who is invisible;*"—to continue calmly and heartily in the discharge of duty, "as to the Lord, and not unto men;" leaving results to the Master—"Knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: FOR YE SERVE THE LORD CHRIST."

"Reward of grace, how wondrous!
Short toil, eternal rest;
Oh! miracle of mercy,
A mansion with the bless'd:
For now we fight the battle,
And *then* we wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown!
O land that hast no sorrow,
O state that knows no strife,
O princely bowers, O land of flowers,
O realm and home of life!"

Heaven grows nearer and dearer every day; the presence of the Master more manifest, and things unseen and eternal, unceasingly take their true place, lifting us above the short-lived storms of this lower region: "There may be a cloud without a rainbow, but there cannot be a rainbow without a cloud."

FRESH ARRIVALS, AND AUTUMN WORK.

November days have come, and with them the new teacher from America, Miss Pond, the beloved class-mate and sister-teacher of Miss Fritcher, at Mt. Holyoke Seminary. The meeting of the two friends, in this distant corner of the world, is a cup of joy not often granted to the missionary teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Allen, who greatly needed a change, went, with their only child, to Sivas, to meet Miss Pond and bring her safely on her way; and one of the Marsovan missionaries having escorted her from the seaboard, there resigned his charge to their care. While they were journeying from the north-west, another party were traveling an equal distance from the south-east, crossing the lofty mountains of the Taurus range, and reaching Harpoot the same day:—Mr. and Mrs. Williams, from Mardin, with two children of a larger growth than any at Harpoot. They will spend the Winter here, that Mrs. W. may have the benefit of medical attendance which is expected in the course of a few months. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson and their children also came at the same time for a visit, on their way to Malatia.

The school examinations, which took place only a day or two before our friends arrived, gave great satisfaction to those who were present. Our dear girls especially acquitted themselves with credit. Their principal Bible lesson was the book of Acts, which has been a delightful study during the Summer, fitting them, we trust, for the same work in this land. They were able to point out on the map, every place visited by the Apostles; and gave a clear and intelligent account of the chief events of their missionary travels, and the

important lessons derived from the book. But two or three of those under instruction in this school, gave any special evidence, or made any profession of piety, at the commencement of the Summer; but much tenderness and solemnity was manifested when the truths of God's Word were brought home to their hearts and consciences, and personal appeals were made; our hearts were rejoiced ere many weeks by tokens of the Spirit's presence, in a prevailing seriousness and prayerfulness: And when a number came to inquire more perfectly the way of salvation from sin, Miss Fritcher exclaimed, "Who knows but we have been brought here to reap a harvest of souls!" Before the Summer ended, we hoped that eight or ten, if not more, had indeed been truly adopted into the family of Christ. Two of the boarders were married to preachers, at the close of school; two others had become wives of ministers, at an earlier date, and two are recently engaged to preachers already settled in their fields, making six help-mates for pastors, supplied from our preparatory school during the season!

The pupils of both schools are now scattered to their Winter work of sowing Gospel-seed in all the region round about. The Harpoot plain, with its teeming population, is to these Schools, what MISSIONS are to the churches of Christian lands—a MORAL GYMNASIUM FOR THE DEVELOPMENT AND EXERCISE OF THEIR GIFTS AND GRACES: Here, is settled a student, with his wife and children, and there, another, at various central points, to preach and teach the Glad Tidings of the Kingdom of God, according to their ability.

However little the wives may know, the mass of the people are still more ignorant, and the presence of a Christian family is a light shining in a dark place. A number of girls

are employed as teachers of day-schools in the villages, under the care and protection of responsible families.

The last few weeks have been crowded with work; a busy time for the missionaries at this Station: the selection and appointment of the students, for various parts of the field, looking to the needs of each place, and the fitness of each man, required no small amount of consultation, and careful consideration, before they were all sent forth, as the Master sent the seventy, "into every city and place whither He himself would come."

The organization of a church, and ordination of the preacher,—a graduate of the Harpoot Seminary,—in Ichmeh a village five hours distant, followed close upon the conclusion of this work, and occupied the missionaries for two days. Miss F. and I were present, and greatly enjoyed the interesting exercises, assisting in the examination of five or six women, who were among the candidates; we were much pleased with the simplicity of their faith. The church was organized with a membership of twenty-three, thirteen of whom were received by letter from the Harpoot church, and the remainder on profession of faith. The people had pledged themselves to minister to their pastor in temporal things, receiving but a small proportion of his support from the missionaries; and all seemed very happy over the union which was so like a marriage, truly a crowning ceremony! A day or two after this, we enjoyed a happy "Thanksgiving;" dinner was served in the hall of the konak, with an unusual number of friends gathered around the table; and the wine of wit, and that "sanctified fun," in which alone *missionaries* are supposed to indulge, went freely round the lively circle: The viands prepared for the occasion were

not very different from our common fare, though in greater variety. Mutton, fowls, potatoes, squash, pilaff; with fruit, and pies, or puddings, for dessert. We thought and spoke much of our friends in the home-land, on this last Thursday of November, the day appointed for "national thanksgiving to God;" and finished our social feast by joining in a grand chorus of good old songs and hymns, accompanied by the organ. But on the next day, our joy was turned to mourning, over the distressing illness of Willie Wheeler, who struggled with death for weeks, from disease of the brain, and was then given back to his parents.

PLOUGHING AND SOWING FOR SELF-SUPPORT.

Mr. Barnum and Mr. Allen are often absent at this season on apostolic tours. And Mr. Wheeler, who has done much of this essential work, in former years, is devoting his time and untiring energy, mainly to the thankless task of bringing the people of the city church up to the point of self-support. And as the days and weeks go by, I watch, with intense interest, the solving of this difficult problem. His indomitable will, and unflinching persistence and courage, will carry the day, if human means alone can do it; but he looks to a Higher power for success in an enterprise which he is persuaded is vital to the ultimate triumph of Christ's cause in this land: *i. e.*, the planting of independent, self-sustaining and self-propagating churches.

This can only be accomplished, at the outset, by patient and continuous labor with individuals—"*the one man with one man.*" There must be a vast amount of pulling down before the building up; rooted selfishness, old-time prejudices, customs, and habits, must be met and battled to the

death! But our warrior uses any weapon that may come to hand; and when one fails, he tries another, of keener blade and sharper point. He knows how to touch the springs of human nature, and adapts his style of warfare to the man with whom he has to deal. "How much will you give for the support of the Gospel among your people, this year?" he inquires of a well-to-do merchant, a member of the Harpoot church. "Five piastres," the man replies, after various side issues; about twenty cents. This is the result of an hour's earnest and serious conversation respecting Christian duty, personal responsibility, etc. "Very well," says the missionary, changing his tactics: "I see that you are a *five piastre man: You love Jesus Christ five piastres worth!*" and leaves him to solitary reflection. At first, he is roused, and angry; but his conscience once awakened, cannot be quieted: And when, a Sunday or two after, the missionary preaches in a very simple, earnest way, the plain truth on this subject of Christian stewardship, bringing it home to his hearers by a practical application, this merchant, sitting near the front, hangs his head as guiltily as if the preacher had said, "Thou art the man;" and ere long, he is led to acknowledge his "meanness," and fulfill the Scripture injunction—"Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." But oh! the perseverance, the patience, the hope, and the love that is required in this weary fight of faith!—this hand-to-hand conflict with the Spirit of evil, intrenched behind the avarice, the greed, and the niggardliness of self-love! As day after day draws to a close, I see the faithful laborer returning from the market, his strength exhausted, his head throbbing with pain, and his heart ofttimes heavy

with the hardness of the herculean task he has undertaken. Yet when the morning dawns, he goes forth again, "faint, yet pursuing," trusting in the strength of the Lord, and the "power of His might:" It seems scarcely credible that the experiment will prove a success; for the people of Harpoot stand pre-eminent for stinginess, among their brethren of the plain; and the excellent pastor of the church does not sympathize with the plan: Like most, if not all the Protestant Armenian preachers in Turkey, he much prefers to receive his salary directly from the American Board; and is inclined to look somewhat suspiciously upon this new movement of the missionaries. It appears to him like going back to the system pursued in the Old Church, and he says, "I can never consent to beg my living from the people, like the priests!" Harpoot some time since passed safely through a crisis identical with that experienced at Marsovan, in the endeavor of the people to obtain possession of the chapel-building, toward which they had contributed a small proportion:—A form of disease almost as natural and peculiar to these infant churches, one might say, as the measles and whooping-cough to children! And no common wisdom, prudence, discretion, and sound judgment, is required to bring them through this critical stage without permanent injury. As some one has wisely written, "Classes that are always ruled, without a share in the ruling, are but half educated. The surest way to develop a human being up to the full measure of his capacity, is to give him scope for action. Restrict and narrow his sphere, and you impair his growth and lessen the forces that make up his existence." It would be an unspeakable pity to check a spontaneous growth, crippling, and dwarfing, instead of healthily developing each individual

member,—"unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ;—that they henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness: But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into Him in all things, who is the Head, even Christ."

Here the best gifts and noblest talents find full play; and especially that "common sense" which is very uncommon! I see more plainly, every day, that a missionary, to be eminently successful, must be "all things to all men;" a man of great versatility, of organizing and executive ability, with quick perceptions, far-reaching aims, and that keen foresight which, looking beyond present ease and expediency, into the distant future, sees how principles now adopted and carried into practice, will affect the welfare of children yet unborn! He must have the "*mind of Christ*"—who, in His infinite wisdom, knowing the vast need of its reflex influence upon the Church, laid foundations, and committed the "ministry of reconcilation" to weak and foolish men, and not to angels; saying, "And greater works than these, shall ye do." In this simple, yet wonderful fact, seems hidden, as in a kernel, the entire economy of Missions in the Christian Church.

ESSENTIALS OF SUCCESS.

If this missionary trio, so utterly unlike in character, temperament, and constitution of mind, and with such a diversity of gifts, were not one in spirit and harmonious in working, it would be folly to hope for the results which they confidently expect. Mr. Williams, who is hard at work preparing lectures in Arabic for his training-class in theology,

feels the full force of this fact, and wittily remarks, "We cannot afford to have a 'crooked stick' sent out to work with us; for just as we get used to his sinuosities he will *turn over!*"

"UNION is strength;" and these three missionaries (each perfectly independent and untrammeled in thought and action,) are a unit. What one says, all say; the people have learned that there is no appeal from one to the other; and this is a wonderful source of power among those who, like a family of children, need a firm, even, steady, yet gentle hand, to guide and discipline them while learning to walk alone, and use aright the strength which God has given.

CONCENTRATION is another secret of success. These missionaries, centred at one point, can "call a council" at any moment, when a new question or an unlooked-for emergency arises. Mr. Wheeler's study adjoins that of Mr. Allen's, though the two families occupy entirely distinct portions of the konak. A company of the brethren have come to him from one of the villages with a story of some recent trouble in their little Protestant community. Mr. W. listens to them for a moment, and then opens a tiny door in the wall over his table, and taps on a similar one over Mr. A.'s table. A word or two in English passes between them, and then Mr. Allen writes a line, and drops the slip of paper into a little waterproof bag which is strung upon a wire outside his window; and giving a few turns to the wheel of the simple "telegraph," which he has ingeniously constructed, sends word to Mr. Barnum, who soon joins his associates; or, a cord, drawn at the cottage, tinkles a little bell announcing a message of, perhaps, a company gathered there; and the movement of the wheel is reversed to bring back the little

mail-carrier. If, after sufficient consultation, freely considering all the pros and cons, there is still a diversity of opinion regarding the best measure to be adopted, the minority must yield. "*Three* is just right," Mr. Wheeler says, "because it always secures a majority."

The proximity of the missionary families is also a great source of comfort and protection, especially when, as often happens, the husbands are absent on their frequent tours in distant portions of the field.

I am greatly struck with the superior advantages which this station has over Constantinople with its many hills to climb and waters to traverse, before missionary families, stationed at widely-separated quarters of that great city, can meet. A missionary settled at Scutari or Yeni Kapoo, is far more widely separated from his brethren at Bebek, than ministers living in New York from those in Brooklyn. In fact, for all practical purposes, it is more nearly like the distance between New York and New Haven. Pera is middle ground, but to go from one point to another consumes the best part of the day; and unless a previous correspondence has ensured their meeting, it may be time spent in vain.

FRESH LESSONS OF GOD'S PRESENCE AND PROVIDENCE.

It is wonderful that a handful of Americans, scattered over a land like this, with no means of defence, should dwell in safety, with none to molest or make afraid! Last evening, as three or four of us were returning from Mezereh —the post and telegraph station at the entrance of the plain, —we met the Pasha in a fine European carriage, with outriders, etc., in great style, and he twice saluted our party,

bowing low. In years gone by, there was a secret conspiracy among a few of the Turks in this city, to rise, as in Syria, and put all the Christians to death. But it was quelled before securing public attention. English influence is felt even in the most remote districts of the interior. Lord Stratford made the very name a power in Turkey. But more than all, do we realize that God reigns and rules over the kingdoms of the earth. We have just received a fresh lesson of His all-pervading presence and power. Sitting quietly with our reading and needle work the other evening, we felt earth's old pillars shake beneath our feet, and this great house trembled and rocked upon its foundations. It was a solemn moment, but our hearts were stayed on the Rock of Ages, and we thought of the words of the Psalmist, "God is our refuge and strength; therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." (My first experience of earthquakes was received in Constantinople, the year after my arrival: I was with Mrs. Hinsdale, in the guest-room of the only missionary family living in the Old City; and,—instead of watching by the bedside of Meta Benjamin—after the day's work in school, and a long walk through Stamboul to Yeni Kapoo, as often during the weeks of suffering which had worn heavily upon the friends who had cared for her honored and beloved father during his last illness; was preparing her last earthly robe, when suddenly, the walls began to shake, and the door flew open, as if swung back by invisible hands! We grasped each other convulsively, and rising, without a word, stepped into the hall, expecting every moment that the timbers of the low ceiling would fall upon us, or, the foundations give way beneath our tottering feet; and think-

ing with instinctive terror, of the lifeless form in a room which we dared not enter at such a time; when Dr. Dwight came out of his room with his watch in his hand. He passed into the parlor, and saw that all was right, and when he returned, the shaking had ceased. "It must have been at least five or six minutes," I said, as I drew a breath of relief, for in the interval, my life had passed in quick review before my startled mind. "*It was just twenty-two seconds*," he replied; and I realized as never before, the DURATION OF A MOMENT, and the slumbering forces at God's command.)

But God has been drawing nearer than by storm or earthquake, speaking again with the still small voice of the Spirit, and the pale messenger, Death, warning us to "be also ready, for in such an hour as we think not," He may call us hence from our "busy work forevermore." Not, as heretofore, a lamb of the flock, but our bright, joyous missionary sister, Mrs. Williams, suddenly taken, in the midst of joy and health, from our happy circle, (on the 15th of January, 1865.) "We looked for Life, and lo, Death!" At evening of one day, reading aloud, with much enjoyment, the "Schönberg-Cotta Chronicles;" before the morning dawned, asleep in Jesus; and on the morning of the second day, laid to rest in the "sacred corner" by the little sleepers who preceded her the last summer. Dr. Nutting had arrived from Oorfa (Ur of the Chaldees) two days after the gift of a little daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler; but he was powerless to save or aid in a case which baffled medical skill, and could only look on in dismay while the Angel of Death performed his rapid work. With the words, "I come, I come!" she went to be forever with the Lord. Mr. Barnum was absent that night at a village, little dreaming of what was transpiring in

his home. Mr. Allen was also on a missionary tour, and did not return till some days after the funeral. We are all stunned by the suddenness of the blow. Mr. Williams seems like one petrified. For the third time has his house been left unto him desolate,—with but brief intervals of domestic happiness, during a missionary life of seventeen years. So lately was it rebuilt, after three years of loneliness and desolation, and now it is again laid low! It is a swift and terrible destruction of hopes and joys; but, like one of old, he says, "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." . . . . . And now comes the question of duty respecting the two children, the sole remnant of household comfort, and of dear domestic joys, to whom his heart the more closely clings for the recent bereavement which has deprived them of a home. After much prayer and deliberation, it is decided to send them to America to complete their education, hitherto conducted solely by their parents. But how, and with whom shall the long over-land journey be made? This is soon made clear in the decision of Mr. and Mrs. Barnum to pay a farewell visit to Mrs. B.'s aged parents, Dr. and Mrs. Goodell, at Constantinople, who, after their long term of missionary service, are going home to end their days with their children in the United States.

The five missionary children have spent a happy and profitable Winter together in Harpoot. They have greatly enjoyed the Sunday-school, the meetings for prayer, and the singing lessons conducted by one of the "Aunties." A little paper, edited in turn by the three older ones, and receiving original contributions from their seniors, has afforded profitable employment for leisure hours; and a "literary entertainment" given by them one evening of each month, has been a source of pleasure to all the circle.

But now the notes of preparation are sounding for the prospective journey to Marsovan, Stamboul, and America. A final exercise in the recitation of poetry, declamation, singing, and reading the "Bouquet," passes off very pleasantly; and on the Sunday evening before our friends depart, we have the great joy of seeing the two children who are to leave us, take upon them the vows of the Lord and unite with us in commemorating His death. It is to them a precious privilege to receive the elements from the hand of the father whom they almost idolize; to be admitted by him to the fellowship of God's children. And to the father it is an unspeakable comfort, as he sends them forth to face, alone, the trials and conflicts of the wide, wide world. But there is a slight tremulousness in his tones which touches every heart, when he takes in his arms the sweet babes so lately given to Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, saying, in the name of the Master, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;'" baptizing them "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

A BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

On Wednesday, the last of March, our friends began their journey. Miss Fritcher, who remained with Miss Pond during the Winter, taking this opportunity to return to Marsovan, and open her school. Two or three of us accompanied them out for a day's travel. The final parting came the following morning, in the dismal khan by the way-side, where Mr. Williams conducted family worship, reading the twelfth of Hebrews; we united in singing, "How blest the tie that binds;" and then father and children knelt together for the

last time, while, with wonderful self-control, he most earnestly and impressively committed them and their traveling companions to the care of a covenant-keeping God.

Little Harry Barnum and his mamma were safely stowed away on one side of a "moffah," with Miss F. to balance on the other side; the others mounted their horses; the last farewells were silently given, and the little procession slowly passed on, watched by loving eyes till out of sight; and then commenced the lonely return from the old khan, which is henceforth known by the missionary circle as "Mizpah." On the Sunday evening following, the remaining members of the little band, so knit together by sorrow and suffering, gather to enjoy one more sermon in English from the brother who is so soon to leave them,—it may be never to return, for he looks worn and feeble: He preaches eloquently from the words, "Be careful for nothing;" Philippians iv. 6,—dwelling especially upon the final clause—"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." He has but recently returned from a long and lonely tour through his Arabic-speaking field, having visited Mosul, on the Tigris, opposite Nineveh, which was for years the centre of missionary operations among the Assyrians, till he alone survived his associates, and removed to a more healthful point.

On Tuesday morning, accompanied by his faithful, sturdy Yakob, he turns his face towards his desolated, solitary home in Mardin. Loving disciples will greet his coming with tears and smiles; but God alone can know the depths of the heart that will so miss the loving voices, the clinging hands, the quick steps of those who will come no more!

The silence will be fearful. Not one in all that city to speak a word in his mother-tongue; not one to sustain his courage when faith faints by the way-side, and hope is ready to die. He is left alone with God, as truly as the beloved John in the "isle called Patmos, for the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." But the sight is sublime!—A single sentinel, faithful unto death, standing upon the mountains of Jebel Toor, and holding aloft the Gospel standard, over all that vast region lying in darkness, and the shadow of death,—uncheered, unsolaced by present, personal, earthly companionship or sympathy! Ah! surely the angels come down to hover around the solitary path-way of one who, like his Master, is a "man of sorrows, acquainted with grief." Yea, the Master Himself comes, according to the promise,—"*I* will not leave you comfortless: *I* will come to you:" And, "blest with this fellowship divine," sorrow and loneliness are robbed of their bitterest sting. In the dreary, prison-like dwelling—where the months seem like so many years, and the years like a life-time,—so solemnly and slowly do they come and go, unbroken by voice of wife, or child, or missionary brother, and unrelieved by the little ripples in the current of every-day domestic life,—one might hear the soft tones of the flute with which the solitary pilgrim beguiles his leisure moments in tuning his heart to heavenly melodies. And when "unseen hands roll back" the Golden Gates through which, one by one, his household treasures vanished from sight, and faith's keen vision sees the glory grow, till earth's dim shadows are lighted with the reflection from within, and the spirit desires to "depart and be with Christ, which is far better," the "Angel of His Presence" whispers,—

"Not now, my child;—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billow's foam,
A few more journeyings in the desert-darkness
And *then* the sunshine of thy Father's Home.

"Not now;—for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now; for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.'

The Winter is over and gone. April showers, long continued, dripping and drizzling, or coming down steadily and abundantly day after day, have thickly sprinkled with tiny flowers of every hue, the hills where we take our walks and rides; and green grass is springing, where a few weeks ago numbers of gay tulips were bursting from the bare brown bosom of mother earth.

The schools have commenced their regular sessions, and we resume our daily round of duties in preparing workers for this extensive field. Miss Pond is diligently studying the language, and when she is ready to assume her position at the head of this most important Training-School, I shall resign my temporary occupancy, in order to carry out a long-cherished plan of visiting all the former pupils of the Constantinople school, in their widely-scattered homes, and inciting them to greater diligence in their Christian calling, and personal responsibility in evangelizing their people. For the present, the path of duty seems plain. "Both hands of Providence point to your stay for the Summer," say these friends; and they have signified their desire for at least two or three years more of my service in this field. Our school numbers thirty-four pupils, girls and women. The damp, chilly air of the school-rooms, at this season, affects us unfavorably; the assistant teacher is suffering from influenza,

and is unable to render any aid in the hard work of the first few weeks, and four of the boarders are ill with what appears to be typhus fever, greatly increasing our cares, and interrupting our progress.

But the voice of health is once more heard among the missionary families, and we anticipate a pleasant Summer campaign.

ANNIVERSARIES.

Our national birthday of freedom finds us on these distant heights—in the land which was the cradle of the human race—the land of Ararat, the country, if not the Garden of Eden, where we may suppose our first parents wandered after their expulsion from Paradise, and obtained their bread by the sweat of their brow. And we, their self-exiled children, are striving to undo the mischief which their disobedience brought on these fair plains, and among these smiling valleys and rugged mountains. Alas! how thickly the thorns and thistles grow in this aged soil of Satan's tillage; oft times choking the "good seed" which needs such constant watch and care!

It is a grand point from which to look out upon the world, and survey the rush and conflict of nations, the march of progress, the ground-swell of thought and feeling, the shock of battle, and the tide of war—all pointing with unerring finger to the glorious consummation which is surely hastening on, when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever!"

The Fourth of July dawns so brightly that, notwithstanding our previous resolve to pass it by without any special celebration, because of so many interruptions to our work,

our enthusiasm awakens, and it is the unanimous vote of both houses, that the anniversary is too glorious not to call forth some expressions of patriotism. The schools go on as usual, but between the recitations there are hurryings to and fro, and eager consultations, groupings here and there, and earnest whisperings from one end of the konak to the other. Occasionally, when I appear upon the scene of action, a startled cry of surprise and alarm from the children causes me to beat a hasty retreat, lest I should, unwittingly, discover their "secret,"--reminding us of similar scenes at Christmas time.

Some of us are intent upon getting up suitable mottoes, cutting letters from green cambric, and pasting them upon white cloth, for which purpose we use one of our curtains. Surely, no one can say, after this, that we haven't made a *sacrifice* for our country! The arbor on the upper terrace is rejuvenated for the occasion by fresh branches brought from the gardens, a mile or so away. The long seat is covered with cushions, carpets are spread upon the ground for our feet, and the supper-table placed in the centre. This is gotten up in tasteful style by the busy housewives, and presents an appetizing aspect. Cold fowl, tongue, bread, biscuits, sweetmeats, cakes, and cherries, surround a cake pyramid which forms the centre-piece, crowned by a beautiful little flag; and the white cloth upon which they are spread, is gracefully looped up with clusters of flowers. The mottoes are hung around the sides of our bower, and a picture of Washington is suspended near one of President Lincoln, which is wreathed with soft, fleecy folds of white crape, tied with black ribbons, and entwined with delicate white roses, and tiny, drooping buds. When the glowing sun is nearing the

horizon, we gather for our evening celebration, and the shouts of the children as they catch sight of these preparations, are very enlivening. The ladies are dressed in white, with decorations of red, white, and blue, and even the two babies display their patriotism in the national colors. The boys repeatedly fire a toy cannon, but are happily without the pestilential fire-crackers, which too often make the day a nuisance at home. The mimic march in military array is enlivened by the fife and drum—a feeble imitation of martial music—performed by the papas whom they have impressed into the service, while the rest of the company must needs join in the procession, and swell the chorus of their songs.

As the king of day disappears behind the mountains, leaving the sky all aglow with a flood of rosy light, which bathes the great plain stretching away at our feet in its changing hues, till its waving harvest-fields, its brown pasture-grounds, and verdant vineyards seem like a magnificent mosaic, glittering with precious gems,—and purple shadows play upon the hills around us—we sit beneath our "booth," and partake of the dainties and delectables which loving hearts and skillful hands have specially provided for our entertainment on this occasion,—undaunted by the fear that some Madame Pfeiffer who has come to spy out the land, will carry back a false report of luxurious living among foreign missionaries! (This Swedish traveller, many years ago, visited Constantinople, and Oroomiah in Persia: and, after receiving every attention from the missionaries,—who brought out their choicest delicacies to honor their guest,—she gave the world a flaming story of their "extravagance!" The fact is, that the contrast of home-comforts, however simple, after weeks of travel in such a country, makes the change

from tents, and khans, and poor fare, seem like the greatest luxury.)

Tea and coffee are served from a side table, and snow brought from an ice cave a few miles distant (which, strange to say, is warm in Winter, probably owing to its being closed from currents of air), furnishes us with the unwonted luxury of ice cream. Oranges and lemons, like other tropical fruits, are unknown in this region, but sherbet, made by mixing the juices of cooling acid fruits with water, forms a refreshing beverage.

After the repast, of which we partake with keen zest, is concluded, and the happy, weary little ones have been put to rest, we sit in the "door of our tent," and commune of things past, present, and prospective.

The heavens bend protectingly down over our hill-top,—an immense canopy of the purest sapphire; and from our lofty lookout, mountain ranges, with their snowy peaks, form a grand background to our sweep of vision. Soon the moon and stars, "walking in brightness," look down upon us, and heaven seems very near. The "feast of reason and the flow of soul" is prolonged to a late hour, in the soothing calm and hush of the night air; and before we descend to our respective rooms, with grateful hearts, looking backward, and forward, and upward, we join our voices in an ascription of praise to "Him from whom all blessings flow," and once more commit our beloved country, with all its interests, to the keeping of our fathers' God.

SUMMER WORK AND WARFARE.

The post from Constantinople brings fresh accounts of the ravages made by cholera and the desolation that is sweeping

over the Capital from that scourge of Eastern cities. The mortality has reached the number of eight hundred per day, and a perfect panic prevails among the great mass of the people, so that almost all places of business are closed. The head of the Protestant nation was one of the victims of the plague, and after his death, his son set fire to the house and hung himself! The old man had become perfectly unmanageable, and the state of things under his control was growing too bad to be longer endured; therefore, the dispensation seems rather merciful than otherwise in his case. But at such times, Orientals generally show a fearful lack of self-control, and even the simplest amount of common sense in taking the most ordinary precautions respecting diet, clothing, etc. Many a man regales himself with unripe fruit, melons, unpeeled cucumbers, etc., etc., at the close of the day, and sleeps his last sleep before the morning dawns! And while his friends give way to the most frantic demonstrations of grief, they speedily go and do likewise, in their utter improvidence and childish folly, till entire households are swept away.

A Greek family were once living opposite us at Constantinople, during a summer vacation, and we assisted in caring for its members when they were smitten by cholera—and their neighbors had fled: soon one after another were taken away, till only the aged grandmother remained to bewail her desolation, and the sad fate which doomed her to poverty, since in the absence of an heir her property must revert to the government, even in her life-time, according to Turkish law. Possibly, one room in her own house might be granted her, as a favor, but that was all!

But Mr. and Mrs. Barnum are now on their return from a

visit to the old home at Hasskeuy, and their letters are filled with painful details of the dangers through which they have passed since leaving Stamboul, and the frightful scenes they have witnessed in the crowded steamer on the Black Sea, and during a week of quarantine in Samsoon, at this most sickly season of that fever-stricken port. We are very anxious for their safety; they have been so exposed to malaria, and the most deadly form of disease, that it would not be strange if it should develop while they are in Marsovan, or on the journey beyond.

And our hearts almost tremble when we think what may be the fate of our friends at Constantinople, in the midst of the fearful plague.

We know not what sad tidings another mail may bring us, and the suspense is very trying and exciting to our nerves. But God is over all, and in all; and again we turn to Him, as "our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore, will not we fear."

Fortunately, we have not to undergo the tedious delay of the post which frequently occurs during the Winter months, when heavy snows and storms hinder travel, and we wait two, three, and even four weeks to hear from the world without.

But our suspense, however unendurable it may seem when our hearts are heavy with unspoken fears for loved ones far away, is nothing in comparison with that of missionaries in Micronesia, who receive their mail but once in twelve or even fourteen months!

With what conflicting emotions must they look upon the packages of letters, the bundles of (weekly) newspapers, brought them by the "Morning Star" in her yearly visit to the

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Islands where, for the love of Christ, they spend their lives in voluntary exile! Opening those of the latest date, they read backward through the months, till they take up the thread of events where it was dropped a year ago. And after a day or two of such intense excitement, it is no marvel if some of the "weaker vessels" should succumb beneath the heavy weight of such an avalanche of news; such an accumulation of thought and feeling in connection with public events, and the more private burden of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, linked with kindred so widely separated, which thrills every fibre of their being!

The epidemic seems to be spreading through the country, though now that the heat is beginning to subside, toward the latter part of August, it may spend most of its fury at the seaboard.

The Pasha of this district lately sent for Dr. Harooteun, one of Dr. West's pupils, who is settled in Harpoot, and requested him to telegraph to Aleppo, and inquire whether the cholera had commenced there. He did so, and the answer was, "Eight or ten are dying daily." The old Pasha wrung his hands in dismay, saying, "What shall I do? What *can* I do?"

"Have the city well cleansed;" said the doctor. He caught at the idea, and at once appointed Harooteun superintendent, with full powers to carry out his own plans.

So we are having what old Dinah would call a regular "clarin' up," in this Turkish town; and only wish the dispensation might forever remain in force!

There is something peculiar in the atmosphere this season. The mercury has never risen above ninety degrees in the

shade, but it has been oppressively warm, a suffocating air, yet withal inducing a general tendency to take cold.

During the most oppressive weather, Mr. and Mrs. Allen pitched their tent in a garden about a mile from the city, for the sake of their little one, who pined in the pent-up, stifling heat of the town; and occasionally some of our number have gone out to breakfast with them, in primitive style. But recently, the upper terrace has received their patriarchal tabernacle, and an awning extending from one end, affords accommodation for Miss P. and myself. There we place our traveling bedsteads, and find much better air than in the house,—though occasionally annoyed by the unexpected advent of cats and dogs, who come unceremoniously climbing over the earth walls, and rattle the stones and dust about our heads! The heavens present a magnificent spectacle these Summer nights, and fill the soul with calm delight as one gazes upon the vast expanse of gleaming, burning stars, and constellations, in this electric atmosphere. I never saw them on so grand a scale as here! But though stars shine and burn, and winds blow, we are not long awake to see or hear. Our flock of girls are all camped down in their playground below, with their beds spread on mats, and the roofs of dwellings beyond the enclosure are covered with families of various households; so we draw our expansive old sun-bonnet over our head, and sleep securely and sweetly beneath the watchful eye of the great Father and Shepherd of Israel.

Our brief vacation of two weeks was mostly occupied in writing letters which were due to friends at home, and throughout the Turkish Empire, and in plying the needle, to bring up arrears in our necessary wardrobe. And now

school duties claim most of our available time and strength. Thirteen of our pupils will graduate in the Autumn, and much must be done for them before they are scattered, from Dan to Beersheba, throughout this land. O, how much wisdom, grace, and patience is needed to teach and train them aright!

They look up to me with a sort of reverential awe, mingled with love, and I can do what I will with them; but it is the hardest of all work to inculcate the principle of obedience!

This acting conscientiously in little things, is all new to them. And too often they seem to regard a rule, or an injunction, of but small account after a few days have passed away. I am sometimes reminded by their excuses, of a negro who told his master that his *conscience* wouldn't let him do what he was bid. "Your conscience, you rascal! What do you call conscience?" "Why, massa, it's something in here (striking his breast) that says 'I WON'T!'"

The thought which most helps one in dealing with them, is that of God's long-suffering and patience with *us* in HIS Training-School! A number of our married pupils are occasionally kept away from school by their own illness, or that of their children, and the sight of their narrow quarters —each family occupying but one room—the lack of much that we deem essential to comfort, touches one's heart with a sense of ingratitude to the Great Giver.

We are going to teach the women how to make the most of their little; to keep their rooms more tidy, and add a few embellishments; and the girls are to aid them in making garments for the children: But we must be careful lest we help them too much, and thus do harm. The inspiration to self-help and self-respect is that which they most need. Their husbands are preparing for and looking to the Pastorate,

as the grand ultimatum of their hopes and aims. when they will be supported by their own people, and gradually rise to solid comfort, and more than ordinary respectability in social and domestic life. Our efforts have been already blessed in a marked transformation of personal appearance, mind and manners of many in both schools, and we look with confidence for yet greater things.

THE PARSONAGE.

Riding across the hills one day, after school, I met a company of men and boys, belonging to the Protestant community, headed by Mr. Wheeler, who were dragging to the city the trunks of trees which they had just felled in a neighboring garden or field, for the new parsonage.

They were in high glee over the novel undertaking, and it did one's heart good to see their enthusiasm.

A couple of the younger lads called my attention to a sapling which they had cut down and were bearing in triumph to the town; and I noticed that the "badveli" had hold of one of the heaviest timbers, and inspired all the rest by his zeal and energy, while he was as full of fun and frolic as the youngest and merriest of the party. It was a genuine "minister's bee," or, as some might think, a sort of religious "spree," for these trees were probably "foreordained," and grown expressly for the pastor's house!

The people were stirred up to contribute for this purpose months ago, but it became evident that the thing would never be really accomplished unless some Nehemiah should arise to lead the enterprise and push matters to a final conclusion. So Mr. Wheeler threw himself into the work, heart and soul, with all the intense earnestness and force of his

nature. The foundations were soon laid, and the walls began to go up under his vigorous administration.

Morning, noon, and night found him on the ground putting his own hands to the work, and thus securing much voluntary labor on the part of the people, who were inspired to do likewise by an example which made manual labor no disgrace. Never did sun-dried bricks fly more swiftly into their proper place than when tossed up to his quick hands by those below, as he toiled beneath the burning sun, while the perspiration gathered in large drops upon his heated face, and matted the hair which fell around his brow. Day after day, week after week the work went on, till the good wife, whose dinner often cooled, and whose tea waited long for his coming, was tempted to complain of the engrossing labor which so consumed his time and strength, and made him oblivious to his own personal needs. But his reply—"It is not alone for the City, that this parsonage is being built, but as an example for all the churches on the plain,"—showed the impelling motive and keen sagacity of the worker.

And now it is a finished fact—a neat, convenient, commodious dwelling, with kitchen, dining, and store-room below, and parlor, study, and two sleeping-rooms above, with hall and staircase in the centre. It is near Mr. Barnum's, and is fully as good as the house built for his occupation. We have just been present at the "house-warming," and added our gifts to those which the people were incited to bestow upon their beloved and honored pastor, on the occasion so new and so interesting to him and to them. A fur-lined coat, a few loads of coal, wood, and provisions of various kinds, were among their offerings, and a goodly company

gathered in the new dwelling to testify, by looks and words, the joy of their hearts over the auspicious event. The pastor's wife had fitted up her parlor in neat and tasteful style—a carpet of native manufacture on the floor, a divan arrayed in a pretty chintz, with white covers, a sweet-toned melodeon—purchased with her savings and earnings—at which she presides with skillful touch and ready reading of music; a sheet-iron stove in the corner, for Winter use, a few simple pictures and pressed leaves and flowers on the white-washed walls, with a vase or two of roses, and a few books, gave the room a very home-like appearance. I felt quite proud of my old pupil, as I surveyed the skill and neatness of her handiwork throughout the new abode.*

Several congratulatory speeches were made on the occasion by the missionaries and the brethren, and the pastor responded most appropriately for himself and his wife, to whom he bore a happy testimony of growing esteem and affection as the partner of his joys and sorrows.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to music, social conversation, and a few simple games, calculated to awaken thought and promote general sociability. This was new to some of the company, and they held back till they should learn the method of procedure. But the pastor, though naturally quiet and sedate, entered into the spirit of the play, and several times carried off the palm.

We had introduced the question, "What is my thought like!" And after going the rounds, he asked, "Why is that stove-pipe like a hair of my head?" When many puzzling

* The contrast to her appearance when under school training,—as described in a former chapter,—caused a fresh song of gratitude to God.

attempts had been made to trace the exact analogy, he stated the fact, which was quite new and strange to some of the brethren, and caused them to open their eyes: "Because it is a tube, and contains a dark liquid, or coloring matter." A truth which we learn to our sorrow in this country, where the dark, dripping acid from stove-pipes so often disfigures walls and carpets.

DIVERSIONS AND RECREATION.

The "rhyming game" does not go well in Armenian, owing to the fact that the language is so poor in monosyllables; but in our little missionary circle it often proves a pleasant diversion, especially when we wish to turn the current of thought from the customary channel—the all-absorbing theme of missionary work.

"I have a word which rhymes with pole," says one. "Is it that which we all possess?" "No, it is not soul." "Is it that to which our steps are tending?" "No, it is not goal." And so on, till at last a brother, who has bestowed some thought on the definition, puts the question, "Is it a local interruption of continuity of surface?"

"It *is* 'hole.'" And that leads to another more witty, though not original, definition, which well describes some of the *ragged* specimens we see in this region. "A hole is a portion of space surrounded by *circumstances*, according to the nature of the case." Alas, for the "circumstances" in some parts of Turkey! Mr. Williams says that in the region he has recently visited, there is scarcely enough of the original fabric left to form a border for the "portions of space," in the would-be coverings of the people.

It is often absolutely necessary to start a diversion of this

kind as a relief to the constant strain and wearing excitement of cares and questions which weigh heavily upon our minds, and ofttimes intrude their presence upon the hours which should be devoted to sleep. We come together, at konak or cottage, for our weekly reunion, and after a little general conversation, the gentlemen very naturally get their heads together over some unsettled case, some knotty question, or difficult problem. It is a Christian kindness, if not duty, to draw them, perforce, if need be, into a game of "Blindman's-Buff" or "Puss in the Corner," with the children, who are never so happy as when the grown people join in their plays and promote their sport. It is no small thing to scatter flowers in the pathway of the young lives that have so few sources of amusement open to them. And the "Auntie," who in some degree supplies the place of the paternal or maternal sister whom they have never seen, is often called away from graver sittings to teach them some new game, or start an old one, "Because," they plead, "we can't do anything without her!" And their common saying, "Auntie, and the rest of us children," has become a household word. Dear children! Constant intercourse with their fresh young life and thought, is a perpetual blessing, and serves to keep one who has no home-ties from becoming dwarfed and cramped in nature, and stiff and angular in ways of thinking and doing.

What should we do without the enticing attractions and merry frolics, which afford so much of healthful exercise and recreation, when there is scarcely any other way to unbend the overtaxed brain and nerves? The out-gushing love of their young hearts is an unspeakable solace and source of enjoyment in the absence of one's own kindred.

On one occasion a tea-table was prepared especially for the children, with a little book or picture placed beneath each plate as a surprise. When we were all gathered, and the blessing had been asked, the treasures were discovered, and a shout of joy arose. "O!" said wee Willie, "I love Auntie the *lotsest* of anybody!" "No, you don't," asserted another little one; "I love her the *bestest*." "But I love Jesus more," chimed in a thoughtful child. And that was the sweetest of all.

"Auntie," said a quiet little fellow, who had sought my room for a brief visit, his heart overflowing with a love which he knew not how to express, "Auntie, would you cry if I had never been born?" When I explained that if he had never existed he could never be missed, the little five-year-old put the question in a more tangible and worldly form: "Auntie, if I was a man, would you marry me?"

These missionary children have few playmates or companions of their own years, for they cannot mingle indiscriminately with those of the country without serious danger of moral injury.

They learn the various languages spoken by the people with far more facility and idiomatic accuracy than their parents, and coin words in English to suit their needs of expression, often affording their seniors much amusement by their quaint sayings and interminglings of the dialects which they so readily pick up. Standing upon a lofty summit, and surveying the far-reaching landscape before them, one of these children says to the other, "Look, look! how *spready!*" And another enthusiastic youngster who is too eager and impatient to wait for the tardy opening of doors on Christmas morning, that he may run over to the next house where

the presents are to be distributed, climbs out of the window and over a wall, to satisfy his curiosity. When he is found, and his parents remonstrate, he innocently says, "I couldn't wait, I was so *bursty!*"

Their confidence in, and admiration for, their parents, is delightful to witness, though somewhat peculiar in its manifestation at times, owing to ideas gathered from the people among whom they dwell. Noticing that one of the smaller boys, who had a remarkably clear, sweet voice, kept up a singular, grumbling sort of accompaniment in the singing at family worship one morning, I afterwards inquired the cause of the remarkable change in his tones. He was rather reluctant to confess the reason, but said, as the color mounted to his face, "I was singing like my papa!" "Yes, but your papa sings bass, and you can't sing like that till you are a man." "Well," said the manly little fellow, summoning all his courage to stand his ground, "I don't want to sing like a *woman*, any how!"

"Mamma, what makes the hens hop around so after their heads are cut off?" inquires one of these inquisitive shoots of the missionary colony.

"Why will you ask so many foolish questions, my child?" said the mother; "I can't tell you why."

"Well, if my papa was here, *he* could tell, for he knows everything!"

"Why do you wish to know, my boy?"

"Why, because, when I'm a man, and my children ask me, I want to know what to tell them!"

"My papa *is* a 'D.D.;' 'cause he *vaccinates* and he *baptizes!*" argues a bonnie little lassie when the subject of degrees is under earnest discussion in one of their confidential side-talks.

"Won't you be a 'Dr.,' papa?" asks another child.

"No, my son; your father will never be a Doctor of Divinity."

"Well, then," responds the hopeful young scion, with honest emphasis, "*I won't either!*"

We miss the many avenues to intellectual refreshment,—and that recreation which is really re-creation,—always open to friends at home: The evening lecture, or concert, or social gathering, where one meets new faces, and feels the inspiration of new thought and the kindling of fresh feeling; the little trip by railway or steamer, which gives one a change of scene and air, the crimson current coursing through the veins with quickened life and healthful glow, sending the renovated worker back to the once tiresome monotony and wearing routine of daily toil, with new zest and enthusiasm.

How we sometimes long, with unutterable yearnings, to take the wings of the morning, and spend one day, or one hour even, with friends by the old fireside! To sit down at the home table with those so far away! To gather with them around the family altar once more, or go up to the house of God in company. How good it would be to hear again a sermon from the lips of our dear old pastor! to drop in at one of the weekly church prayer-meetings, and unite in the song of praise, and the fervent supplications in our sweet mother-tongue! What a rest of soul it would be to spend an evening with aged, experienced Christians who are praying "Thy kingdom come," and sit at their feet and seek counsel, and learn wisdom at their lips!

Perhaps those of us who have no home, no real abiding-place in this land, who, however much we may love and be beloved by missionary brothers and sisters, must always in reality be "boarders,"—feel more intensely the isolation

than others who did not leave all, in devoting themselves to this work of Gospel ministry in a strange land and a strange tongue.*

The arrangement made at Harpoot is, for the lady-teachers to rotate; taking their meals for three months at a time with each family; thus relieving the housewives from the continuous presence and care of those who, however dear, are not their "very own." And yet it would be hard to find a kinder, more affectionate circle of missionary brothers and sisters.

Teaching is considered by the medical profession to be especially wearing and exhaustive work to the nervous system; and when continued, year after year, as a life-work, calls for special breaks and changes, perhaps not so imperatively demanded in the case of those who have the varied employments of domestic life. But a healthful change is almost an impossibility in this land, especially in the far interior portions of the country. A visit to another missionary station is too often like the tossings of the invalid, who may "change the place, but keeps the pain:" For, wherever a missionary may go, the work pursues and overtakes him,

* No single ladies are sent out by the American Board, directly or in behalf of the Woman's Board of Missions, till every arrangement has been made with the missionaries on the ground, to secure them proper protection, a home, and opportunities for labor. The happiness and comfort of all parties must be carefully considered. Any other course would be hardly less unkind, to say the least, to the missionary family than to the lady sent out. In some instances the presence and care of a single lady would seriously embarrass the family of a missionary, or take up time that cannot be spared; in others the way may not be open for labor. If some families suffer from a different course, pursued by other societies, it is not the fault of the American Board.—*Missionary Herald.*

ever calling for fresh effort, and renewed care and responsibility: The current of thought and feeling is not only unchanged, but is often intensified.

It is rarely that we see the face of an English-speaking traveler in this region.

One rainy Saturday, the two families in the konak were in the midst of house-cleaning; the halls crowded with furniture, and things generally in that topsy-turvy state which is understood by housekeepers to be a necessary evil at certain periods of the year.

The women belonging to the school were coming to the teachers' room with their children, and bundles of clothing, that we might know their most pressing necessities, and prepare the sewing for the girls; and altogether, the house was in a somewhat confused condition.

"If we were in America, some one would be sure to come for a call or visit at this most inauspicious time," I said to my associate.

"Yes; but nothing of the kind can happen here!" she replied, with a half sigh.

A little later, the assistant teacher told us that a German doctor had come. We looked out into the court-yard, and seeing no signs of an arrival, and knowing how many flying reports were circulated among the people without any foundation, dismissed the subject from our thoughts. But having occasion ere long to visit the other end of the mansion, I passed unsuspectingly through the narrow corridor between the two divisions, into a hall beyond, and suddenly found myself in the presence of a smiling stranger, who bowed low and addressed me in Latin! This was the veritable German doctor, sent out by a wealthy scientist of Geneva, to explore

the flora of the East. After some months spent in the southern portions of the country, he had come to this region with his servants, Arab steeds, and boxes filled with specimens, to be arranged and forwarded to Switzerland; — and was for a month the guest of one of the missionary families, leaving his thanks as compensation for the hospitality he received during his stay :—But his gratitude was expressed in the rather quaint English which, after various essays in French and German, he finally adopted as his medium of communication.

Two other travelers made their appearance in the space of four years; they were from India, and came to survey the telegraph line, making their headquarters at Mezereh.

Our little circle is again completed by the safe return of Mr. and Mrs. Barnum; the welcome which greeted their coming, in the cottage, freshly cleansed, and garnished with flowers, mottoes of "Welcome Home," "Love," "Rest," and "Home, Sweet Home," adorning the walls, was a faint type of the final gathering in the everlasting Home of "many mansions," where we shall go no more out forever.

The health of the city is in advance of last year at this time; probably owing to the new sanitary precautions adopted and put in force by Hakim Harooteun, with the aid of the missionaries, who have heartily entered into the programme,—in this vicinity. The air seems purer, and freer from offensive smells, but we are greatly annoyed by those tiny tormentors, the fleas, in consequence, we suppose, of long and late rains, and possibly the stirring up of their old quarters! And we have had sad news from Marsovan, in the death, by cholera, of our missionary brother, Mr. Dodd.

Fruit is abundant, though the grapes have been somewhat

injured by heavy showers, yet the rich clusters that adorn our table look very tempting, besides luscious melons, rich pears, and the fair-looking, but not very fine-flavored apples, that have lately made their appearance in the market. We have really good white yeast bread this year, in place of soda biscuit, or rolls; and tolerably good butter—such as it is—white and unsalted, made of sheep's milk, in goat skins, with the hairy side turned in. It is often rancid, and permeates the food which is cooked with it, in a most unsavory way, particularly disagreeable to a fastidious new-comer, who may require at least a year to become in any degree accustomed to the peculiar taste which it imparts. This butter often needs special cleansing before it is fit for the table; it is sometimes melted and refined by heat; but a missionary living on the plains of Mesopotamia, where Abraham once fed his flocks (and Sarah possibly superintended her maidens in this method of making butter), has advocated the use of a serrated knife, in removing the superabundant hair which finds its way into the lacteal compound during the churning process! The latter is sometimes varied by strapping the goat skins of milk across the back of a donkey who is about to take a short journey, thus "killing two birds with one stone!"

THE ORDINATION AT PERCHENJ.

It is a warm Summer day. At eight o'clock in the morning, a company may be seen starting out from the mission premises at Harpoot, all mounted on horses or donkeys, and wending their way through the narrow, rough streets of the city, to the brow of the rocky hill on which it is built, whence they slowly descend into the great plain. A ride of

two hours brings us to the village of Perchenj. As we approach, we see many persons on foot, or mounted, and women and children in rude wagons drawn by buffaloes, all bound on the same errand.

We pass through broad streets, shaded by lofty trees on either side, with little streams of water running by the mud walls which surround the gardens. It is very refreshing to see so much verdure and shade, and be able to ride in company, three or four side by side, instead of the usual pack-horse procession, one jogging behind the other.

Such spacious streets are rare in these villages, where one naturally expects to find more room than in large towns. The Armenian idea of a village is totally different from that entertained in America. Here, the term villager is synonymous with "boor, ignoramus," etc. (When I first told my pupils that I was born in a village, or country town, they were amazed, and almost shocked.

During the same lesson, it came out that our blessed Savior dwelt in a place which might have been termed a village, and a very mean one at that. Some doubted, others insisted that it was a city, since it is sometimes so called in Scripture, though all travelers judge that it could never have been anything more than a small town, from its situation. It was amusing to see the eyes of our village girls while this controversy was going on! Perhaps there is no people under the sun more tenacious of their "honor" than these same Armenians, even the poorest and meanest among them! It sometimes assumes an aspect that is really ridiculous.)

After fifteen or twenty minutes ride through the village, we draw up in front of a garden wall where a large company of men are assembled. These are mostly Protestant brethren,

and they greet us with beaming faces and hearty salutations. They help us to dismount, and at once relieve us of the care of our horses, and luggage, if we have any. Passing into the garden, we find the desk placed beneath large spreading trees, with a long seat for the "Honorables," as ministers are called in Armenian. A space in front is left open, and on either side, carpets and cushions are spread under the trees for the women. We missionary sisters soon find ourselves comfortably seated on the left of the desk, at the foot of a mulberry tree.

When the meeting is called to order, people come thronging in, clad in all colors and costumes; we see among them some comical combinations in the way of rags, and patches, worn by curious lookers-on, some of whom have the implements of labor in their hands, fresh from the fields where they were at work.

But a goodly company of "Gospellers" are present in their best array, not only from the city, but from surrounding villages. This is evidently a great gala day to them: And soon all eyes and ears are intent upon the business in progress. The missionary badvelis are three in number, and noble looking men they are; their expressive countenances beaming with love and joy! The Protestant Armenian brother who sits with them, rejoices in the same office and title; and Pastor Marderos is truly worthy of the respect and confidence accorded to him by every one. He is chosen secretary, the chairman having been duly elected by the delegates from the churches, who occupy seats directly in front of the desk.

The devotional exercises being concluded, they proceed to the organization of the church, and the examination of

the candidate for the pastoral office. He is a young preacher who was trained for his work at the Harpoot Seminary, and has labored in a small town on the Euphrates for the last two years. His wife was also a pupil of the Training-School.

He stands up among the crowd of witnesses, and bears a good testimony for the truth as it is in Christ. The people give most earnest and undivided attention to the exercises, so new and interesting to many of them. Here and there can be seen the stalwart form of a rough tiller of the soil, leaning upon his spade; a number of boys and young men peer down upon us from the branches of trees just beyond the scene of action, and beyond the multitude, near the outskirts of the garden, are a number of fires, with huge caldrons placed over them, and flitting figures around the encampment seem to be engaged in stirring savory messes for the refreshment of the hungry crowd.

Soon after midday, a recess is taken, and little groups are gathered on every side, partaking of that same mess of pottage provided by their village entertainers. We too receive our share, seated on carpets spread in a shady corner, and eating the broth,—with dark, coarse, unleavened bread, which was baked in large flat cakes, upon the heated stones of a rude oven made in the earth, and piled upon the ground near by!—A common tin or copper dish contains a supply for three or four persons, placed at equal distances before our circle, and we merrily dip our wooden spoons into the same turreen, enjoying the fun more than the food, it must be confessed.

The afternoon session is even more interesting than that of the morning, and we can but think what a means of edu-

cation such occasions must prove to a people who are newly coming into the light and liberty of the Gospel.

Mr. Williams has come from Mardin, and greatly adds to the services by a stirring and most admirable charge to the church, in English, which is interpreted by a brother missionary, and so interests the people that they petition to have it printed in Armenian for future use. They can never forget his illustrations of Divine truth; begging them not to fill God's vineyard with dead trees,—pointing to a sapless, withered trunk near by,—which should not only bear no fruit, but also cumber the ground by their presence, shutting out the dew and the sunshine from the soil, and thus hindering the growth of others.

The day closes with songs of praise, and assurances on every side that it will long be remembered as a "blessed time."

It is followed during the year by similar soul-cheering scenes in other villages, all giving promise of a Christianity whose growth shall be from *within*, self-perpetuating, and, consequently, self-propagating.

The missionaries at Harpoot have adopted a few fundamental principles in laying foundations and planting churches in this region. (1.) "To form no churches to which they do not at the same time give pastors: (2.) To ordain pastors only when their churches assume the entire responsibility of calling and supporting them, the aid given to the churches by the missionaries in no case to exceed one-half of the salary, and to decrease annually at least one-fifth, and thus cease entirely at the end of five years, at the longest, and as much sooner as, in their opinion, the churches are able to dispense with it. (3) The pastors and churches to

be regarded and treated from the first, as entirely independent of missionary control, and responsible only to the great Head of the Church."

EXAMINATION OF THE TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND WOMEN.

This institution was opened at Harpoot in the Spring of 1863, and was intended to comprise not only boarders, but day pupils, and women (wives of theological students only) as well as girls. The whole number of pupils from the first has been ninety; and of sixty connected with the school for a longer or shorter period during these three years, only three or four made any profession of piety when admitted, and thirty have, we hope, been converted during the period.

The boarders were limited to fifteen in number, coming from other cities and villages in the "Eastern Turkey Mission," Diarbekir, Mardin, Bitlis, Erzeroom, Arabkir, Malatia, etc. The day-scholars were also fourteen in number, mostly from the city of Harpoot. These all paid a tuition fee for admission, and the boarders were required to pay a certain proportion of their expenses. A few were, however, received as "charity scholars," to be educated at the expense of the American Board, with the expectation that they should become teachers or wives of preachers. None were admitted under twelve years of age, and the boarders were required to know something of the primary branches of instruction, acquired at the station day-schools.

Most of the women under instruction are very humble and ignorant, either unable to read, or but imperfectly, when they entered the school. They learn slowly, but their minds expand in this new atmosphere, and the constant presentation of divine truth elevates their characters and enlightens

their consciences. They generally manifest great simplicity of character, and a humility and genuine frankness which is very refreshing and encouraging to their teachers. We consider this class of pupils a most important element in the school. Those who are mothers leave their younger children to be cared for during school-hours, by a woman employed for that purpose; and at the customary recess, morning and afternoon, they go to their rooms (in the vicinity) to nurse their babes. The larger children are placed in the day school.

Thus whole families are at once instructed and elevated. The school is in session from March to November. During the Winter months, the pupils of both schools are scattered throughout this region of the Euphrates and Tigris, in all the cities and villages where the people call them, or missionaries send them, to teach and preach the Word.

Our women soon find their appropriate sphere as teachers and leaders of their sex. They may know but little, but they can teach those who know still less. One of the mothers whom we considered very backward, and rather weak-minded, in fact, has been very useful in the village where her husband labors. From accounts just received, she is now teaching sixteen girls and three women to read, besides performing the work of her family of nine persons. Thus far the experiment has proved a success, and with every year public sentiment has increasingly sanctioned the education of women. Parents are becoming not only willing but anxious to place their daughters in the school, even if it involves a pecuniary sacrifice to themselves.

Previous to the establishment of this school, three girls,—two Armenian and one Syrian,—were sent from Diarbekir,

to be educated in the Armenian Boarding-School at Constantinople. These have been usefully employed since their return,—one acting as assistant teacher in this school; another, the wife of the pastor at Harpoot, also aiding, from time to time, in various classes, translating useful books and articles for the press, besides taking her turn with the missionary ladies in holding weekly meetings for the women. The influence of their Syrian school-mate, in her labors among the women and girls of Diarbekir, can hardly be overestimated. Her light has shown steadily and brightly, amid the dawning rays of the new day opening upon her people.

We come now to the close of the third school-year of the Harpoot institution. On the 24th of October, an informal examination of the primary classes was held in the school-room, to which only relatives of the pupils were admitted, besides the missionary families and the pastor. Most of the women belonged to these classes, mainly under the instruction of the assistant teacher, and Miss Pond, while perfecting her use of the language. Their store of book knowledge was not very extensive, but their appearance indicated a growth of mind, and a moral tone, worth infinitely more. The next day the public examination took place in the chapel. During the previous weeks there had been the customary "reviews" and "drills," reading and re-reading of essays, with criticisms, the singing of new pieces for the occasion, etc., etc., all so well known to every teacher as an exhausting process, but specially so to those who labor in a foreign tongue, fashioning raw material!

This was to be the first occasion when more than a very select number should witness the proficiency of Armenian girls in their studies. Yet the door was not widely thrown open

to all who might come to gaze. Tickets were provided, and given to suitable applicants; thus a large and most respectable audience was secured. Among those present were many pastors, preachers, and helpers, who had come from their places of labor to attend the various exercises of the week. Our scholars were seated on carpets, in the centre of the chapel. They were neatly dressed in a mixture of the Oriental and European style, their heads covered with a native "kerchief," partly concealing the face.

The exercises commenced with singing and prayer. Classes were then examined in Bible History and Geography, followed, during the day, by Astronomy, Moral Science, the Assembly's Catechism, and Object Lessons. These recitations were interspersed with singing, accompanied by the melodeon, and the reading of Essays in clear, calm tones, by the writers. The subjects were as follows: Light; Liberality; Obedience; Cleanliness; Faithfulness in Little Things; and the Greatest Victory; this last portraying the hidden conflict of the soul, between the powers of good and evil, invisible to mortal eyes, but noticed by God and angels, who rejoice over the *victory of self!* It was written by a "little Syrian maid," a native of Diarbekir.

The classes appeared well, and their teachers were pleased and encouraged. Mr. Wheeler's class in Astronomy would have done credit to any school. Owing to a lack of suitable text-books in Armenian, the instruction in this, and one or two other branches, has been mostly oral. In the study of God's Word, the graduating class had gone through the first five books the last year, spending three-quarters of an hour each day in drawing directly from the fountain head of wisdom and truth. During the Summer, the first class was

favored with lectures on Natural Philosophy and Physiology, by Mr. Allen, Principal of the Seminary. In place of map-drawing, to which considerable attention had been given, our pupils were instructed in the art of making "flower pictures," during the last weeks of the term. The walls of the chapel were quite profusely decorated with specimens of their taste and skill, in arranging the leaves and blossoms collected in their Spring and Summer rambles over the hills with their teachers. This we felt would cultivate their taste, give them an object in their walks, and help to make their homes more attractive. They were taught that these simple pictures would be in keeping with the humblest surroundings, if only the walls were *white-washed* and the room *clean*.

At the close of the afternoon exercises, suitable diplomas were presented to the graduating class, with a few impressive words by Mr. Wheeler. There were fourteen girls and women whose course of study was completed, and who now received their "commission" to go forth and teach their benighted sisters, wherever the Master should call them. It was a soul-cheering spectacle, and spoke volumes for the future of woman in this land. The school then united in singing, "Go, work in my vineyard to-day."

After a few brief remarks by Mr. Barnum and Mr. Allen, several of the native pastors addressed the school. We were particularly interested in one of them, a former graduate of the Seminary, ordained and settled as a pastor last June. He "rose up" lumberingly, like a great mountain, and in a deep, rumbling voice, gave utterance to a few measured sentences, expressive of his gladness at witnessing the exercises of the day. At first we were somewhat amused

at his uncouth pronunciation, smacking of the village home of his childhood; but as he warmed with his subject, we listened with delighted interest. He seemed a "jewel in the rough," belonging to the Chalmers type of men. After dwelling upon the scene before him, he looked back: "And who," he said, "among all the women of this land, could wield a pen, or compose an essay, or answer, intelligently, questions upon Scripture, ten years ago?" He blessed God that his eyes had seen that day, and most gratefully expressed his thanks to the missionaries, and to the "American Board," whose agents they are, in this great and noble work. Then turning to the class just graduated, he charged them to "sow beside all waters" the good seed of the Word; to be faithful as the *leaders* of their sex, remembering that to whom much is given, of him much will be required. Prayer was then offered, and the assembly was dismissed.

The audience lingered to examine the various specimens of handiwork upon the walls—"God's pictures," they called them,—alluding to the brilliant tints of the flowers so well preserved. All seemed gratified, and several persons expressed their surprise and delight at the proficiency they had witnessed. It was evident that an excellent and abiding impression had been made.

The following day a very interesting examination of the Seminary took place. A class of eight young men graduated, and seven were licensed to preach. On the morning of the same day I held a farewell meeting with our pupils. On my way to the school-room, I was requested to step into another apartment for a few moments, and there found the class of graduates assembled. One of their number approached me with a large and elegantly bound copy of the

Scriptures, in Armenian, which she presented in behalf of the class, with words to this effect: "Dear Teacher, it is not in our power to compensate or reward you for all your toil and labors of love in our behalf; but we wish to present you with a token of our affection and gratitude. The Master, who will not forget even a cup of water given in His name, reward you at the last great day." The whole thing was a perfect surprise to me, and as grateful as it was novel in my experience as a missionary teacher. Laboring here temporarily, for the last two school-years, till a teacher should come from America and be prepared to fill the vacant place, this unlooked-for mark of appreciation and gratitude was doubly precious. As I held the sacred volume, and looked upon that tearful and interesting group of faces, I felt that I was reaping a part of the "hundred-fold." After speaking of the great "reward" it would be to see them all co-workers with Christ, and of that day when the "sheaves" of the great "harvest-field" shall be gathered into the "garner," and teacher and scholars, reunited, might rejoice together over many precious souls eternally saved,—we joined the rest of the school. A rapid review of the past was then taken; a last solemn charge given to those who would no more occupy those seats, and a special admonition to those who professed to be followers of Christ. As one after another of those who had given evidence of a change of heart, voluntarily and deliberately arose and took her place on the floor at the feet of her teachers, perfect silence reigned, and deep solemnity seemed to pervade every soul.

But ten of the thirty-seven remained in their seats. Again were these lambs of the fold warned of the deceitfulness of the heart, the wiles of the great adversary, and the snares of

the world. Again were they counseled to test themselves by their fruits, and enjoined to cleave unto the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. Once more we gathered around the mercy-seat, and commended this dear flock to the watch and care of the heart-searching God and Father; after which farewells were spoken, and the "scattering" commenced. O, that Christian friends would pray much for this untried band of workers, that none may be found wanting when the "elect" shall be gathered in from every nation!

THE INFANT SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

It is noon of the Lord's Day. The floor of the neat, airy chapel at Harpoot, is thickly covered with men and women, large boys and girls, all busily engaged in the study of God's Word. It is a beautiful sight to those who love the Book of books. These are the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, of the little folks whom we have lately gathered to be taught by themselves in one of the Seminary rooms. We pass up a flight of outer stairs, and leave our street-shoes near the door, as the children have done, and from the great heap that we stumble over, judge that a goodly number have come to-day. And we are not disappointed; for on entering the spacious room we find as many as eighty little boys and girls sitting in rows on the floor with their feet doubled up under them like so many Turks. Many of these children are bright and pretty-looking; some of them are quite fair, and occasionally we notice one with blue eyes and auburn hair.

One of the boys acts as monitor for the day, and he is very proud of his office. He stands near the door, and seats all the new-comers, and though only eight years old,

is a manly little captain or general, as his name (Garabed) signifies. It does children good to be trusted and employed, and this little fellow is very dignified, and looks sharply after those who get out of the ranks, quietly sending them back to their own places.—He is the son of one of the older students, and, with some of his companions, has gathered a number of new boys into the school.—While they are singing our sweet Sunday-school songs, one might almost fancy himself in a similar school at home. But the dress and the language, the posture, and even the names of the children, soon dispels the illusion.

Bible names are quite as common as in America and England, but are somewhat disguised in their Armenian dress. And then we have Resurrection, Ascension, Martyr, Cross-giver, etc., quite a gospel fraternity, besides some others not so spiritual in signification. For instance, there is one poor boy who bears the infliction of a compound appellation as protracted as those of Cromwell's time: "The son of the-man-who-never-ate-cheese." A fact so uncommon, that it must be commemorated. And there is a whole family of Satans! Many of the little girls rejoice in names which signify some quality, such as Good, Bright, Beautiful, Cleanly; one is called Answer, another Oil-bringer, another Queen; and others bear the name of various flowers. It seems odd to call a little girl Jupiter or Mercury, but that is commonly done, and Venus (Aroosiag) is a favorite name in Armenian. Some of the old Hebrew names are unchanged and in common use; as, for instance, Shooshan (lily), and Zait, or Sait, for the olive, or oil-tree, and Kinnamon for cinnamon;—all pointing to the antecedents of the race.—"The Armenian language belongs to the Indo-Germanic family, enriched with

many Sanscrit words, but having no affinity to the Semitic, or any of the more modern tongues." The people claim that it was the language of paradise, and will be the language of the heavenly world.—The Armenians have no family names, but designate persons by the father's name or employment, as in Bible times :—" David, son of Jesse; Simon, son of Jonas; the "carpenter's son," etc., sometimes using the genitive suffix *ian*, as Hohannes, Hohannesian. The same custom is perpetuated in France by the de, in Holland by Von, and in Ireland by O', prefixed to the name; while in England and America we have Smithson, Johnson, etc.

But after this digression concerning names, we turn again to our little people, who by this time have finished singing, "Jesus bids us shine," "We won't give up the Bible," and "Come to Jesus."

They now repeat, in turn, a verse of Scripture, or of a hymn which they have learned during the week, and after reciting a new one in concert till it is fixed in their minds, Noonia tells them a Bible-story, and I ask them questions, after it is finished, to see how much they understand. Then the bell rings down-stairs, and we dismiss them to join their parents and friends in the chapel.

One Sunday, when all the children were repeating, in concert, "Lord, teach a little child to pray," I noticed that little Mehran, who sat at his mother's feet, did not join in the exercise. I had often spoken to him in a kind way, about doing so, for I wished him to set a good example before the children who had not Christian parents. I now spoke more decidedly, and his mother saw that it was time to make him obey. She repeated the injunction, but her little boy did not open his lips. After a few moments had passed, and he

still refused to obey, she took him into another room, and punished him. But when she brought him back, he said not a word, though his little cousin, who was younger, recited it correctly. Again his mother took him away, and again he did not obey, though he made no outward demonstration, and only sobbed from the pain inflicted. While this contest was going on, the signal came for the close of the hour, and the children were dismissed. Still Mehran had not yielded. I lingered, and begged his mother not to leave the matter there. "Why," said she, "what can I do? I have whipped him several times, and still he won't mind!"

"O, Noonia, you have not subdued his will! This may be the turning point in the life of your child. He may lose his soul if you are not faithful now! Think how you would feel if he should die in this stubborn state! If he learns to obey his parents, it will be much easier for him to obey his Heavenly Father."

This seemed to make an impression on her mind, and she did not go to the chapel as usual, to attend the afternoon service. During the week I saw her, and anxiously inquired after the result.

She said that on reaching the parsonage, she talked gently to her little boy, and then placed him in a room alone to think of his conduct, telling him that he could not come out till he would obey. He remained quietly by himself for a couple of hours, and then yielded the contest, and submitted entirely. When his mother asked him what he did when alone so long, he replied, "I prayed to Jesus."

That was the last time that Mehran ever joined his little companions. The next Sunday he had a severe cold, and stayed at home on that account. And two weeks

from that day, I was telling the children of his death, while he was sleeping in a silent grave near by. It was a solemn lesson to us all. When I entered the house where he lay,—soon after the news of his sudden illness and death had reached us,—and met his fond mother, whose heart was so bound up in her noble, beautiful boy of five years, she came and laid her head in my lap, and wept as if her heart would break. But it was an unspeakable comfort in that hour to know that the dear child had yielded his stubborn will; that in those few hours of distressing pain the previous night, he was patient and submissive, frequently praying audibly to the "dear Lord Jesus!"

CHAPTER XII.

DIARBEKIR.

THE ancient "Amida," or more modern "Black City," on the shores of the Tigris,—how like a vision of past ages it loomed up in the distance across the broad plain, its battlements and towers rising in bold relief against the clear blue sky!

After ten years of faithful missionary service in Mesopotamia—the "land between the rivers"—Mr. and Mrs. Walker revisited their childhood's home in the United States.

Returning to their people and their work with renewed interest and affection after a prolonged absence, they tarried a few days at Harpoot before commencing the last stage of their long overland journey *via* Samsoon. Their arrival was hailed with delight by the eager circle of missionary brothers and sisters, who enjoyed a rare treat in listening to details, fresh in their experience, of scenes and interests, changes and progress in the fatherland. According to a previous programme, I joined the little party—for a Winter in their home and work—when they again resumed their journey.

We left Harpoot the middle of November; our route lay south-east a distance of sixty miles, on the line of the telegraph down to old Bagdad, and thence to India. The air

was mild, the sun shining, and the roads in good condition, though a cold rain had been falling for several days, and a snow-storm seemed impending on the Taurus range of mountains over which we were to pass. There was little to vary the monotony of the journey; the general features of travel and mountain scenery were familiar in our experience. But on the second day we passed the shores of Lake Geuljik, encircled by rugged mountain peaks. No boat skimmed over its deep blue waves, and the only visible sign of life was the lazy flapping of some stray bird as it winged its way across the smooth expanse, or the flight of wild ducks, startled by our approach. The silence was oppressive, and the story of an old monastery sunk beneath the sleeping waters, did not lessen the feeling.

The principal town through which we passed was Argana, perched like an eagle's nest among the rocks. The highest peak was crowned by an Armenian monastery, said to be a favorite resort of wealthy families during the intense heat of the Summer months. The monks furnish food as well as rooms, and the best wine of the country, being as famous for high living as any of their confreres in other lands.

As we passed from Armenia into Mesopotamia, the face of the country became flat and uninteresting. The last night of the journey—which occupied four days—was spent at the half-underground Koordish village of Geog Tapa, in a room without doors or windows, whence the family and the horses had just been ejected. At two o'clock in the morning we were roused, and soon after three were mounted, and on our way, our horses' feet keeping time on the crisp, frosty road. The air was piercingly chilling in the thick darkness before the dawn, and warm wraps were needed to make

one comfortable. Not long after daylight we encountered a caravan of two hundred camels, and it required no little skill in manœuvring to pass the slow, ungainly, and often ill-tempered creatures. The camel-fights of Smyrna are said to exceed the bull-fights of Spain in the fierce onset of the combatants, and the mad fury with which they continue the contest, filling the air with unearthly cries and screams, till one or both are destroyed. The people have a plausible tradition concerning the origin of this most uncouth creation. They say that when God had finished making all the other animals, He put together the bits that were left, and lo! a camel! And the deep, choking gutterals of the Arabic language, so difficult for foreigners to acquire, they call "camel sounds."

THE MISSIONARY'S RETURN, AND RECEPTION BY THE PEOPLE.

As we approached Diarbekir, the people came out by scores and hundreds to meet their beloved teachers. The children of the Sunday-schools sang hymns of rejoicing, and glad welcomes resounded on every side. In the midst of this joyous throng the missionary and his family were borne along with more than royal triumph. The City was now in full view; soldiers paced back and forth upon its black walls between the huge towers, of which there were twenty on the side next the plain, with many narrow slits for windows, whence the arrows and javelins of ancient warfare were hurled upon besieging armies. Suddenly there issued from one of the gates a company of sixty Protestant women, looking, in their white sheets, like so many apparitions of bygone centuries.

Gathering around their missionary "Hanum," they showered their welcomes upon her and the three children, with many smiles and tears. We passed beneath the shadow of those dark walls, and entered "through the gates into the city." Turkish guards looked with amazement upon the great procession which the people flocked to see; and the Pasha inquired the meaning of the royal escort, as the faithful servant of Christ returned to lift again the standard of the cross in that old Moslem city.

A few busy days are spent in refurbishing the missionary dwelling, and receiving the callers who are constantly coming notwithstanding the pouring rain. And when we are somewhat settled, our plans are laid for the Winter's work. It appears that during the absence of the missionaries, the people, and the women especially, have gone back to the more exclusive use of Armenian as their family and religious language. And since Mrs. Walker's missionary tongue is Turkish, and her children will require more of her time than formerly, it is her earnest desire that I should conduct most of the meetings for mothers during my stay. She, meanwhile, finding plenty of work in visiting and caring for the sick, and in incidental opportunities of doing good, of which there is no lack.

I am much pleased with the appearance of the people; many of them have a fine physique, of superior stature and carriage. They seem higher in the scale of civilization, are generally more refined and better dressed than in most Eastern towns which I have visited; and their houses are well-built and furnished, being mostly of stone, with glass windows; some of these konaks are really very imposing.

THE ORNAMENTS, OR DOWERY, OF THE WOMEN OF MESOPOTAMIA.

The display of jewels in the ornamentation of the feminine apparel, exceeds anything that I have yet seen, especially the singular, helmet-like head-dress which nearly covers the forehead and reaches down to the ears, thickly studded with pearls and edged with rows of gold coins. The silk veil worn in the house, which floats gracefully over the shoulders, is frequently edged with coins; and a profusion of precious stones, uncut and rudely set, are worn in rings and necklaces, and distributed upon various portions of the dress. As elsewhere in the East, the long braids of hair are heavily hung with coins. These ornaments are the "dowery" of the women, their own exclusive property, which the law cannot touch; and many a wife throughout the Empire who wears upon her person more than enough to redeem her husband from the clamors of his creditors, or release him from prison, would not part with one of the precious coins for that purpose! As soon as a daughter is born, the mother, however poor, commences providing her dowery; adding piece by piece the coins of copper, silver, or gold which she may have earned, or which have been handed down in the family as an heir loom for many generations. Such pieces represent far more than the current value of the coin to the wearer, and the loss of a silver or gold piece from her head-dress would occasion great anxiety and an unwearied search—as our Savior knew and probably had seen when He uttered the parable of the lost coin. Unmarried maidens are known by the veil of crimson silk, and the wealth and rank of her family are revealed by the jewels which she wears. Syrian

women wear immense clasps of silver to their girdles, and the little tinkling silver bells upon the ankles of the younger children — which frequently disturb the Sunday service — were once worn by these Eastern ladies. These, with their stomachers, spangled ornaments, bracelets, head-bands, and broad *thumb* rings of gold, remind one of the elaborate description in the third chapter of Isaiah.

THE TEACHERS' MEETING.

It is two hours before sunset, at the close of the week. From one of the lofty minarets of the mosque near by, may be heard the sonorous voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to afternoon prayers. A few moments later, and the outer door of the court opens to admit the little groups of men who enter and pass up the long flight of stairs leading to the parlor of the missionary. Now all have assembled; a company of twenty men, mostly in the prime of life, and two or three middle-aged women, who take their seats behind the brethren. Prayer is offered—a brief petition for the presence and teaching of the Holy Spirit—and a few verses of the Sunday-school lesson are slowly read. And now commences an exercise which, carried on from week to week, year after year, is almost equal, if not superior, to a course in theology for these Protestant Syrians and Armenians.

Mr. Walker has carefully prepared a digest of the subject or subjects contained in the lesson, and a list of questions and Scriptural answers written out in Turkish. Each man is provided with ink-horn, paper, and pen, which he draws from his girdle, to transcribe this list from the teacher's lips for his own use on the morrow. The other Sunday-schools in the Diarbe-

kir out-stations will also receive copies of the same, those nearest the city obtaining the papers in time for the following Sunday, and those at a distance, in two or even three weeks hence.

Two of the younger teachers will carefully copy their own papers for the damsels to whom they are betrothed, and the larger boys in the day-school assist in making the other copies.

As each question is stated, a free and animated discussion takes place, for these men have learned to *think;* the Word of God is their daily meat, and they have been nourished and strengthened by its most vital truths. Kindly, as a father his children, the missionary guides their willing feet in the pleasant paths of true wisdom, teaching them to avoid "foolish questions and genealogies, and contentions and strivings about the law." A "thus saith the Lord," is the end of all controversy.

It is a scene long to be remembered, that company of solid, intelligent men. Most of them are really noble and commanding in bodily presence, and the full flow and sweep of their national costume imparts a certain dignity which implies that they belong to the higher walks of life. Yet with child-like meekness they sit on the floor at their teacher's feet.

The lesson is that of the Prodigal Son; only two verses, containing the account of the son's return and his reception. The questions are very simple, evidently intended to touch upon the old belief of the Eastern churches in the intercession of saints.*

* This was years before the introduction of the International Lessons, (which mark a new and blessed era in the study of the Word of God,) and was greatly blessed in diffusing a knowledge of the gospel, and in training the people to be intelligent Christians.

1. What did the prodigal son do after coming to himself?

2. If in this plight he had gone to some one else, would his repentance have been as evident?

3. If he had *sent* some one else to his father, would it have been becoming a penitent?

4. Have we Christ's testimony that a repenting sinner can thus go to our Heavenly Father? Luke xviii. 13, 14.

5. For one coming to God what is necessary? Heb. xi. 6.

6. If this prodigal son had not believed, would he have gone to him?

7. What was the nature of his faith?

8. What may we learn from it respecting the faith which the penitent must exercise in God? Ans. His faith was a confidence in his father that he would do right—not that he be made a son, and *treated to fatted calf.*

9. How did the father receive him?

10. What puts the sinner far from God? Isa. lix. 2.

11. What does the father's seeing him afar off and running to him, show? (Mercy).

12. What his falling on his neck and kissing him? (Love.)

13. Has God such love and mercy toward the sinner? Ans. Acts ii. 39. Eph. ii. 13, 17. Isa. lxv. 24.

14. Will not one who does not return to so merciful a God be without excuse? Prov. i. 29–31.

15. What is the meaning of "I have sinned against heaven?" Ans. The place is put for Him who dwelleth in it.

16. Is not every sin against man also against God? Ans. Matt. xxv. 40, 45.

17. Is there any sin against God which is not against man also?

18. Is every sin in God's sight? Ans. Ps. xi. 4. Heb. iv. 13.

19. What did the son profess in regard to his unworthiness, and what spirit did this show?

20. How does such a spirit appear to God?

21. Is not such a spirit proper for every one who has sinned?

22. Does God take notice of one who possesses such a spirit? Ans. Isa. lxvi. 2.

23. What other blessing is promised to such persons? Ps. xxxiv. 18.

The time passes away too swiftly. The pupil-teachers have gathered near the windows (which open into the court) to catch the last gleams of departing day. But the curtain of night falls upon the earth, and the stars come out in the patch of blue sky that is visible above the wilderness of roofs; and after imploring the Divine blessing, and aid in imparting what they have received, on the coming Sunday, they disperse to their homes.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The noon cry of the muezzin is also the signal for this gathering to study the Bible. For, in this ancient city on the shores of the Tigris, are Armenians, Syrians, Chaldeans, and even Greek Jacobites,—with the descendants of the Parsees, or fire-worshipers,—not a few of whom profess to receive Christ as their Prophet, and the Cross as their symbol, dwelling in the shadow of the Crescent, and worshiping God according to the dictates of their conscience.

A large company of men, women, and children are quietly collected in the assembly-room of the chapel-building (which was once the English consulate), and others are continually coming in and taking their seats upon the floor. It is pleasant to look down from the slight elevation of a camp-stool upon

the sea of heads. The opening exercises are conducted with peculiar interest by Mr. Walker, after his absence of a year and a half. The classes are then formed in their accustomed places, and soon the busy hum of voices sounds in every direction. Here and there flits the loving and beloved missionary, watching with deep interest and beaming face the progress of his flock, and noting any change that has taken place—no doubt thanking God for the evidence that the labor of past years has not been in vain in the Lord ; for he and his devoted wife were permitted to lay the foundations of this blessed work, when they came fresh and vigorous from America thirteen years ago.

Sitting near a large class of women in the little gallery, I listen with interest to an elderly man who is instructing them, and notice that he often refers to the paper prepared the night before at the teachers' meeting. There are additional classes in adjoining rooms, and every available spot in the building seems alive with teachers and pupils. In one of these side-rooms I am delighted to find Elbice, one of my old pupils, teaching seventy of the smaller boys and girls. She is hearing their recitations of Bible stories, or verses and hymns which they have learned during the week. One little boy repeats the story of the Prodigal Son : A pretty little girl with flaxen hair and bright blue eyes (of which uncommon features there are two or three specimens) tells that of Samuel, going through with the calling of his name by the Lord, again and again, in a very impressive manner. A boy of eight or ten years repeats page after page of "Pilgrim's Progress," ringing the changes on the names of the speakers—Christian and Talkative—as fast as his tongue can move, till stopped, that others may have their turn. After the singing I make a short address, to which they give good attention. And finding that Elbice can scarcely

do justice to so many, promise to accept hereafter the care of the forty little boys, in another room, while she retains the girls. The tinkling of a little bell in the larger room brings the scattered classes together, and the roll is called. "Three hundred and forty present to-day," says Mr. Walker.

He then briefly reviews the lessons, asks a few practical questions — sometimes varied with recitations by the boys, of selections made by themselves or teachers, to which the people listen with great interest, — and the school closes with singing and prayer. There are no Sunday-school books, no diagrams drawn on the black-board, no prizes, or clap-trap of any kind to attract and retain pupils; and yet I never saw more evident and intelligent interest among both old and young, and was never more deeply impressed with the magnitude of the Sunday-school work, especially in a country where not only the children, but the parents, must be taught the first principles of Christianity.

A PRAYER-MEETING AT THE HOUSE OF A FORMER PUPIL.

On Monday afternoon several of the sisters in the church called on their way to the weekly prayer-meeting, and I accompanied them. It was held at the house of Sadie, a Syrian by birth, who was trained in the school at Constantinople. The meeting had begun, and Sadie was praying when we arrived. As I stood in the door-way, and listened to her fervent petitions for the coming of Christ's kingdom in that and every land, and the breathings of her soul for a closer walk with God, I was much moved. My mind went back to that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday evening in the school-home at Hasskeuy,

when she was the first of the "six" to rise, and signify her decision to follow Christ.

When we entered the room, Sadie, who evidently did not expect me that day, quietly pointed to a cushioned arm-chair, and commenced reading the chapter which she had selected. I looked around with pleased surprise at the evidence of neatness, order, and a cultivated taste everywhere visible—white-washed walls, adorned with a few neatly-framed pictures (mostly of missionary friends), a pretty clock ticking in a niche at one side, a tidy carpet on the floor, and an inviting divan at either end. Upon the round table was a vase of flowers, a handsome kerosene lamp, a few specimens of handiwork in mats, baskets, etc., besides two nicely-bound family Bibles, in Armenian and Syriac, with a few other books, and the diploma of a younger sister just graduated at Harpoot! The windows were curtained with white muslin, and a tight-air stove diffused an agreeable warmth through the room, a portion of which had evidently been partitioned off for a sleeping-apartment by a movable cloth-covered frame. Sadie's two little children were, like herself, neatly dressed; she was ladylike, modest, and unassuming in manner, yet perfectly self-possessed, speaking with warmth and earnestness to her more ignorant sisters of the "Good Shepherd, and the sheep who know His voice and follow Him." There were thirty-five women and large girls present, besides fifteen children. During the absence of the missionaries and the Protestant pastor (whose wife had been a school-mate of Sadie's, and died some years before) the leadership of the Protestant sisters had almost wholly devolved upon this young wife and mother; and she had been faithful to her trust, notwithstanding poor health and family cares, besides a self-supporting day-school of twenty children in her own home,

for which the pecuniary compensation amounted to scarcely one dollar per month.

When several prayers had been offered, Sadie asked me to address the little company. After alluding to the surprise it was to find myself among them,—how little I had dreamed that God would ever lead me into the country of His faithful servant Abraham, and what joy it was to meet there five of those whom I had helped to train for Christ's service,—I spoke of their duties and responsibilities as Christian women; and read an extract referring to that subject from my mother's last letter, viz.: that "the MOTHERS must be converted before there could be a Christian nation;" enforcing the truth by facts and illustrations. This was very pleasantly received, and we looked forward to many similar occasions of profitable teaching and Christian fellowship during the Winter.

THE CHILDREN'S MEETING.

Finding the hour on Sunday too brief a time for all the religious instruction that the children needed, I cast about for some additional way in which to make my mark upon those young and impressible minds. Finally, nothing seemed more practicable than a special meeting at the chapel on Saturday of each week, at which attendance should be purely voluntary. At first thirty or forty came, but in a few weeks we counted sixty-nine boys, fifty girls, and half a dozen women. And they came in the stormiest weather; nothing could keep them from the "Children's Meeting." By-and-by, more of the parents came, and sat behind the little folk, listening as eagerly and intently as they to the simple presentation of Bible truth. It was touching to see aged grandfathers tottering in, holding the wee ones by the hand, and sitting down among them in

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their second childhood. There were half a dozen or more boys of fourteen and sixteen years of age who attended regularly, and took turns as ushers; so that on my arrival at the appointed hour, my little people were seated in orderly array, and ready for the song with which the exercise commenced. It was no small matter to be thoroughly prepared for these weekly lectures. Selecting for each occasion a special topic, most of the morning was devoted to the careful preparation of thoughts and illustrations which should make it clear to their untutored minds. My first aim was to awaken their minds to think about themselves, and their relations to God and man. Then particular sins were discussed, one by one, drawing from the children their Scripture knowledge concerning each subject. After which we discoursed respecting the "Spirit which worketh in the children of disobedience;" and the children gave all the names by which Satan is mentioned in the Bible as a *living person*, an enemy to all goodness, and an active and watchful foe in every heart. This was followed by a discussion about the fear of the Lord—which "is to hate evil;" and another about the Holy Spirit, whose indwelling presence may as surely be known as that of the Evil One, by the thoughts, and words, and acts of the life. Not more than twenty minutes at a time was given to these familiar talks, and after singing some of the old songs, a new one was taught them.

One day I had finished telling an affecting story of a little boy who was left alone in the world, among wicked people, and tempted to steal to satisfy his hunger, but was restrained by the fear of the Lord; when a sturdy little fellow with a magnificent head, and bushy brown hair falling over his shoulders, started up, his eyes shining, and his face glowing with the intensity of his feeling as he eagerly said, "Varzhoohi, *I* know

a *beautiful story!*" "Well, what is it, Hagop?" "O, it is all about the 'man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, who was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth:'" Giving partly in his own words, and partly in the language of Scripture, that inimitable fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. When the little lad repeated the words, "Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief"—it touched a tender chord, and afforded an opportunity to tell the children that sufferings and trials in this world, are no proof of God's forgetfulness, or want of affection for His children; but rather of the Everlasting Love, which is going to give them the BEST THINGS—by-and-by,—for the only evil to the Christian is that which touches his soul.

It appeared that the children repeated at home what they had learned, in the evenings when each family were together, and the neighbors had dropped in for a chat. And sometimes when I was leaving the chapel, at the close of the Sunday service, the mothers would grasp my hand, and say, "We are very much thankful that you teach our children so much! They come home and tell it all over, and we see how much they learn."

"Of course there will be no Children's Meeting to-day," said Mr. Walker, one Saturday after the Spring had opened. "This is the first day of Bairam, or feast, (after the forty days' fast of Ramazan,) when the more fanatical of the Moslems vent their spite upon the Christians, and Protestant parents will surely keep their children at home!"

But notwithstanding the risk of being pelted with rotten eggs, sticks and stones, and drenched with water, sixty of our brave boys and girls made their appearance at the appointed time, some of the fathers bringing the younger ones, and staying

through the hour to protect them in going home. The six manly "ushers" (most of whom were apprenticed to various trades) constituted themselves my body-guard, escorting me through the streets with all the dignity and courtesy of high-bred gentlemen. A quiet afternoon visit with them on another occasion, revealed the fact that all but one of these boys were hoping in Christ; and that they wished to be prepared to preach the gospel.

THE WORK AMONG THE MOTHERS.

After a preliminary "talk" with the sisters in the church, our Mothers' Meetings were held from house to house, in various quarters of the city, to draw in those who would go to a neighbor's dwelling, but would not enter the chapel or missionary house.

That first meeting seemed to be the key-note to the Winter's work; and one of the most intelligent and interesting of the women afterward dated her conversion from the impressions received on that occasion, when the subject of discourse was, "A mere profession," from the words "Leaves only," in the parable of the barren fig-tree.

As the weeks came and went, the attendance at these meetings increased from forty or fifty, to eighty and one hundred. It was our aim to enlighten conscience upon the foundation-truths of the gospel, and lead them to Christ. When special instruction was given to mothers on the training of their children, much interest was manifested by women who had hitherto held themselves aloof from the Protestants; and Syrian and Armenian konaks never before opened to them, were offered for our meetings. As we passed over the threshold of one of these great stone mansions, and met the younger women of the

family, clad in costly array, and richly adorned with gold, and pearls, and precious stones, one of the Christian sisters whispered in my ear, "This is the first time that a Protestant has ever entered these doors!" There were seventy-nine assembled on that occasion, to hear about the "Duties of Mothers."

The talk about "Family Discipline" was given by special request at the konak of Pilgrim Ibrahim, a wealthy Syrian tobacco merchant. Eighty well-dressed women were present in the large and—according to Oriental ideas—imposingly-furnished room.

At the close, one of the good Protestant mothers said with evident emotion, "You make us *feel* our duties! I am weak, I could not do all I would before, and now my responsibility has increased."

The simple exposition of the "New Birth,"—in our Savior's words to Nicodemus,—was repeated, by request, in the Syrian quarter of the city. The long and spacious room was literally packed till it could contain no more. The window-seats were filled, and little girls were placed in the niches of the wall, while others climbed upon the great pile of bedding at one end. I never felt more deeply my own ignorance and inability to explain the deep things of God, and bring them down to the comprehension of such undisciplined minds, than when attempting the preparation, in a foreign language, of this most wonderful theme. Surely He whose aid we sought, granted the petition, for the Holy Spirit seemed to be visibly present, and the most fixed and solemn attention was given during the hour that we were together.

Here and there among the crowd of upturned faces, was one and another which witnessed to a personal experience of the new life, while others looked solemnized and anxious. Sadie closed

the meeting with a prayer which seemed to come from the depths of her heart; and as the company quietly dispersed in little groups, many paused to exchange greetings with Mrs. Walker and myself, expressing their gratitude for the truths to which they had listened.

After these meetings, numbers of the women came to us for personal conversation and inquiry, on Wednesday afternoon of each week, (and Mrs. Walker commenced a monthly meeting with the church members.) We found them in all the various stages of enlightenment, conviction of sin, or trust in Christ. Several hoped that they had lately been "born again," but as we could not tell how genuine these conversions might be, we made no estimate of numbers, leaving them to be tested by time. Some were shallow, self-righteous and complacent, totally ignorant of themselves; and we realized afresh the necessity of laying the foundations broad and deep, in the evangelization of this people. Mere surface-work will not answer here: There must be a deep consciousness of guilt, and of *the exceeding bitterness of sin*, before there will be any radical change in the heart or life. We might have converts by the score, if we would but give this people a milk-and-water Gospel, all Love, and no Justice—half-truths—leaving out the Law, which is "the School-master to bring us to Christ." If this sort of preaching and teaching will do for "*Advanced thinkers*," who have shaken off the shackles of old beliefs, and so-called superstitions,—WHICH MADE THEIR FATHERS STRONG PILLARS OF FAITH IN THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, AND VIGOROUS, FRUIT-BEARING TREES IN THE VINEYARD OF THE LORD,—it will never suffice for a people who have felt its paralyzing influence for centuries:—In a church where the various classes of society, however sunk in degradation and out-breaking sin, are, by vir-

tue of birth and baptism, admitted to all its rights and privileges :—For this is the ultimate tendency of such *loose thinking and teaching*.

It is a recapitulation of Satan's subtile preaching to mother Eve in the garden : "Yea, *hath* God said"—so and so ? "*Ye shall not surely die!*"—Interpreting God's word to suit his own thought.

God save our churches from drifting into unbelief of His Word, by the recoil of the natural heart from truths and doctrines which are distasteful, and even hateful, till seen in the light of a new love, and a spiritual nature ! THE BIBLE IS ONE GRAND WHOLE ; and, "what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder !"

BUILDING THE MISSION CHAPEL.

About this time the increase of attendance at the Protestant place of worship, rendered it necessary to open a new chapel in the Syrian quarter. In planning for this enterprise, we all felt that it was really necessary for the Christian growth and development of the Protestants, that they should furnish most of the funds for this new House of the Lord. And Mrs. Walker and I promised to "stir up" the women at our next meeting. The subject selected for the occasion was, "ROBBING GOD," from the third chapter of Malachi. There were just one hundred present. After the usual exercises, and the exposition of the Scripture read, the proposal to aid in bringing "all the tithes into the store-house," that the chapel might be built, and none who wished to hear the truth might go away unfed, was laid before them by Mrs. Walker. The response was almost instantaneous, and the scene around us became very lively. Though no allusion had been made by either Mrs. Walker or

myself, to the giving up of ornaments, numbers of the women were cutting the precious coins from their head-dresses, or assisting their friends in doing so, and passing them up to us. Others gave their ear-rings; two or three young women each slipped from her finger a valuable gold ring, set with a turquoise and rubies. One poor woman took from her woven girdle, a silver clasp which looked very ancient; it was her only ornament; this she presented with tears of joy as her free-will offering—THE "LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINING,"—and then tied her tunic with a common tow string! A woman with considerable property, subscribed two or three hundred piastres; others, forty or fifty each. And one woman whose husband was blind, and the family dependent upon her exertions for support, with occasional aid from the "poor fund" of the church, could not be denied the privilege, and gave one piastre for herself, putting twenty paras into the hand of each of her little girls, that they also might share in the blessed luxury of giving to Him, who "though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich." Her earnest grasp of my hand, and the warmth with which she spoke of her desire to do more, was better than gold: "That one piastre given from her deep poverty, is worth more than fifty or a hundred from some of these women!" said Mrs. Walker. And we both noticed how much easier it seemed for the poor to give than the rich. But we could not accept the sentiment, or indorse the orthodoxy of a hymn which appeared in a popular book of Sunday-school songs, recently received from the United States.

> "The mites have the blessing,
> The dollars have none,"

closing each verse with the absurd refrain,—

> "*So don't lose the blessing by g'ving too much.*"

How such false doctrine ever found a place in the "Songs of Zion," was a mystery to us. The comment of a colored preacher on the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," might be studied with profit by those who perpetrate such folly. "I'se knowed many a church to die 'cause it didn't give enough, but I never knowed a church to die 'cause it give too much. *Dey don't die dat way!* Brederen, has any of you knowed a church that died 'cause it give too much? If you do, just let me know, and I'll make a pilgrimage to dat church, and I'll climb by de soft light of de moon to its moss-covered roof, and I'll stand dar, and lift my hands to heaben and say, 'Blessed am de dead dat die in de Lord!'"

For weeks following this meeting, the women continued to bring in their contributions for the new "Meeting-place,"—as houses of worship are called by the Armenians; some of those who had given before thinking that they had not done enough. This was very gratifying; but an occasional spasmodic effort was not enough to satisfy our desires for their growth and establishment as *stewards of the grace of God.* We taught them that every Christian family should be a Missionary Society by itself; and that, in order to cultivate a systematic benevolence,—GIVING FROM PRINCIPLE—they should obey the Gospel injunction, "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." And that for this purpose it would be well to have a little box, which should be passed around at family worship every Sunday morning, to receive the offerings or savings of every member of the household, however small.

It appears that the experiment of a "fair," or "bazaar," to raise funds, was once tried at Diarbekir, and the result proved so unsatisfactory, in every way, that it will never be re-

peated. We have not heard of its being tested by Missionaries, in other portions of the ONE GREAT FIELD, and hope the day will never come when we must resort to such expedients to carry on our Christian work.

The children had been apprised by their mothers, of our desire that they should help in building the House of the Lord, and at their next meeting, they were prepared with their little offerings, most of which they had earned during the week. There were a hundred and twenty gathered on that occasion, and they all stood while each in turn came to drop his "love-token FOR JESUS," into the open bag which I held. A more beautiful sight never gladdened my eyes, or warmed my heart: One little girl gave a small gold piece from her head-dress, (her mother looking on with smiling assent.) Another a piece of silver, and still another, a very little girl led by the aged grandfather who lifted her up to drop in five piastres, while her sweet face fairly shone with delight. Two or three large girls led up their younger brothers or sisters, who gave their coppers. One very small boy brought twenty paras, saying triumphantly as he dropped it into the bag, "*I earned that all myself.*" The large boys had earned five, ten, or even twenty piastres each. The women looked on with beaming faces, and all the little givers appeared as happy and joyous as if each had received a handsome present: They were learning the Savior's lesson—"It is more blessed to *give* than to receive."

The bag was nearly full, and very heavy; when the money was counted, we found that the children had contributed one hundred and twenty piastres;—more than five dollars! Prizing the *principle* more than the piastres, we looked upon that sum as an earnest of intelligent, loving, Christian stewardship, when those boys and girls should take their places in the

Church of Christ. Many of them were from miserably poor families, and had gone barefooted through all the snow and mud of the Winter. One poor boy was almost heart-broken because he had been prevented by his father's illness from earning the money which he had planned to bring. But his face brightened when told that God would accept the *will*, as truly, in that case, as if he had brought his gift. And the meeting closed with a story to illustrate the meaning of our giving to God.*

The new chapel was finished and opened early in March. A very neat and airy place of worship, with a good gallery at one end. The place was so full that I could scarcely find a seat, even in the Sunday-school newly commenced. There were two hundred and fifty present on that occasion, and three hundred and forty-three at the afternoon service; and yet the old chapel was nearly as full, with three hundred in attendance at the Sunday-school. The people are rejoicing over the work of their hearts and hands, and our joy is much greater for the share they had in it.

TRIPS ACROSS THE TIGRIS, AND DOWN TO NINEVEH.

The Winter, which had proved unusually severe for that southern region and climate, passed away too rapidly for all the work we had planned to accomplish When the snow, shoveled from the flat roofs, was melting in the narrow streets,

* Once there was a little missionary boy, five or six years of age, whose own mamma had died, and after he and his brother and sister had lived alone with their papa for two years, another mamma came to take care of them; but she too sickened and died in a very short time. On New Year's morning this little boy went to his father's study and said, "I wish you a 'Happy New Year,' papa!" But his father was very sad, and he only said, "There are no more happy New Years' for me, my child." Then the little boy felt very sad for

the paths were sometimes impeded, and the air of those unwarmed stone houses became very humid and chilling. Family visitation, and the initiation of a "Bible woman" to carry on the work among them, formed a part of our routine, varied by occasional trips to the little Syrian village of Kutterbul, on the opposite shore of the Tigris, the home of one of our pupils in the School at Harpoot. There were but fifty women in the place, and forty-eight were in attendance, after the first meeting or two; and though their language was Arabic, they understood Armenian sufficiently to catch the drift of what I said. At first, Ferida was to act as interpreter, when occasion required; but after a few interruptions they cried, "O, go on! we know what you are saying!"

The violets of Spring were gladdening our eyes, when I again went over, accompanied by Kitoosh—the Bible-reader, and Honig, who escorted us down the bluff to the river-side. But the Tigris was so swollen that my horse could not ford its swift current as hitherto. While we waited, a rude raft came along, to which were attached a hundred and fifty inflated goat-skins (as in the time of Xenophon). Upon this we seated ourselves, and were taken to the other shore. They were evidently on the watch for our coming, for at once a hand-bell was rung from a roof in the village, calling the women together. But we were still several yards from dry land, and how to get there, dry shod,

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his dear father, and he wanted to give him something to show his love. So he went to look over his little treasures, to see which would be the *best* of all that was his very own. There was a bright picture which he had once found pasted on some broadcloth, that seemed to him the most beautiful and precious of all that he possessed; and he did not wish to part with it. But he so loved his father and longed to comfort him, that he took it, and laid it in his hand, saying, "*I am so sorry for you*, papa!" and burst into tears.

was a difficult question. At this moment, the good preacher, Abdul-Noor (one of Mr. Williams' best pupils, but slender and sickly-looking), came down, and after greeting me, said, "I have come to carry you on my back." This I could not allow, though very grateful for his kindness, and was pondering in some perplexity what course to pursue, when the brawny, muscular Arab, who had borne off the other passengers, planted himself directly before me, and reaching up over his shoulders, said imperatively, "*Give me your hands!*" I was lifted as if but a feather, and soon found myself safely landed; but went up the gentle ascent rubbing the poor aching wrists which bore the marks of rough handling for hours thereafter!

Those were blessed gatherings in that little Syrian village; God's Spirit seemed to be there. The prayers were generally offered in Arabic, by Ferida, or a pious woman who was the wife of another of Mr. Williams' pupils; the women frequently responded, and their attention and solemnity was very impressive. On one or two occasions we went early, and visited with Ferida's father, a noble Christian man, who paid the largest sum given by any parent for the tuition of his daughter, in the school at Harpoot (four hundred piastres per year). She was lovely in character, and of unquestioned piety; but Shemmas Sulēba was distressed because she showed so little practical, housewifely talent; and begged me to give her plenty of "kitchen work," to keep her *in*

Now that little paper picture was (in itself) of no value to the father. But he put it away very carefully in his desk, and years after, whenever he looked at it, he said that it always brought to mind the *love of his dear son.* Now, children, that is just the way in which Jesus looks upon our little offerings. God is rich; He does not need our gifts in the sense of one who is poor. He says, "The cattle upon a thousand hills are mine; if I were *hungry,* I would not tell thee; for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof." But as the *expression of our love,* they are very precious in His sight.

practice while in the school. Ferida's own mother, who was as remarkable a Christian as she was a thrifty housewife,—answering to the description of the virtuous woman in Proverbs,—died a year or two before; and her place was now occupied by a pretty, but helpless, inefficient young creature; a living testimony to the truth of the father's words about the training of woman for her future duties.

After the meetings were over, we hastened away, lest the city gates should be closed, when none might go out or come in till the break of day: The firing of a gun announced the fact, and our ride up the steep bluff, next the city, was quickened by the fear that the moment was at hand for the warning sound. A missionary and his wife once arrived at Diarbekir just at sunset, when the gates were closed, and were compelled to stay without the walls till the day dawned.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker planned a visit to Mardin, in March, and we were all ready for the journey of two or three days (south-east), but after repeated failures on the part of faithless muleteers, were obliged to give up the attempt. A week later, Mr. Williams came to Diarbekir on his way to Mosul. That city was for many years the headquarters of what was then the "Assyrian Mission," till abandoned for a more healthful locality, when it became an "out-station" of Mardin.

We accompanied him to the river, and saw him settled on the raft in which he was to float for five days; one end was covered with an awning, under which he would sleep, when they "tied up" at night near some village. The current was so rapid that nothing more was required in the way of navigation than the occasional use of a long pole to avoid any impediment. Yakob had made suitable provision for the little voyage, taking good care of his master's material wants; and a

few books, with writing materials, furnished mental food and occupation. The return journey must be overland, through a country infested with banditti. Koordistan, with its lawless hordes of wandering Circassians, lies on the eastern shore of the Tigris, and travel in all this region — through which Xenophon led the "retreat of the Ten Thousand," — is more or less dangerous unless one is protected by an armed escort. The Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, Ct., once had a sorry experience in this part of the country, on his way to Persia. Missionaries generally go unarmed, and seldom with more than one attendant. Dr. Azariah Smith, of Aintab, always carried bread in the holsters of his saddle. His people were often greatly alarmed for his safety, and sometimes attributed his preservation in traveling to a miracle. On one occasion he stopped in his journey without any apparent reason, at a point which was very dangerous. His servant was terrified, and begged him to go on, but without success. A few moments elapsed, and a horseman, belonging to a fierce band of robbers, appeared, summoning the Doctor, by the command of his chief. The poor attendant was beside himself with terror. But when his master reappeared, and he learned that he was instrumental in saving the life of the chief, who had seemed at the point of death, and sent him away loaded with gratitude, the bewildered servant was almost ready to fall down and worship one who seemed gifted with supernatural wisdom!

A young missionary (not now in the field) was once passing through a hostile region of Southern Turkey, when he was suddenly seized by a set of fierce desperadoes. His servant fled, and he was completely in the power of a savage tribe of the Black Mountains. He could speak their language, and showing no

signs of fear, began to talk largely (for he was somewhat famous for "Yankee brag") of what *his* countrymen could do. After expatiating upon the wonderful machinery which they had invented, he told them of a new kind of pistol which could shoot half-a-dozen or more men, one after the other, as quick as a flash, without reloading! The brigands looked incredulous, and were just going to march on with their prisoner, when he reached the climax by saying, "Why, many a man in America can take the very hair off from his head (a wig), and put it on again; or take out his teeth! SEE HERE!" and suiting the action to the word, he brandished his false teeth in their faces, and then as quickly restored them to their accustomed place. They were struck dumb with astonishment; their eyes dilated, their breasts heaved, and then as if by a sudden impulse, they all took to their heels and fled, as if they thought the *deil* was in the man! [Mrs. Ingalls, of the Baptist Mission in Burmah—in charge of a lonely Station, near the jungles—was one evening sitting in her bungalow with some of her helpers and pupils (a class of young men whom she was training for the ministry), when one of the Karens rushed in trembling with fright, to apprise her that the chief of a hostile tribe with a company of his men were coming down upon them! The noble woman had no time to make any defense: She lifted her heart in prayer for some way of deliverance; and the next moment heard the tramp of approaching feet. The door was rudely opened, and a swarm of wild men, with flashing eyes, poured into the room. She alone was calm and self-possessed, receiving them as kindly as if they were friends. They seemed for a moment subdued by her manner, and, as if by inspiration, she seized it to divert their attention by stories of America; telling them, among other things, of "Colt's revolver," laying her hand,

as she spoke, upon the pistol which had been presented to her (dead) husband. The savage chief listened with scorn and incredulity pictured upon his face. Then suddenly picking up a piece of paper, he stuck it upon the wall, and cried, "SHOOT!" For a second her heart trembled; she did not know if it were loaded, nor how to use it, for she had never fired a pistol in her life: But again sending to heaven one swift petition for help, she took aim; her finger, guided by an unseen hand, pressed the trigger, and the ball pierced the centre of the target! Instantly, as if shot (or expecting that ball would follow ball), the astonished savages rushed from the place, and the missionary widow with her frightened flock fell on their knees to render thanks to their Divine Protector.]

As Diarbekir stands alone in this wild, insulated region, far from the seat of government, and surrounded by hostile foes, one can understand the necessity of guarding it well. But, notwithstanding the massive walls that encompass us, I never felt more timid in any part of the empire; especially when Mr. Walker is absent (as often of late) for days and weeks, on missionary tours among his out-stations, and we are left without a man in the house. Quite a body of soldiers are stationed here, but they are our terror; the common Turkish soldiers are so sunk in vice and degradation that one can scarcely look at them without loathing. "*The shew of their countenances doth witness against them; and they declare their sin as Sodom, they hide it not.*" The enemy *within* the gates is quite as much feared as any that may be without: And these immense, black walls that shut us in, cause, at times, a suffocating feeling of imprisonment, in contrast with the freedom of the Harpoot hills. It must be intolerable here in the intense heat of the Summer!

Occasionally we pass beyond the close confines of the city

walls, and, with the protection of an escort, saunter along the banks of the Tigris, for a change of air and exercise, watching its swiftly-flowing current as it hastens on its way down to the region of ancient Babylon, or the rank vegetation springing up where the overflow of Spring floods left a rich deposit of soil,—as on the banks of the Nile,—and from the seeds sown when the waters subsided, are grown luscious melons of immense size. We cross the noble Roman bridge, with its lofty arches, forming a prominent feature in the landscape, and note the fishermen casting their nets, and peasants passing by, as we talk of scenes once enacted on these shores—when Mesopotamia was the battle-ground of nations ; and deeply cut in the rock at the source of the river, may now be found this inscription, in the cuneiform character: "This is the third time that I, Belshazzar, King of Assyria, have conquered this region." Here are gardens rich in verdure, and wooded hill-sides, whence may be obtained a fine view of the City crowning the bluff beyond, with domes and minarets rising above gloomy battlements and defiant towers: And this, we imagine, might be found a delightful Summer retreat. But an experiment made under the protection of the English Consul once stationed at Diarbekir (who built a country house near by), proved a failure, and after various frights from marauders, the attempt was abandoned.

Passing out from the gate on the side of the city next the plain, we visit the rude mud village of Alipoonga, a mile or two distant, where, should the Summer heat prove too excessive, Mr. and Mrs. Walker propose to take their children in July or August. It is a wretched, dirty place, without a tree to cast a refreshing shadow over the glare of the yellow clay walls. And a swampy piece of land, with sickly-looking vegetation, lying in the vicinity, awakens in my mind, fear of malaria, which

they do not seem to share. They point out the house (with a stable underneath, and the court-yard used in common by neighbors of various nationalities) which they are to occupy, that I may picture their surroundings when we are separated.

A presentiment of coming evil in that dismal place, forces itself unbidden into my thoughts; but every allusion to danger is lightly laughed away by these fearless spirits. After our return, they take me upon the high roof of their city house, where, in a month or two, they will spread their beds at night and sleep with their little ones. There is no railing, or balustrade of any kind to protect one from falling (should he walk about in his sleep, or in the bewilderment of half unconsciousness); and my head grows dizzy as I look down from that fearful height and think of such a catastrophe!

Such occurrences are not infrequent among the native families, and bring to mind God's command to the children of Israel, "When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence."

We are busily engaged in our usual routine of work, as Spring advances; free from the taxations of society, with all its conventionalities,—for there is not another English-speaking family in this city of perhaps fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants,—and every day is filled to the brim with its quantum of accomplished labor: Mr. Walker finding his hands more than full in the continued absence of the Protestant pastor, and the pressure of outside work in his great field. But on some sunny afternoon, the wheels are brought to a sudden stand-still; a card is sent in (with let-

ters of introduction from Bagdad) bearing the name of Lord or Viscount P., the eldest son of an English Earl, on his return from travels in Persia, who, with his retinue, is without, waiting to know if he can be entertained by the American missionary. We are prepared to see an imposing personage, and wish to honor our country as its representatives, but are relieved to find an ordinary specimen of humanity (who blushes, and seems embarrassed, "because," he says, he "has been so long away from the society of ladies"). He makes no pretensions, assumes no airs; but we cannot feel that he is made of any better clay than ourselves! And, during the three or four days of his lordship's stay, call to mind a passage in a letter received from a member of Parliament, concerning the United States of America, "where," he says, "you have no lords, but NOBLE MEN."

EASTERN WEDDINGS, AND FAMILY LIFE BELOW THE SURFACE.

One Monday morning, Soosan and Sadie called, at nine o'clock, to take Mrs. Walker and myself to the Armenian Church to see a couple of weddings. The Spring and early Autumn are favorite seasons for matrimonial alliances and marriage festivities; and thirty couple were led to the altar, and "tied" for life, on the previous Monday. The people of this country believe in "marrying and giving in marriage." As in the Romish Church, it is a religious duty to provide husbands or wives for those who have no interested or influential friends to cater for them!

We were quite early, and examined the numerous paintings, noticing that here, as elsewhere in Eastern churches, "St. George and the dragon" occupied a conspicuous

place. A number of Armenian women, who were waiting, like ourselves, for the bridal parties, asked if I could read, and whether I preached to women; and said, "Come now, preach to us! You have brought your Gospel (Testament) with you, haven't you?" I was very sorry that I had not done so, and resolved never again to be without it. However, they seemed intent upon hearing one of my "preachments," and brought me a copy in the ancient language, and listened very respectfully while I read the Sermon on the Mount, translating verse by verse into modern Armenian, and expounding as I proceeded. When it was finished, one of them nodded her head approvingly, and said that she had "learned several things," and we gave them all a cordial invitation to attend our weekly meetings.

The approach of the wedding procession was announced by the shrill voices of the boys who were chanting, accompanied by the timbrel or tambourine, cymbals, and drums. They entered, with torches still burning, and a priest advanced to meet them, reading a portion of the Church service, for which they paused every moment or two; and a "wedding garment" was thrown over the bridegroom, and his "friend," or groomsman. The bride was gaily dressed in rainbow hues, supported on either side by a woman veiled in white. When they reached the altar, the reading ceased, and the bridegroom and bride were placed facing each other, with their heads so bent as to touch. As the bride was only twelve years of age, while the bridegroom was a tall man of perhaps twenty-five or thirty, her stature did not reach the requisite height, and a light wooden horn had been previously bound to her head beneath gay kerchiefs, and the spangled, rose-colored veil that concealed her face

and enveloped her person: (These horns were once commonly worn by the women of Diarbekir; they told me that when first discarded, they "felt lost;" for they had been "accustomed to wear them day and night:"—And I remember that many of the Jewesses of Constantinople were actually made ill by the imperial edict forbidding them to wear the high head-dresses to which they had always been accustomed.) A large silver cross was laid, by the groomsman, upon the bent heads, the priest reading away at railroad speed: A little more of rapid reading and *knocking* of *heads together*, and the "knot" was literally tied, with a kerchief wound round each head; a garland of flowers completed the "crowning." After the ceremony was ended, the party left as slowly as they had entered, stopping, as before, while the priest read. The other procession, meanwhile, was entering by another door. Two women in costly attire, and adorned with many jewels, re-arranged the gay trappings of the bride in the porch, while the bridegroom and groomsman were invested with the richly-embroidered robes belonging to the church. These wedding garments varied in splendor, with the rank and ability of the wearer to pay for their use; and this party evidently belonged to the wealthy aristocracy of the town. The bridegroom was a handsome, haughty, young Armenian, quite Frank-like in appearance; he slyly jested with his "friend," and with manifest reluctance, bent the knee to have the mantle thrown over his shoulders. The bride was said to be a pretty girl of thirteen years, but her face was not visible, and her husband would probably see it for the first time at the conclusion of the marriage festivities. Sadie whispered to me while we were watching their movements, that her mother was mar-

ried at nine years of age, and for two years her husband did not see her unveiled!

There are some sad disappointments on both sides attendant upon many of these Eastern weddings, very like Jacob's experience in Padan-aram, when weak-eyed Leah was substituted for the beloved Rachael. One of the Harpoot preachers who, we suppose, had no interested friends to look out for him, was married, in early life, to a woman who was totally blind! . . . . Years ago there was a wedding on these shores of the Tigris, of a child-bride, and a man of mature years:—After all the customary ceremonies, the torch-light procession, proceeding from street to street,—with discordant music that made both day and night "hideous,"—and feastings and dancings lasting for a week, the men and women in separate apartments,—the bride was conveyed to the house of her husband. When they were left alone, the veil was lifted, and very probably he did not like her looks; for he proceeded to mutter a form of prayer, crossing himself according to the faith of his fathers, when, looking over to the corner where his young wife sat, he fancied that he saw a derisive smile upon her face, and striding to her side, with one heavy blow, laid her senseless upon the floor.*

That was the key-note of their married life; a life of un-

* I was telling this story in Colorado, when one of those progressive Western women forgot herself, and half rising from her seat (in the crowded church), with uplifted arm, exclaimed, "*I'd a levelled him!*" It was a striking proof of the difference between the Oriental and Occidental (or rather accidental) woman: The one hopelessly bending her neck to the yoke of bondage; the other rising up in all the indignation of outraged womanhood, and either boldly retaliating, or seeking redress from the laws of her land.

utterable misery, without one drop of sweetness to soften the bitterness of a slavery from which there was no escape. For twenty long years that wife drank to the dregs her cup of *gall and misery!* And then, the "grace of God which bringeth salvation," touched the savage soul of her husband, and the lion became a lamb. She was amazed, and could not believe it real; but testing him little by little, and finding that he did not retaliate, she at last completely "turned the tables," and became his unrelenting tormentor; he bore it meekly, proving the change to be genuine; but finally went to the missionary, and said, "Intercede for me with my wife; and if she will not come with me in this good way, beg her to let me alone, for my life is unendurable." Mr. Walker talked with her, and to his kind remonstrance she replied, "Yes, I know; it is all good, and I mean to be a Christian myself, by-and-by; but *first let him have a good taste of all that I have suffered these twenty years!*"

Ah! it is in lands of pagan darkness,—unrelieved by one ray of light emanating from Him who, when "born of a woman," forever lifted the curse pronounced upon the daughters of Eve,—where woman's lot is one of untold degradation from the cradle to the grave, alike despised and crushed by husband and sons, that she may well cry out, with an exceeding great and bitter cry, for her God-given "RIGHTS!" It is considered a shame for an Eastern woman to say "my husband;" she speaks of him as "companion," "brother," "friend," or the "father of her child." And the husband avoids with equal care all mention of his "wife;" speaking of or writing to her when absent as his "sister," or the "mother of his son" (even if he has none)! The word *love* requires a Christian baptism to be understood by this

people in its highest sense! Ah! we never comprehended, as now, the necessity for that amazing God-manifestation "in the flesh,"—LOVE INCARNATE,—to teach by a Living Lesson this truth! And the more we see and hear (from former pupils and others long resident in the East) of the real family life of Orientals, the less are we surprised at the aspect of things in general throughout the country. In degrading woman, the axe was applied to the very root of the tree! The mothers of every land stand at the fountain-head of influence; and if *they* are degraded, woe to the sons! When the lost individuality of woman is recognized, and she is freed from the "pure despotism of sex," and not till then, will the East be regenerated!

Society, sunk for ages into a moral sleep, has become paralyzed, embalmed, a mummy! The mothers, dwarfed in their mental capacities, with no power of self-assertion, and no stimulus to hope, are mostly "beasts of burden," or mere playthings, to be tossed aside at pleasure for some new toy. "There is no class of beings on the face of the earth that can be subjected to such a process for a series of centuries, and not suffer enormous damage." "Don't talk to me about a soul," said a Turkish woman in Constantinople; "I have no more soul than that wall!" giving emphasis to her words by a heavy stroke: And Jewish women often say the same, for they are not much higher in the scale of civilization; like Moslem women, they are taught that there is no future for them; except in some rare cases, where a wife, by implicit obedience to her "lord and master," and clinging to his skirts, may hope to enter Paradise!

LIFE IN THE HAREM OF THE TURK.

The inmates of some of the Turkish harems in the palaces at the Capital, who, between the bars of their gilded cages, catch glimpses of the gay, roving life of the outside world, pine for the freedom, if not the culture and honor, enjoyed by their sister-women of Christian lands.

Even in the royal palace of Beauty on the Bosphorus, there is a prison with gloomy, iron gratings, and stern bolts and bars for the confinement, no doubt, of the rebellious fair ones; (this I saw when inspecting the Serai just before its occupation) and the latticed windows, and closely-guarded, high-walled gardens more truly confine the hapless *houris*, than the Abyssinian slaves, or the sable eunuchs who so cruelly and vindictively lord it over them!* The harem of the Padishah is limited (by the government) to *three hundred* secondary wives, with a new Georgian beauty presented by the Pashas every year: So that the Grand Seignior has the luxury of a fresh wedding, with general re-

* By a fortunate accident, I once had a view of two or three ladies of the royal harem, with their children. It was in the "Valley of Sweet Waters," on a day when that charming retreat was closed to the public; and, ignorant of the fact, we had scarcely passed through the open gateway, and seated ourselves beneath the shadow of the Sultan's Kiosk, when a dusky officer entered, and brandishing his sword, fiercely bade us depart: (There were three ladies only, and no gentlemen in the party,)—but through the skillful manœuvering of an elderly lady long connected with the American embassy, who perfectly understood the art of diplomacy in dealing with Turkish authorities, we were still within the enclosure when the "golden carriages" rolled in, like so many "chariots of the sun:" And since, when a thing is done, the fact is accepted as fate by the Turks, our presence was wholly ignored, and we had a remarkably good opportunity for seeing what few infidel eyes ever look upon! The ladies alighted, and passed

joicings and festivities, whenever the month of May comes round! But like the monarch of old, whose regal state he has feebly imitated in the number of his wives, he very likely says, "One man among a thousand have I found, but—counting one by one—a *woman* (true and virtuous) among all those have I not found!" Poor Solomon! There must have been stormy times in his harem when he built that beautiful "house in the forest" for the daughter of Pharaoh, and set all the rest to clamoring (with hearts full of envy and jealousy) for like favors! Any one who has ever heard the tongues of Turkish women in fierce, childish, unreasoning, bitter, boisterous, and long-continued dispute,—the screams, and yells, and curses, accompanied by beatings of the breast, tearing the hair, and sudden flying and flinging at the enemy, clawing, and scratching, and spitting like so many furies,—can fully appreciate his sharp, sarcastic allusions to "angry," "contentious," "brawling" women!

Each of the *four wives* of the Sultan has her own separ-

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into the royal pavilion at the edge of the stream, where its clear waters musically plashed over a white marble dam, beneath overhanging willows. Trays of precious metals, loaded with tempting fruits, and viands, were borne by numerous attendants, disappearing behind the heavy curtains which hid them from our view; while others made "kef" without, and officers on guard paced back and forth: But we had caught sight of those far-famed Caucasian beauties;—round, full figures of medium height, robed in gossamer-like tissues, interwoven with threads of gold or silver, shimmering in the sunlight,—as the delicate mantles of rose, dove-color, or salmon were blown aside by a gentle breeze. And through the gauzy yashmac, the waxen, doll-like, almost colorless faces, with the large, melting eyes of the gazelle, and hair of the same dark hue. The children presented much the same appearance; fine features, a remarkably fair complexion, but without animation, expression, or soul!

ate establishment, either in the same palace, or in others of the many belonging to his Serene Highness: Of these four, the favorite is the Sultana, her children being in the royal line, though the succession is not direct, but reverts to the brothers of the reigning sovereign, or his brothers' (or sisters') children, if there are no brothers living. This singular and immutable law of succession was the occasion, in former years, of a Herod-like slaughter of the "Innocents," by the Sultans who preferred to have their own sons ascend the throne after their decease. It is well known in Constantinople, that, when the daughter of Sultan Mahmoud had given birth to a beautiful boy, it was soon taken from her, and she never saw it again. When convinced of its fate, reason gave way, and she became a hopeless maniac!—The present Sultan—Abdul Assiz—on ascending the throne, had a son four years of age, whose existence had been carefully concealed. But the son of his brother—Abdul Mjid, the former Sultan—is the presumptive heir to the throne.

In a country like this, everything is not dragged to the surface, as in more civilized lands; and there are deadly secrets hidden in many a heart, and concealed in many a household! Where a speedy burial follows a sudden death, and no post-mortem examination is made, or coroner's inquest held, a cup of poison, secretly administered, accomplishes its fatal work; and the husband, or wife, loudly bewails (in public) the deed which his or her own hand has coolly wrought, unseen by any human eye! This is more or less true of all classes and nationalities throughout the empire; but the standard of morality is vastly higher among the Armenians, and other nominal Christians of the East who accept the Bible (even though its light is hidden), than among

those whose antecedents are purely Mohammedan or Pagan. Among the Turks especially, the first chapter of Romans is just as applicable as when penned by the inspired Apostle. Of the blessings hidden under the so-called "curse" of enforced labor, they as a people are a living testimony: Long centuries of sloth and sensual indulgence have eaten out, like a canker, the national life of a race which was once, in its aggressive power, a terror to the world! And the stereotyping process which has been going on for many generations, has robbed them of all that constitutes the glory of manhood! As a nation they are slowly becoming extinct, from their vices; the number of births decreasing with every year, while among the so-called Christian population, there is a steady increase. . . . . "Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving, is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled," wrote Paul to Titus. Some of the evil surmisings of Moslems respecting Frank residents, and even of the most pure-minded and godly of Christ's servants, who dwell among them, are too loathsome to have a place in one's thoughts.

And who can describe the wretchedness and wrong, the untold degradation and corruption hidden in the harems of the Osmanlis of Turkey! Denied all intellectual culture, all improving intercourse with the outer world, shut in completely to themselves, the prey of jealousy, envy, and every evil passion, given over to pleasures which merely minister to the senses—perhaps the petted plaything of a brief period, to be soon displaced by some new favorite,—and cruelly crushed in all her higher instincts and intuitions,—what wonder that the Moslem mother mourns when a daughter is

born to her, as she traces its future in the light of her own past and present ignominy! For these are the inevitable evils of a system so inwrought in the very woof and warp of Moslem social life: And in the deep of Heathen and Mohammedan abominations, there is a "lower deep" where the women of that race are found! Some years ago, an English lady was sent out by a missionary society in London, to insinuate herself for Christian work among the harems—zenanas—of Stamboul. But when she had acquired the language sufficiently to understand their conversation, and sound the depths of their degradation, her soul recoiled with instinctive horror from the contamination of daily intercourse; and after a brief period of unavailing effort, the enterprise was abandoned. The baneful example and abominable practices of the dominant race, have extended their corrupting influence to nationalities among whom polygamy is unknown—polluting the very fountain of family and social life. There doubtless are some exceptions among all classes, but this is the general aspect of woman's condition in the land of the Turk.

A horrible tragedy occurred not far from Harpoot the last Summer. In one of the country "lodges," standing by itself among the gardens, a young wife, who chanced to be alone, was caring for her babe, and preparing her evening meal, when one of those roving, filthy dervishes, esteemed as "holy," and "sacred" by the Turks, entered the open door, and bade her cook his dinner: Though her husband was away, on business, and might not return for some hours, she dared not disobey one whose word was law among the Moslems. But as she passed in and out of the store-room, his looks inspired her with terror, and at last, overcome by the

feeling which she could not resist, while pretending to be engaged in chopping meat, she was in reality dragging several heavy earthen vessels filled with provisions, against the door. Fear gave her unwonted strength and celerity; and when the wicked dervish finally divined her movements, and tried to enter, the door was so securely barricaded that he could not force it open. After uttering many unheeded commands and curses, he threatened to kill her child.

The only window to that inner room was a hole in the heavy mud wall; and at last the fiend cut off the infant's head, and cast it in at the mother's feet! He then tried to push himself through; but became so firmly wedged that he could not move. The woman, in her desperation, took the sharp meat-knife, and severed his head from his body! She then sank insensible upon the ground. An hour or two after, the husband came home, and found a terrible scene of blood and horror. Calling in the aid of his nearest neighbors, he succeeded in effecting an entrance to the store-room, but his wife was still unconscious. A few days later, the case came before the Turkish court at Harpoot; and although the testimony of a woman has little weight in a country where the law esteems her only equivalent to "half a man," as there were no other witnesses, the wife was allowed to testify, and a sum of money was awarded the couple for all that they had suffered. . . . . (O women of Christian countries! What do you not owe to the GOSPEL for the high honor accorded you, and the place which you occupy!—You who reign so royally in the hearts of husbands and fathers, sons and brothers,—around whom cluster the thousand nameless joys, the dear delights, sweet charities, courtesies, and sacred associations of home, where the

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLO

crowning gift of motherhood has glorified woman since its bestowal upon Mary,—the mother of the holy child Jesus!

Alas, for those who have fallen from their high estate, and clamor for the prerogatives of man, when as yet their acknowledged "rights" and glorious privileges, are all unfulfilled, or but half appreciated!

The MOTHERS FASHION the MEN! and woe to the world when they are incompetent to the task, and their work fails in the day of trial!)

CHRISTIANITY AS A LEVER.

It is delightful to turn from such revolting scenes, to homes where He who is "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD" has dispelled the night of gloom, banished the reign of terror, and brought in a flood-tide of joy and peace, which enhances every pleasure, and sweetens every sorrow with hopes and consolations hitherto unknown.

We spend many an evening in social converse with these Protestant friends, join in their innocent hilarity, enter into the pleasant and profitable games taught them by their esteemed pastor, and partake of the simple refreshments provided on such occasions. Sometimes a little harp, or curious stringèd instrument of native manufacture, accompanies the singing of the old battle-songs with which their Armenian forefathers went forth to war with the Assyrians (who were the natural enemies of the Armenian race). These national airs,—which I hear for the first time,—are invested with a peculiar interest and charm; in the swell of the chorus, and the stirring staccato of the refrain, one can almost hear the firm, quick tramp, tramp, of the ranks of soldiers marching on to conflict with a dreaded foe. The religious

element of the Armenian character appears in these old war-songs, handed down "by the mouth of the fathers" from generation to generation. These evening visits are always closed with singing several of the songs of Zion, a Scripture reading, and prayer, according to the injunction of the Psalmist—"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King." Before the introduction of the Gospel in its purity, card-playing, wine-drinking, low and foolish jesting, and miserable gossip occupied the evenings of the people. Now that they have something better, more refined, and elevating, in which all can share, not a trace of the former can be seen in their dwellings. And with the "high praises of God in their mouth, and a two-edged sword (the Bible) in their hand," their pure and simple life of godliness is already a power in this land, which even their enemies cannot gainsay. "Who are these," they say of the Protestants, "who do not lie, or steal, or cheat?"

There was a town in the Harpoot field which the missionaries had long tried in vain to enter. It was rightly named, Korpeh, or stony place. The people were very bigoted, and fanatical, and drove the helper away. But the one Protestant in the place, after sowing his fields as usual, returned to the Turk who was the owner of the soil, the seed-corn that remained. "How is this?" said the Agha. "You have had the same amount every year, you rascal, and you never returned any before!" "Because," replied the man, "I am now a Protestant—a 'Book-man'—and my conscience won't let me keep it as heretofore." "Well," said the Turk, somewhat mollified, "would that *all* the Armenians were Protestant!" And finding that a house could not be obtained for a teacher, he sent word that the missionaries were to have

all the houses they wanted; and the way was thus opened for the commencement of a good work.

The ruinous system of oppression employed by the Turkish authorities has repressed every incentive to exertion, and stifled in its birth all laudable ambition among a people who are struggling to throw off the fetters which have bound them hand and foot for centuries. "Why do you not cultivate a better quality of fruit?" said one of the missionaries to a villager whose location was peculiarly favorable: "It would be worse for me if I did," answered the man. "Now, I can scrape together good, bad, indifferent, whatever there is, and get the market-price; but suppose I carried choicer fruit than my neighbors; the servants of some great Turk would either pay me half price, or it would be seized for the Pasha, and I should get nothing for my pains!" This system of universal fraud and force cuts the sinews of hope, and represses all noble emulation and enterprise throughout the country.

Some Frenchmen started, a few years ago, a manufactory for liquorice, from the root which grows abundantly in Northern Syria; the revenue which it brought the Turkish government, and the honest, remunerative employment furnished to hundreds of poor peasants, besides the redemption of a large tract of otherwise unproductive soil, made the enterprise a very profitable one to the authorities. But Turkish jealousy took the alarm, and caused the establishment to be broken up, in the height of its prosperity!

The public roads, the mines, and every department of trade, agriculture, and legislation, throughout the land, bear unmistakable testimony to the tyrannical spirit which makes the weaker the tool and slave of the stronger. But a new

day is dawning upon the rayahs of the Turkish Empire! Christian governments have stepped in and dictated terms to the decaying Moslem power, and the yoke of bondage is growing lighter year by year; and the "gospel of hoes, and ploughs, of axes, and adzes, and planes, of grist-mills and saw-mills, and sewing-machines, and pianos, or reed organs," is fast following in the train of the Bible. With every year, Protestant families are showing more and more refinement, culture, and progress. "The elevation of woman is one of the fixed signs of a rising civilization," says some writer; and we are convinced that nothing less than the Gospel of Christ can endow her with that true dignity and worth which shall inspire and retain that respect and honor which is her due, and thus restore the family to its legitimate place in society. Education and Civilization alone are powerless to effect a radical renovation where it is most needed—at the very roots of society! The GOSPEL is the only Lever which can lift a nation from the depths of social degradation, religious superstition, and political corruption, to a higher plane and a nobler standard of life. As in the legend of the three crosses, it is only when the "dead body touches the TRUE CROSS" that it springs to life! . . . . Where the husband is the "pater familias," and the wife the "materfamilias," one in heart and aim, the children are being trained under new impulses and influences, and the next generation will show another type of manhood and womanhood which shall tell powerfully upon the interests of the country which gave them birth. But it would be folly to expect from the Protestants of Turkey that perfection which even Christian communities and churches in the home-land fail to exhibit. For the present generation, at least, a most careful Christian nurture is essential; for they

will naturally be subject to many reactions and revulsions, till firmly rooted and grounded in the faith as it is in Christ. "You would think it was *clean, if you had seen all that came out of it!*" said one to another, who complained of the butter of the country: And that is really the true way of judging those who are just emerging from the bondage of old ideas, customs, prejudices, and superstitions.

The Armenians—of whom there are three millions in Turkey—have been styled by some the "Anglo-Saxons of the East:" Many of the principal merchants, and nearly all the great bankers of the government, are Armenians; with more activity than the Turk, and more conscience than the Greek, and a general reputation for enterprise, they certainly have some claim to the title. But as a people, they lack the stamina, the sturdy self-reliance, independence, and that honest self-respect which would rather suffer than seek for aid, which is a marked characteristic of the true Anglo-Saxon. And yet their national weaknesses appear to be pride, ambition, and conceit.

Those who have, to some extent, shaken off the old shackles, are impatient of the least restraint, or impediment in the way of progress; and very sensitive to any implied inferiority of race: They dislike to be termed "natives," and resent with indignation being classed with the "heathen." And all this is really implied by our Christian work among them. "Are all the people in your country Christians?" asked a tall, stern-looking Armenian woman who appeared in the door-way, as I was once reading the Testament in a house to which I had been invited for the first time: "No, I am sorry to say that they are not," I replied. "Well then, go back and teach your own people!" she rejoined. "We are

not *heathen; we* believe in Christ!" and with that she quickly disappeared, leaving the family to apologize, with Oriental politeness, for the rudeness of their neighbor.

Yet it is remarkable that a people who have been subjected for a series of generations to a fossilizing, stultifying process, should have retained so much of native vigor. The entire drift of their training hitherto, has been in the direction of servility to superiors, and contempt for inferiors. But there are latent elements in the Armenian character to be developed, and brought into vigorous action; and they bid fair to become the Evangelistic Medium among the Moslems of the empire.

Missionaries are prohibited from working directly among the Mohammedans—for the government will not allow anything like proselytizing: And although the "death penalty" has been revoked, it is well known at the Capital, that any Turk who changes his religion will be quietly put out of the way;—thrown into the "mad-house," or prison, on some false pretext, to meet his fate, or into the army, to end his days in some distant province. But the Gospel leaven is infused more widely among the Moslems than most people suppose; and every now and then some sudden and secret revelation shows that it is working in the darkness of night. A Protestant Armenian one day visited a Turkish officer of some rank in an interior town. As he entered the room, he caught a glimpse of something hastily concealed beneath the cushion upon which he was sitting. Seeing who the visitor was, the Effendi at once drew out the book, and confessed his fear of being seen by one of his own people, reading the New Testament. As early as 1856, one hundred copies of the Bible (or parts of it) were sold every month to Mo-

hammedans, by a colporteur stationed upon the Great Bridge at Constantinople. And the sale of Scriptures in Turkish has increased among them year by year.*

The simplicity and purity of Christian worship among the Protestants, is particularly pleasing to Mohammedans, who are Unitarians of the strictest sect, and to whom the picture and saint worship of the Eastern churches is utterly abhorrent.

The doctrine of transubstantiation (held by all the nominal Christian sects) especially rouses their indignation and disgust. When one refers to the absurdities of the Koran, they scornfully reply, "Who are they that take flour and water and make wafers of them? who dip these wafers in wine and put them to the mouths of the people, bidding them bow down and worship them as the body and blood of their God?" But diversities of denominations or "sects" among those who bear the Christian name, is far less a stumbling-block to the Turks than the lack of purity in the representative type. The commonly received idea of *unity* among the followers of the false prophet is a fiction. There are seventy-two distinct sects among those who call themselves Moslems, or "the people of Islam" (which means "full submission to God," and is accepted as their creed), and there is a bitter religious animosity among many of them. The Persians and the Osmanlis regard each other as infidels, because the former hold to the pure Koran, and the latter accept also the traditions connected with it—much as do the Jews, the Talmud. And it is worthy of note, in this con-

* Within the last year or two, the sale amounted to one thousand copies per month, till Moslem fanaticism was roused, and the Government interposed. But speedy interference by Christian powers removed the restriction, and the Word of God has now "free course" —"under the seal of the Government"—to accomplish its work.

nection, that the youthful stepmother of Mahomet was a Jewess, and indoctrinated him in the belief of her people when he was but a lad of fifteen years. This accounts for all that is good in the Koran, and for the observance of so many old Jewish rites—circumcision, the yearly sacrifice of a lamb, etc., still observed by his followers.

"We like this," the Moslems say, after attending a Sunday-service of the Protestants; "and if we ever change our religion we will take yours."

MISSIONARY LIFE BELOW THE SURFACE.

We had planned a little tour through the ten or twelve out-stations of the Diarbekir field before my departure. But a severe persecution arising in one of those places, requires the presence of the "Badveli" in the City, to represent the case and obtain redress from the Pasha. If he does not succeed, he will appeal to the "Sublime Porte" through the agency of the missionaries and British and American ambassadors at Constantinople.

Mr. Walker has suffered from successive attacks of fever and ague since his last missionary tour; when he and Deacon Suliba were nearly drowned in fording a swollen river, and were refused shelter at a Koordish village which they reached, chilled and dripping, after nightfall, finally spending a wretched night in a poor hole of a stable to which they forced an entrance. But his brother-in-law (Mr. Williams) has noticed, with pain, that he whom he styled "the strongest and most muscular man among us," had lost much of his physical vigor and power of endurance since his visit to America. "They worked him almost to death," he says, with an ominous shake of the head; "traveling incessantly, often sleeping in freezingly cold

rooms at night, eating at irregular hours, and living under a constant high-pressure in meeting old friends, making missionary addresses, etc., without once having the tension relaxed, and then coming back to a double load of labor, it is no wonder that even his iron constitution has given way." And he adds: "I never saw Brother Walker lying on the sofa in the daytime till now; and I doubt if he ever recovers from the strain."

But the good brother has no fears for himself; he greatly enjoyed his visit (although he would have liked a few weeks of quiet tarrying with his own brothers and sisters), and only mourns that he reached the home of his childhood too late to receive his mother's dying blessing, or even to look once more upon the loved face ere it was shut away in the silent tomb.

During his absence and that of Pastor Tomas, the work of the Station had accumulated; and on his return, Mr. Walker found enough to fill the hearts and hands of half a dozen men. He must be not only missionary, teacher, and preacher, but pastor, peace-maker, legislator, diplomat, doctor, banker, book-keeper, general Bible and Tract-agent, Sunday-school superintendent, itinerating Evangelist, and Field-agent, besides acting in the capacity of an architect (in chapel-building), and mechanic in repairing broken furniture, opening boxes, setting up stoves, putting the clock or sewing-machine in working order, and many other little things requiring skill and ingenuity in the use of tools for the wants of his own household, to whom, in times of sickness, he must also be nurse as well as physician!—Not only embodying in one man a variety of professions and trades, but bearing the heavier weight of cares and responsibilities of which they are but the outward signs. His warm heart, earnest, Christ-like spirit, and generous soul (which meets every-

body with outstretched hand, beaming face, and pleasant words, however hurried or worried he may be) have caused him to be greatly beloved by all the people; and a missionary who has thus won a permanent place and power in the hearts and homes of a community, is worth a dozen raw recruits, however gifted! Such COSTLY, PREPARED INSTRUMENTS should, if possible, be saved, at all hazards, to the cause of Christ! It is very evident that the burden is too heavy for one pair of shoulders; co-laborers are greatly needed, and, if congenial, and of one heart and mind, would be gladly welcomed by this faithful brother and sister.

But they shrink from the responsibility of selecting associates that have not been tried and tested in the field. Foreign missionary life throws the two, or, perchance, three, families at one Station into relations of the closest intimacy. They are shut up to each other, and every trait and peculiarity of character is revealed in the strongest light. Not a weakness can be hidden, not an infirmity disguised. If there be true Christian sympathy, and that "charity which is the bond of perfectness"—oneness of aim, and harmony of views in the methods of working—the relation is one of the most delightful on earth, and the tie grows stronger and dearer with every year. But if personal ambition creeps in, selfishness, in its myriad forms, little jealousies, suspicions (engendered from lack of faith), distrust of motives, and obstinate self-will in matters of vital interest to the work — where personal feeling and interests must ever give way—the very closeness of the bond, and the position which they unitedly sustain to the people, renders the association the more trying, and chafes and frets the spirit till it well-nigh ruins the health and usefulness of those who can least be spared, and who are too noble and

self sacrificing to complain of that which is really breaking them down.

It is wonderful that such cases are so rare on missionary ground. It would be strange, indeed, if there were none, when every Christian is "compassed about" with imperfections; and those who are most like the Master, feel the most deeply that they, and all their works, need the continual "sprinkling of cleansing" by the High Priest, who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." The foreign missionary has peculiar temptations and trials, little understood or appreciated by those whose prayers they so greatly need.

"Satan will find a back door in Constantinople," said a good pastor at home to the young disciple who had expressed her belief that, associated with such pure and consecrated spirits in a high and holy calling, she should certainly grow in grace. Ah, yes! And how often does he come in at the *front door*, disguised as an "angel of light!"

A missionary, if he be a man of any gifts and graces, is a king among his people. And the natural tendency of living among a rude and ignorant race, without the attrition afforded by contact with general society, forcing a constant (though, perhaps, unconscious) comparison with gifted and cultured minds, is inevitably in the direction of undue self-assertion, and an assumption of superiority, if not of authority. This reacts unfavorably upon the people, who are quick to discern it, and who feel strongly the impalpable barrier which is thus raised between them. (This reaction is also seen among "native helpers" when lifted above the average of their people; and it causes much of the trouble which they often occasion the missionaries.) And if this evil is not realized, one who is long left alone amid such surroundings, is very likely to become

opinionated, and fixed in set grooves and ruts of thinking and working. Hence the absolute necessity for visiting a Christian land at intervals, even if health does not require the change (though many good people may think it a great waste of time and money). Some large sweet natures suffer less from this isolation and exclusion than others ; for, as a rule, the *narrowest souls, and those least worthy of honor, assume the most!* But the *children* of missionaries are the greatest sufferers from an evil perhaps little feared or thought of, in relations so peculiar and abnormal. Accustomed from their birth to compare themselves with those around them, and prohibited from freedom of intercourse with the children of the country, they are naturally aristocratic in their feelings ; and being, from their peculiar position and surroundings, precluded the practical training which should fit them for the life upon which they enter when sent home to be educated, the change to comparative dependence and inferiority of position is often extremely galling, especially to those of a proud and sensitive nature. And just here comes in the sharpest personal trial known to the foreign missionary—*in which he most needs the prayers and sympathies of God's people.* His children are scarcely citizens of any land. They must, perforce, share in the inevitable consequences of the life and calling chosen by the parents ;—the loss of a permanent home, and of support from the parental purse during some of the most important and trying years of life. There may, or may not, be relatives who have the means and the heart to make up, in part, the loss which nothing but the grace of God can repair. The general supervision, and the small grant given by the Missionary Society for a limited period, in no sense proves a substitute for what they have lost. And if such children are wanting in that Christian spirit which

first prompted the sacrifice and still sustains the hearts of the parents,—their case is indeed very sad, and calls for the special consideration, and the continual watch and care of the Church of Christ.

THE NECESSITY OF CHANGE AND RECREATION FOR THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

"After these things were ended, Paul purposed in the spirit when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaia, to go to Jerusalem, saying, After I have been there, I must also see Rome." April, with her smiles and tears, is rapidly passing, and our happy months of communion in this missionary home and work, are drawing to a close, when a special messenger makes his appearance, sent by Mr. and Mrs. Knapp, of Bitlis (a distant station to the north-east, near Lake Van), with an urgent request that I "come over and help" them in a new and interesting work just opened among the women of that city. And a similar, and oft-repeated invitation comes from Mr. and Mrs. Parmelee, of Erzroom, who are alone in that very important station of the northern portion of the Eastern Turkey Mission; while the friends at Harpoot are becoming impatient for my return, and this beloved brother and sister,—who have so generously rejoiced over every indication of success in my work for their people,—are planning for a reunion, and a longer tarrying, another year. The needs of the work, and the wide field for usefulness opening on every side to one who is free from family cares, makes me wish that I could multiply myself a hundred fold! At this juncture, a letter is received from the Southern Turkey Mission, with a pressing invitation to visit their field. And Dr. Pratt kindly

offers to meet and escort me half-way, if I will come and see the home in which he and his good wife have been trying to work for Christ, since we first sailed together. The proposition is very tempting, and I may never again have the opportunity. It would be delightful to survey that "field which the Lord hath blessed," and compare notes with those dear friends, in their own home. A life-long joy to visit Ur of the Chaldees,—the birth-place of Abraham; and Tarsus,—the early home of the Apostle Paul; and Antioch, where the "disciples were first called Christians"—all within the borders of that Mission; and then, perhaps, go on to Egypt, and the Holy Land!—A dream of my life yet unrealized. A letter from an honored English friend,* whom I have never yet seen, but whose interest has been awakened by what she has heard of our work for Christ,—through Mr. and Mrs. Walker, who, when in London, made her acquaintance,—says: "I hear that you are needing rest. Let me beg you not to delay it too long. It is really wasting the Master's goods, when His tools are all attempered, and ready for use, to dull and injure them by using them too long, when a little rest and refreshment, *at the right time*, would not only cause them to work longer, but *better*. Is it not so? . . . . . And again, remember that whenever you come to Old England, there is a home, with warm hearts, waiting to welcome you." What could be more delightful than such a prospect? The very thought causes one's heart to bound with pleasure! And since my expenses are not met by the funds of the Society, I am in a certain sense independent, and free to allow myself the recreation:—While still no less a missionary of the Ameri-

* The author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Chronicles."

can Board, acting under its wise direction, yet cherishing much the feeling of a daughter whose wants are supplied by the bounty of loving parents in the distant home. The kind friend who statedly and privately sends my supplies (through her banker in London), also advises a season of rest and refreshment; and her daughter sends an invitation (with the necessary funds) for a visit to her temporary home in Heidelberg on the Rhine. But "*Missionaries must not travel for pleasure!*" was the maxim that always fell from the lips of our good "Father Goodell," when, during those busy years in Constantinople, a wish escaped for a season of travel in adjoining countries, to change the current of thought and associations.*

The school at Harpoot has opened, and duty calls me to my post. It is the voice of the Master: "ALL FOR JESUS," is our motto and watch-word; so the pleasant prospect is cheerfully put away, and the armor girded on afresh. . . . A "picnic" with the Protestant mothers and children, in a garden by the river-side, is greatly enjoyed by all; and, at

* But Dr. Pratt, whose medical opinion was subsequently sought, gave his testimony to this effect (and here, as elsewhere in these pages, I may be pardoned for personal allusions which elucidate principles): "*No one that breathes has a better right than you to travel for pleasure!* If you had taken a trip to Northern Syria or elsewhere, as I strongly advised, when we first met at Stamboul, you would undoubtedly have saved that break-down which sent you home for a year or so, and which has caused a loss of vitality during all the following years. Such a course is simply suicidal. If God had not given you a grand constitution to begin with, you would have been in your grave long before this!"

And yet that most admirable, and in some respects almost unequaled missionary, was himself in the same position, and might with great propriety have heeded the injunction, "Physician, heal thyself!" For, a few years later, he fell a victim to over-work and the too con-

our last Communion season, in the old chapel, which is crowded to its utmost capacity, so that strangers who come late can find no place,—we hear an excellent sermon from Giragos—a Harpoot student,—who has lately assisted Mr. Walker. He is a Greek Jacobite by birth; and his native language is Arabic; but he preaches in Armenian, on the "Unity of Christians," from the words, "THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE."

And we have the great joy of welcoming several new sisters in Christ, to the table of our Lord; women who have given evidence of a true work of grace in their hearts during the last Winter. . . . . And now the good-byes are

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stant nervous tension which was imposed from the commencement of his career by his situation at Aintab, the central station of that great field. It was the testimony of the Secretaries of the Board, that they had never sent forth a man who was more thoroughly prepared, both as a medical missionary and as an ordained minister of the gospel. He was a preacher of more than ordinary power, speaking the Turkish—as was once said of Dr. Schneider,—"like an angel." And the cares and labors of the two professions combined, in such a country, with such a people, and in such a tongue, came upon his great heart, and conscientious soul, with overwhelming force from the outset.

"One day," said he (after four or five years had passed), "there were seventy patients standing in rows around my study. I examined each case in turn, made out the prescription and gave it to Toros to fill; and then, utterly exhausted, threw myself on the bed, and said: 'Wife, I have finished practicing medicine! I shall never attend another case!' 'What do you mean?' she exclaimed, in alarm. 'Just this: I am going to give it all up to Toros, and when he has a difficult case he may come to consult about it, but henceforth I am done with medicine!'"

This Toros was a common barber, who had a natural taste in that direction, and was in the habit of frequenting the doctor's study during the hours when he saw his patients. One day, when there was much to be done, he begged as a favor to help in compounding the medicines. He proved to be very efficient and faithful, and finally

said to the "little house-mother" and the dear children of the missionary family henceforth bound to us by new ties of love and sympathy; and, accompanied by Mr. Walker, and Yakob, the journey Harpoot-ward is commenced.

Passing out of the city with many a lingering look, attended by my six boys (the "ushers"—who have modestly presented their farewell offering—cakes of sugar, prepared with syrup of fruit, for sherbet), we find beyond the walls, a hundred of the women and girls, besides a number of men and boys, gathered for a parting word and look.

That was a memorable journey. Exceedingly wearied with the excitement and fatigue of getting off, the night of

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became invaluable as a voluntary assistant, coming for several hours every day. "Toros had an iron memory," said the doctor. "Two years afterward he could recall every case, with its special symptoms, and the remedies that I had prescribed! He was unwearied in his keen attention, and by degrees I allowed him to practice more and more, till on one occasion, when we went together to Marash, *he opened the eyes of thirty blind people!*" (by performing the operation for cataract). He was very successful as a practicing physician of high repute, after Dr. Pratt threw up the business, and became very prosperous, frequently receiving large fees from wealthy Turks and others, for services that the missionary physician had gratuitously performed. But, to his honor be it said, he never forgot what he owed his kind teacher and benefactor; and when Dr. Pratt removed, with his family, to Constantinople, for the work of preparing a translation of the Bible in pure Turkish, which should be a standard version for all classes, Toros was greatly overcome by his loss, and, as Dr. P. laughingly said, "the poor fellow stole behind the door, to weep where he might not be seen."

On my way to America, I was one day in Dr. Pratt's study at Bebek, where he was hard at work over the translation of the Word of God. A very difficult point presented itself, to which no other version or translation gave any clue. ("Where a verse or a clause of Scripture is obscure, or involved, in the Hebrew or Greek, it is possible to leave it with the same ambiguity in the Armenian language," said Dr. Riggs; "But not so in Turkish: That language is so constructed

repose which we had anticipated at Geog Tapa—"Hill of the Elk"—was simply a state of intolerable torture from devouring fleas, that sent us on our way, unrefreshed, at three o'clock in the morning. And the second night, at Bakur Maden, was a new experience in our Eastern travels: When, through the coming darkness and falling rain, we were separated from Yakob, and the muleteers, and repeatedly missed the right road amid the many devious pathways leading to that city set among the rocks; and finally, made our dismal entry on the wrong side; night had set in, and the rain was falling faster and faster; the fires of "Tophet," in the valley, cast some lurid gleams upon our bewilder-

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that some shade of meaning, or interpretation, must of necessity be given; which renders the task of the translator a very difficult and responsible one."

Dr. Pratt and his Armenian assistant were greatly perplexed and at loss about this passage; at last I heard him say, in subdued tones, "Avedis, *we will ask God about it!*" And they knelt in fervent prayer for a Divine illumination, while I, unnoticed in a secluded corner, was thrilled with a sense of the sublimity of the scene, and learned a fresh lesson of the "anointing" which "teacheth all things."

At that very time, the doctor, whose health was much broken, needed a horse, for exercise; his wife felt that it would prolong, if not save, his life. He was sometimes compelled to attend to cases of emergency, occurring at night, when no physician could be procured from the city; and, though he charged no fees, English families insisted upon sending what they deemed the rightful pecuniary compensation for his services. But this he could not be induced to use for himself or family. "My time belongs to the Society by whom I am employed!" was his invariable reply to all the arguments brought to bear upon the case. And a few years later, he who was always unconsciously so self-sacrificing (whose talents would have commanded the highest position and compensation in his own country), but whose crowning grace was a genuine humility which never sought the applause or honor of his fellow-man, was called, ere yet his great work was finished, to enter into the "Rest that Remaineth for the people of God."

ment, and a sudden flash of lightning revealed our dangerous footing upon a narrow cliff, at the very moment when a stream of fire (from furnaces where the smelting of copper ore was going on) ran beneath my horse's feet, and, had not some good angel interposed, he would have plunged into the madly-roaring cataract below. At last, finding our way across the river and up a steep hill-side, we sought shelter in a common coffee-shop, where, a little later, the men joined us; and when the smoking, drinking, gossiping loungers had dispersed, my couch was speedily made in a corner of the high platform; too wearied to partake of any refreshment, I sought for rest, but was soon awakened by a terrific storm. The thunder rolled and crashed among those rocky heights like an incessant roar of artillery; the lightning blazed in vivid flames from peak to peak, and a mighty wind added its howling to the furious tempest. Sleep was impossible; but the security and peace inspired by the consciousness of an Invisible and Almighty Presence and protection, made the scene sublime:

"Howl, winds of night,
Your force combine;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest!"

Suddenly, as the wind lulled and the rain poured in torrents, a great volume of water rushed from the roof into the room where we lay, speedily routing Mr. Walker and the men from their beds on the floor, and sending one outside to stop the old chimney-hole, from which the earth had been washed away. Our Savior's words were literally verified—"The rain descended, the floods came, and the winds blew

and beat upon that house, and it fell not; for was founded upon a rock." When the morning dawned the storm still raged, though less furiously; and at nine o'clock, when it had somewhat abated, we started on our journey, against the earnest remonstrances of the few Protestants and others, who urged that the storm had rendered the river impassable, and that travel over the mountains would be very dangerous. But Mr. Walker was anxious to push on, and concluded to venture in spite of their warnings. Half a dozen showers fell during the morning, and the narrow mountain paths were very slippery, in some places almost washed away. At one narrow pass, where, but a few months before, a Turkish Mudir and his suite had been swept down into a deep ravine by an avalanche of snow, my horse (which had been reared on the plains of Nineveh, and wholly unaccustomed to mountain travel) stopped short, and Mr. Walker, fearing for my safety, called to me to dismount. As I stepped across the deep rut worn by the water pouring from the heights above, my heart stood still, for a slip upon that miry soil would have caused a quick descent into the yawning chasm far below. Our progress was very slow, and occasional travelers whom we met gave conflicting accounts of the river which we were to ford. Finally we heard of one place which was passable, and after great tribulation succeeded in finding it and in getting across, at the risk of our lives. Mr. Walker forded it first for a trial, intending to return for me; but that the men would not allow; and while I clung to the neck of the high, steady steed, they, divested of most of their clothing, threw themselves into the water and guided him across.

The sun looked out from the West for a parting gleam, as

we reached the summit of "Camel's Neck;" the men were far behind, and we reined our horses upon one of the highest points till they should come up. The thunder ominously muttered its deep-toned bass among the frowning grey peaks, and flashes of lightning played around our heads. Suddenly the curtain of night settled down upon the earth, the clouds discharged a deluge of their watery contents, and we were enveloped in gloom. After calling and shouting to the loiterers and hearing no reply, Mr. Walker left me to search for them; and when they came up, the rain had obliterated every trace of the mountain paths, and they scattered in various directions to seek the road. And again I was left in utter silence and mortal terror lest my horse should step backward, and be precipitated into some fearful abyss. Now the Badveli would come and lead him for a little, and then in the thick darkness I would again be left alone, till Yakob lent a helping hand. At last it was deemed too dangerous for me to remain mounted, and crawling slowly down among jagged rocks, feeling in every direction, lest in the impenetrable night a misstep might dash me down some unseen precipice, I tried to lead the horse, who came plunging down behind me; but finally gave up the attempt, and left him to his fate. Every now and then the good Badveli would come to take my hand, bemoaning our helpless situation, and saying, "O my sister! I fear this night of exposure and fatigue will cause your death!" and I endeavored to hearten him with words of hope and cheer. At midnight we reached the foot of the mountain, by following a sure-footed mule accustomed to the road; but again lost our way, for the rushing stream which usually flowed at its base, was now multiplied to half a dozen. After wandering among the fields

for awhile, we came out upon the right road, and were hoping that the worst was over, when two of the Persian pack-horses began to fight, and a flash of lightning showed them standing upon their hind feet, pawing at each other, while uttering the most unearthly screams,—and our own steeds started back in terror. This was frightful, and gave an additional shock to already overstrained nerves, though not a word was uttered, and the two belligerents were soon separated.

As we neared the village of Komk, not a glimmer of light cheered our eyes, and fears were expressed that we might not easily find a place to spend the remainder of the night. But the sound of approaching feet brought out a villager with his lantern, who welcomed us to his great stable, where, with eight buffaloes, six oxen, a number of donkeys, cows, calves, and horses as companions, we speedily made ourselves at home. The warmth imparted by these animals was our salvation after the fatigue and exposure of the last fourteen hours, and we were very thankful for so comfortable a shelter. A fire soon blazed at one end of the rude platform where we had bestowed ourselves for the night; a cup of tea was made, and eggs were boiled, of which the others partook with zest after their long fast. But again my appetite had entirely failed, and *rest* was all that I craved—if, indeed, the strained nerves and muscles, and stiffened bones would succumb to sleep, instead of revenging themselves by refusing to relax the cruel tension. . . . . We reached Harpoot in good season the next day, and after a Sabbath of refreshment, our good brother Walker hastened back to his home and work. . . . . Another week found me again at my duties in the school-room, little conscious

that what was deemed but a natural reaction and depression of the system, would surely swell the aggregate of an account for which much-wronged and inexorable nature would demand "compound interest" in future years of weakness and suffering.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOWING AND REAPING IN ARMENIA.

"VERY well; but if, as you say, 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' why then give us a nine years' course, with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. That's just what we want." This was said by Ghazeros, one of a class of twenty-three men in the Theological Seminary at Harpoot, whom I was teaching in Mr. Wheeler's place,—at his most urgent request.—while he and his family were absent for a month at Malatia.

His argument—that the influence upon them would be most salutary and elevating, while at the same time it released a fully-equipped missionary for general and most important work in the field—finally overcame my scruples; and when the other missionaries added the weight of their conviction to his plea, the novel task was accepted, though not without much shrinking. When I first entered the Seminary room and took my seat in the "professor's chair," I could see the smile on many a face; but nerved myself for the undertaking, and assumed a courage by no means felt in the presence of men whose ideas of woman were of necessity very low as compared with our own countrymen. For the first few days the constant tension proved very exhausting; I was studying my class, and they were equally engaged

in testing my ability as a teacher. Though not taught in schools, they had long studied God's Word, and some of them were thinkers of no mean order. Several were old helpers, brought in for a season of more thorough Biblical instruction and training in other studies, and one was a converted priest.

The colloquial of some of the villagers required an incessant strain of attention to catch their meaning; and there was an evident effort on the part of two or three forward ones to puzzle and entrap the "Varzhoohi." But at the close of our first week's review, I took occasion to speak of our relations as teacher and pupils—that I did not come there to show them how much I knew, or to find out how wise they were; but simply to assist them, so far as in my power, in that which they desired to learn; ending with a word of kind acknowledgment to those who had been gentlemanly and attentive. This had the desired effect, and with the exception of an occasional hint to one who was remiss in study (which quickly brought the color to his face), no further reminder of their duty was needed, and they were uniformly as polite and respectful as could be desired.

We were spending an hour and a quarter each day in the careful study of the Book of Acts, and very lively and profitable discussions arose upon various points connected with the Apostolic method of preaching the gospel. I quoted our Savior's example in His training-class for missionary service, as an illustration of the estimation in which the Master held the heavenly wisdom, in comparison with earthly knowledge and human sciences, which He "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," did not impart

to them; and ended with the statement that, as a rule, those who knew the least were the most puffed up with the idea of their own wisdom; and that the deeper a man dived into the mines of learning, the more he understood, as did one of the greatest philosophers, that he had "but gathered a few pebbles on the shores of an infinite ocean."

This statement was met by Ghazeros (as quoted), who cast a triumphant glance around the class, as if to say, "Now I have caught the Varzhoohi!" It was a blessed thing for me that I had my Bible so much at command, and Paul's words were a better answer than any other: "If any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know;" and, "Though I speak with the *tongues of men and of angels*, and have not Love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and *all knowledge*, and have not Love, I am nothing."—And I continued:

"We will suppose that the Evangelical Armenian churches have arrived at such prosperity, that the time has come for them to send the gospel to darker lands; and a few men are appointed to Africa. Now what course would you instruct them to pursue in laying foundations? Would you say, 'Preach the gospel; and as soon as a few Africans are converted, train them, by a short course of study (mostly Biblical), to go forth as Christian workers among their own poor, ignorant, degraded people, till the general standard of education shall be raised among them, and they themselves be willing to make sacrifices for the establishment of higher schools?' Or, would you enjoin it upon your missionaries to spend your money in giving those men a classical 'nine

years' course' (which would lift them infinitely above their people) while at the same time thousands were starving for the Bread of Life?" There was scarcely a dissenting voice. All were in favor of the Divine method, but one, who ventured to argue the point, when his companions cut him short by saying, with the force of conviction, "*Yes, we should! you know that we would give the short course!*" It required no little tact and watchfulness to avoid irrelevant and unprofitable questions and vain speculations, in which the Armenian mind delights.*

Rumors of what appeared to be the beginning of heresy in another field had attracted the attention and excited the interest of the students: A philosophy and fine-spun theory which virtually denied the vicarious atonement of Christ, and (as the disciple invariably goes beyond his master in such teachings) would ultimately land this people in a belief of universal salvation, if not something worse. Therefore my constant aim during these few weeks of Bible-teaching, was to lead these future preachers of the gospel to imi-

* But we did not treat their queries about the "origin of sin," etc., as summarily as did the colored preacher who was closing his description of the creation, with the words, "Den de Lor' He done make Adam out ob de dust ob de earth, and sot him by de fence to dry;" when one of his rude audience broke out with, "Dat am all bery well, but who made dat 'ar *fence?*" and the irate preacher thundered forth, "*Put dat darkey out ob de meetin'! Such questions de like ob dat destroy all de t'eology ob de world!*" When Mr. Williams came with his training-class to Harpoot a year later, we found that he allowed more of these side-issues to be discussed during the ordinary recitations, because, he said, they had lacked all early training and the thousand sources of information open to those of Christian lands; and perhaps, the opportunity to enlighten and guide their minds on various points, might never again occur in the multitude of his pressing cares and duties. He made everything in his own

tate closely the example of the Divine Teacher in the clearness and simplicity of their utterances, and abundant illustrations drawn from the daily life and thought of the people. Not "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men;" or searching into hidden mysteries, remembering that the "*secret* things belong unto the Lord, but the things which are revealed belong to us and to our children, that we may *do* all the words of this law." The Church is replete with systems, and many a valley filled with the dry bones of theology, when its great want is the WORD and the SPIRIT!

What these men most seemed to need for a successful ministry among their own people was, hearts surcharged with the magnetism of sympathy and souls on fire with the love of Christ.

"Say '*Baksheesh!*'" suggested Maranos, our good assistant teacher, when we were sitting by the bedside of a woman who had been such a bitter opposer that the neighbors were afraid to have us venture near her house. We found her heart softened by sickness; and for the first time she listened to the words of Christ, as I tried to explain to her the

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stock of knowledge subservient to their use, drawing illustrations from all sources, high and low—"Mother Goose's Melodies," "Aladdin's Entertainment" mechanics, arts, sciences,—each in turn were laid under contribution to increase their general fund and range of thought. And the merry peals of laughter that often came from the room where they were gathered for their daily lessons, testified to their hearty appreciation of his genial method. And yet he ever maintained his dignity as a Christian teacher, and the love and admiration with which his pupils regarded their "Howadji" was almost akin to worship. If Dr. Goodell, of Constantinople, sometimes reminded us of the celebrated Sidney Smith, Mr. Williams,—who, by the way, is a brother of that eminent scholar and statesman, Welles S. Williams, L.L.D., of China—resembled Charles Lamb, in his fine wit and play of fancy.

only way of salvation. "Ah, yes!" she answered; "of course you, who have done so many good works, will be saved; God will accept *you*, but He cannot look upon me!" "'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy, He saves us—by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost,'" I replied; adding, "It is all Free Grace;" when Maranos, whose heart was warm with interest and sympathy, whispered, "If you say '*baksheesh*,' she will understand you better."—"Baksheesh!" that fearfully common and tiresome word, in the mouth of every beggar who solicits alms with outstretched hand and whining accents; and which often falls from the lips of brawny men who, when a bargain is concluded, beg for a "present"—something over and above, for which no equivalent would be given or compensation expected. And this much-abused term at once conveyed to that untaught mind the meaning of the "grace of God which bringeth salvation" in the "unspeakable Gift" of His Son!

Our daily Bible-lesson became more and more interesting as teacher and pupils became familiarized to one another. Sometimes one verse would prove so rich in meaning and comprehensive in its scope, that it occupied the entire hour; as, for instance, the nineteenth verse of the third chapter of Acts—"Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." Each student was called upon, as usual, to state,—in clear and simple language, *as if to one who had never heard the gospel*,—his idea of true and false Repentance; illustrating every point by his own familiar experience, or by what he had seen in others. The same in regard to Conversion,—which, in Armenian, means to

"turn"—to change entirely one's course. And the expression, "times of refreshing," brought up the subject of Revivals in the Church of Christ; the spiritual being illustrated by the natural. When their illustrations failed, I gave them the benefit of my own store, many of which were lodged in the mind from childhood by the faithful teachings of a Christian mother, pastor, Bible-teacher, or by general reading and experience; besides the accumulations of later years, drawn from every source. To these they listened with great delight, and months afterward it was a source of much pleasure to hear repeated in many a village lecture, not a few of those comparisons and similes (as, for instance, the full heads of wheat bending toward the earth,—a type of genuine humility, —while the empty ones were lifted loftily toward heaven as if in pride and arrogance; or, the wagon noisily rattling over the street, proclaiming its own emptiness, while the silent stream carrying untold blessings on its bosom, was known by the verdure on its banks, etc.)

The meaning of the words "that your sins may be blotted out," was sought, and the students gave various illustrations of "debt and credit." Though all acknowledged that while the charge against one might be "crossed out" and effaced, it could not be said to be "blotted out" so long as traces of the original score remained. They had never heard of the waxed tablets used in ancient times, upon which the writing was traced with a metal "style," and which could be easily erased by smoothing the surface with the handle. And we turned to the words of Jeremiah: "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond; it is graven upon the table of their heart." But the illustration which most effectively showed

the *blotting out*, was that of Charlotte Elizabeth's "Happy Mute," who dreamed that he died, and stood before the Judgment-Seat, and the "Books were opened." And when he saw beneath his name a long, dark catalogue of sins, he was overwhelmed with shame, and ready to sink with terror. But the Savior cast upon him a gracious look, and saying, with unspeakable love and tenderness, "*John!*" lifted the pierced hand, from which the drops were oozing, and *passed it over* the black record. John's sins were all "blotted out," and when the Father looked He saw only the blood of His dear Son.

Not a word was uttered when the simple story was finished, but the tenderness and solemnity visible upon every face, showed that their hearts had been deeply moved, and that the lesson would never be forgotten.

When Mr. Wheeler returned from Malatia, he generously begged me to keep the class, thinking that I had "found my vocation." But the women and girls of our own school (with a new, and more stupid set, in place of those who left last year,) afforded an ample field for all, and more than I had strength to accomplish in the heat of Summer, and the honor was declined.

The season sped away "like a tale that is told." The Annual Meeting of the Mission convened at Harpoot, in June, brought most of its members together; the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson to Broosa, in the Western Turkey Mission, threw the Arabkir field into the hands of the missionaries at Harpoot, and an annexation took place. An "Evangelical Union" of all the Protestant Churches, and pastors of the Mission, was fully established, and Pastor Marderos, of Harpoot, was unanimously elected as President.

When this convocation was over, and we had returned to the quiet tenor of our usual work, the sudden and severe illness of Mrs. Wheeler, brought again the shadow of Death over our hearts; for months she lay in the "Border Land," and many hours of anxious watching were spent by that bedside. Again the heat was very oppressive, and ophthalmia prevailed to an alarming extent among the people, affecting more or less the missionary families. The swarms of flies settling upon the faces, and swarming around the sore eyes of native children, who were so accustomed to them that they did not even brush them off, was too disgusting a sight to be endured. But it was scarcely as bad as the "Aleppo button," or "year sore," a chronic scourge in all this region, and even worse in the southern portions of the country. The cause of this infliction the keenest medical skill and scrutiny has as yet failed to discover, and many a missionary wears upon his face or hands the unsightly and life-long scars.

A son of Dr. and Mrs. Schneider, of Aintab, had sixty or seventy of these often painful and sometimes offensive sores (which last for a year,) upon his person at one time; and his devoted mother* (who, in the beauty and brilliancy of an early womanhood of more than ordinary attractions, cheerfully left the society of which she was a shining ornament, and consecrated her life to labors and self-denials among those who were little capable of appreciating either), did not utter one repining word. But, as she afterward looked upon the disfiguring scars which marred the face of her first-born she simply said, "*They will not be seen in Heaven!*" . . . . .

* Mrs. S. had one herself,—an excrescence, upon so prominent a feature, that for months she was obliged to wear a veil, to screen it from view.

SMALL-POX is also a chronic scourge throughout the length and breadth of this land. In fact, it is so generally considered a necessary evil, that it is a common thing for mothers to inoculate their little ones, by mingling the virus with their food! This of course gives the disease in its most malignant form; and many die, while others are rendered totally blind from its effects. We meet with it everywhere. "What is the matter with your child?" I asked a mother who came late, to one of my meetings in the chapel (soon after my arrival at Harpoot), and sat so near me, that the infant's head almost touched my arm, during the hour. "O, it is *small-pox!*" she replied, with the most perfect coolness. But these are among the "*little trials*," of which true, earnest missionaries make but small account, in comparison with the JOY of the WORK!

We have had a new experience at Harpoot, in a fire, which broke out one sultry night, owing to the carelessness of a smoker of tobacco or opium, and four or five hundred shops, besides other buildings, were consumed. Several Protestants lost their all of earthly goods, and two Turks, whose possessions were swept away, committed suicide. The people were in the greatest terror—without fire-engines, or water, or men who were capable of doing anything to extinguish the spreading flames. The three missionaries, Barnum, Allen, and Wheeler, were roused from their sleep after midnight, and, with the students, were soon in the thickest of the conflict, working with all their might, using earth instead of water, to stay the devouring element. By their direction, several houses were torn down, and when the heavy roofs (covered with tons of earth) fell in, clouds of dust almost choked the workers. In one instance, they

were but a moment before standing upon such a roof to oversee the work, and barely escaped with their lives. By their unwearied efforts and sagacity the fire was checked; but when they returned to their homes in the morning, with hair singed, eyes inflamed, and faces blackened, we scarcely recognized them. The city was full of their praises; men of all classes and nationalities talked of the disinterested efforts of the missionaries, and the Pasha sent them special and hearty thanks.

FALLING BY THE WAY-SIDE.

Reports of cholera were frequent in communications from Diarbekir. One of our last year's graduates, who was actively engaged in teaching, was taken by it to be with Jesus; also one of the larger boys, who attended the "Children's Meeting" of last Winter. Our fears were awakened for Mr. and Mrs. Walker, and they were frequently urged to come to Harpoot; but they could not be persuaded to leave their people at such a time, to flee from what they deemed the post of duty; and their letters were full of hope and courage. But one September morning, when we thought that the danger was past, there came a telegram—like a thunderclap from a serene Summer sky—telling, in fearfully stunning words, of "*Brother Walker's death by cholera.*" Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Barnum were absent, "touring" through the outstations of Arabkir, newly added to the Harpoot field (which numbered forty or fifty), and this sudden stroke would fall with crushing weight upon already overburdened hearts. At a glance, we saw that Diarbekir, with all its interests, cares, and responsibilities, must now be added to the territory under their supervision, comprising in all about 2,600

square miles, as large in its extent as the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, or two-fifths of all New England, to be worked from Harpoot, as a centre, by three men! But our hearts turned to her who now knew, as never before, the meaning of "*widow;*" and our pens were busy (as, oh, so often during our missionary life!) in assuring the stricken one of our tenderest sympathy and united prayers for her and her fatherless children.

Letters from Mr. Williams, and from my six Diarbekir boys (who continued to write, and frequently sent me little tokens of remembrance, during the Summer), gave the sad particulars of that heavy bereavement. In that wretched khan at Alipoonga,—upon whose unshaded clay walls the hot sun poured down his fierce, burning rays, till the air seemed to come from a heated oven, and swarms of flies infested the inner apartments,—the missionary family sought refuge from the more stifling heat of the city. The poor children were especially tormented with insects of various kinds, which, like so many vampires, preyed upon them; and their eyes, unaccustomed to the glare reflected from the yellowish clay which everywhere surrounded them, were almost blind with ophthalmia. The roof received their couches at night, but then another danger threatened, from the chilling wind that set in. As the days and weeks passed slowly by, the pestilence "that wasteth at noon-day," carried hundreds from the city to their "last home." The faithful missionary was constantly going back and forth in the burning sun to care for his flock; watching by the dying, burying the dead, and administering consolation to the mourners. The months of July and August had worn away, and the khan at Alipoonga contained in its lower rooms (mostly stables) a colony of

thirty Protestants, who had there sought refuge from the plague: Several were soon seized, but none died. With brave hearts the husband and wife endured the discomforts of their situation, and sustained each other with cheering words and faith in God. But there came a day when the strong man was prostrated; the wife, alone, without physician or friends to counsel, sought to stay the disease, aided by faithful and anxious Protestant brethren, who would fain have laid down their lives to save their beloved teacher. One of them, foreseeing the end, secretly sent a telegram to Mardin. Mr. Williams received it that evening; and while Yakob was hastily making ready for the journey, the "Howadji" performed a marriage ceremony which could not be delayed, and offered a prayer, and a few words of consolation, by the coffin of a child belonging to his flock; and then mounted his horse, and, with his heart full of forebodings, set forth upon that lonely journey. The morning saw a single horseman dashing along the river-road, by the grim city, on, on to the rude village! He looked haggard and anxious, and his steed was foaming and jaded with the ride of that long night.

As he approached the khan an indescribable fear seized his heart, and his hand involuntarily slackened the rein. Alas! there was no need of haste. The gateway was reached; the men who sat in its shadow respectfully arose, but uttered no word of greeting. Blank despair was written on every face. He rode into the court, and flung himself from his horse. A door opened, and a child appeared, who anticipated the question which his lips could not frame, by saying, "*Father is dead.*" With strange calmness and serenity of spirit, still upheld by an invisible Hand, the

stricken wife,—who all that night had bent over the unconscious sufferer, using every remedy, and hoping against hope till the spirit returned to God,—was giving directions for the last offices to be performed for her beloved one. . . . . The sun was nearing the horizon, when a solemn procession slowly passed along the rough and stony road leading to the burial-place where, years before, the lamented Righter* was laid to rest. Very tenderly the bier was borne by the hands of loving disciples over the two weary miles which the feet of their beloved teacher had so often trod. And when they laid their precious burden down upon the hill-side beneath the shadow of an almond-tree, and the service was ended, and the earth fell with a dull, heavy thud upon the coffin, the cry of the little daughter, "*Father, father! I want my father!*" pierced every heart afresh, and strong men bowed themselves in bitter lamentation over that new-made grave. But as they turned away, the setting sun lighted river, rock, hill, and plain, and even the gloomy walls of the "Black city," with its dying glow — a faint emblem of the never-fading Sun of Righteousness, whose beams are shed upon the Christian's tomb. And when the sad night again closed upon those smitten ones, and the city gates were shut, that none might go out or come in, the Angel of the Covenant whispered, "*Fear not; I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.*" . . . . . .

Calling with Mrs. Barnum at the house of Haji Hagop one day, we found the good old man just recovering from a

* Rev. C. R. Righter, when acting as an Agent of the American Bible Society, visited Diarbekir, where, in the vigor of early manhood, a fever ended his earthly life, and sent a wave of desolation through the home-circle of friends who were fondly looking for his return.

severe attack of asthma. His face was much flushed, and, for a few moments, he could not speak; but, as the paroxysm passed away, gave us a most cordial welcome.

He referred to his infirmity, and said he was conscious that the end was fast approaching; but, as he spoke, an expression of heavenly peace spread over his countenance: it was evident that he longed to depart and be with Christ.

Taking a book from beneath his cushion, he remarked, "Next to my Bible, *this* is precious to my soul. I am now reading it through for the third time; and it seems to me that the man who wrote it must have been inspired." It was a worn copy of Baxter's "Saints' Rest," in Armenian. When told that the "saint"—who had been in the actual enjoyment of that "rest" for nearly two hundred years—wrote the book when on his sick-bed, with heaven full in view, he was greatly interested, and exclaimed, "*I shall meet him there*, and will tell him how it has comforted and helped me in my pilgrimage to the Celestial City!" After a few moments' conversation in Turkish with Mrs. Barnum, he turned to me, and said, "Egoosh was here the other evening, and told us many things that he saw in America while there with Mrs. Walker and her children—the broad, clean streets, the beautiful houses and furniture, the roads and carriages and railways, the churches, and khans (hotels), like *palaces*, the farms and gardens and shops and school-houses. Such comfort, purity, and wealth! It was wonderful; and, as I listened, I thought after this manner: 'What must *heaven* be?' If he should tell all this to a poor, miserable Koord, who had never seen or heard of anything better than his *hole* in the ground, what idea would he get? Just none at all: you might as well describe the light to a *blind*

man. And then I said to myself, 'So little can *I* understand of Heaven; but, thanks to God, through the blood of His dear Son I shall one day see and know it all for myself!'"

And he too has gone; the grave, for which he prepared so serenely, as for a journey, has hid him from our sight; but we miss that patriarchal form, the benign and striking face, with its flowing white beard, which never failed to command respect and veneration. He has seen the Savior by whose sacrifice he was redeemed, and the servant of God, who little dreamed when doing his last earthly work (as he thought), that souls would come up from every nation *through all time*, to enjoy that "Rest," and bless him for inspiring them to seek it yet more earnestly.

Haji Hagop was an early convert, and a pioneer in the work of evangelizing his countrymen. His dignified bearing and unquestioned piety, combined with a sound judgment and evenly-balanced mind, rendered him invaluable as a helper; he was known as a "peace-maker," and his counsel was widely sought by the Protestants and others. But when the infirmities of age prevented active service, and funds were low, the missionaries were obliged to cut off his small monthly allowance. "Haji Baba," or Father, as he was called, took this very meekly, and gave himself the more earnestly "unto prayer." A few months later, a letter was received from an unknown friend in Holland, who had accidently seen a brief account of the circumstance in an English periodical, and was moved to send to the missionaries the sum necessary for the support of the good man.* This

* This remarkable provision of Providence, recalls the experience of a missionary widow of the American Board, who, with her children, had returned to her native land: Eight or ten years had passed, and

he continued to remit every quarter, till the very time when it was no longer needed; and then it suddenly ceased, and letters of inquiry failed to meet a response, as formerly, (in the quaint and charming utterances of a child-like, Christian heart and mind), forcing upon us the conviction that the benefactor also had ended his earthly mission, and "entered into rest."

A MONTHLY CONCERT OF PRAYER FOR MISSIONS.

Last evening I attended an exceedingly interesting missionary concert. Would that all who pray for Zion could have the privilege of witnessing such a scene—a *live* missionary meeting on missionary ground! It was held at the close of a day of special prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and as both congregations of the city united on the occasion, there was a goodly assembly of Christian men and women, who have learned to pray, "Thy kingdom come."

After the opening exercises, Mr. Wheeler gave a most graphic and interesting sketch of the thirty-seven days' tour from which he and his associates had lately returned (in connection with the Meeting of the "Evangelical Union"

one day, (at the very time when she was praying for means to carry one of her sons through a medical course, and another through college,) the "old king" of Siam was walking and talking with a missionary interpreter, when without any previous allusion to the subject, he suddenly stopped and said, "By the way, where is Mrs. Caswell? I wish to send her some money!"—Mr. Caswell was the king's first teacher in English, and he had seemed fond of him, but for years had not mentioned his name. The missionary (who had come at a later day) informed the king how he might safely transmit the money; and he sent Mrs. C. a draft for $1,500, which was promptly paid, causing the "widow's heart to sing for joy." This was subsequently followed by $500, in addition, with the photographs of the royal family. Truly, "the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord."

at Diarbekir, which was largely attended by the pastors, helpers, and other delegates from the churches throughout the field, besides a number of the Harpoot theological students, to whom the journey and its attendant opportunities proved a peripatetic school of no ordinary instruction and influence upon their future course). At Choonkoosh, two days' journey from Harpoot, many of the people came an hour's distance to meet and welcome them, and crowds escorted them triumphantly into the city. "Nine years ago," said Mr. Wheeler, "I made my first visit to Choonkoosh, in company with Brother Dunmore; and we were hooted at, stoned, and at last driven from our room in the pouring rain and splashing mud of a dark night!" Now, every house seemed open to receive them, and had there been a *hundred*, instead of forty-five or fifty men, they would have been amply accommodated. Here they found a large and expensive house of worship, built by the people. The men had brought all the timber by hand, a distance of from three to five miles. It sometimes required thirty men to bring one stick. Women and children brought water and earth and stones, and what is still more wonderful, Armenians of the Old Church, and even *Turks*, lent a willing hand in bringing materials for this temple of the Lord. A Turk, who was at the same time erecting a mosque, expressed great surprise at this; for, said he, "I can scarcely get my work done for money, and yet the people help build the Protestant meeting-house for nothing." Women were still busy plastering the walls, but they hastened to finish their work that a meeting might be held there for the first time. It would not be strange if some of these women were among the most bitter and fierce of the noisy mob of nine

years ago. What a contrast! Is not this one triumph of truth sufficient to rejoice the heart of every Christian who has prayed and labored for the establishment of Christ's kingdom in Turkey? But while we exult in the abundant blossoming of trees which give promise of a rich harvest, we will not forget the patient toil of the husbandman, the "sowing with tears," digging deep, and enriching the soil with new elements, that they "might have *life*, and that they might have it more abundantly," according to the word of the Master. The chapel at Choonkoosh is infinitely more precious to the people because it has *cost them* much toil and self-denial; and to us it is beyond price, as a monument of God's grace.

When the band of Sowers and Reapers went on their way, they came to a town where were twenty-five Protestants who much desired a house of worship, but professed great poverty. Like too many communities, they looked upon the American Board as *a nursing mother*, who would always supply their wants; whereas the missionaries are fully convinced that if ever this people are to attain to a true, vigorous, Christian manhood, they must "bear the yoke in their youth." They made no promises of aid, but quietly obtained some facts respecting those men, and when the subject was renewed at a meeting held there, said to them: "You say you are poor, and unable to pay anything for the support of the Gospel; but how is it that you expend two thousand piastres a year for tobacco?" That argument could not be disputed, and brought them up to their duty.

At another place the same doleful cry of poverty was uttered; but when other means had failed, the Apostolic "rod" was applied, by saying: "You must pay a certain

proportion of the preacher's expenses, or we shall take him away!" This opened their purses at once, and it seemed that *hearts* were really enlarged by the process. The test is one which helps clear the ground of dead trees, and lets in more of light and heat from the Sun of Righteousness.

The most interesting feature of the Union Meeting at Diarbekir was the opening up of a new missionary enterprise, *undertaken by the people*. One of the missionaries was just penning a subject for the docket to this effect: "How shall we care for the evangelization of the Koordish-speaking Armenians?" when blind Hohannes, a graduate of the Harpoot Seminary, arose and said: "My heart is pained at the condition of that large class of our people who dwell among the Koords." After some discussion, it was resolved to seek out and educate five men, who should afterwards return to labor among their people. Forty-three dollars were raised on the spot, and the holy fire soon caught every heart. Diarbekir, Mardin, and vicinity, pledged the support of two men; Harpoot, Arabkir, and the villages of the plain, that of the remaining three.* And now God's servants saw, with unspeakable joy, a natural, spontaneous outgrowth, which betokened just the development of Christian graces that they most longed to see in these infant churches.

Leaving Diarbekir, the delegation visited several outstations, after which three missionaries and two of the native helpers made a rapid survey of a part of Koordistan. There

* It was a source of great joy to learn that the "Diarbekir boys," too impatient to wait for these men to be educated, themselves selected a man, put their piastres together to support him, and sent him to Redwan to preach the gospel to the Armenian, Assyrian, Turkish, and Yezidee population of that town. See "Ten Years on the Euphrates," p. 247.

was no time in this missionary concert to speak of the ancient ruins scattered along their pathway on this tour—the foot-prints of ancient kings, found in inscriptions upon tablets of rock among the everlasting hills—but there were present two of the men whom the people were to educate, living specimens of God's handiwork, far more interesting to us all than any memento of past ages. These were introduced to the meeting, and addressed us in their own tongue, Pastor Marderos acting as interpreter. It was delightful to see the eager interest with which our people looked at and listened to these men, as they told us, in few words, of the darkness that reigned among them. As they stood there, dressed in their shaggy sheepskin coats, with high, rough black hats of the same material, and spoke in an unknown tongue, it was difficult to realize that the people whom they addressed were themselves the subjects of missionary effort. It was indeed a "wheel within a wheel." "Now," said Mr. Wheeler, "that you have entered upon a missionary work of your own, you can more fully sympathize with us in some of our trials." When asked if they would renew their pledge to support these men and their families, every hand was raised —indeed, some put up both hands.

The pastor then gave us deeply interesting information respecting another race, also dwelling among the Koords and speaking their language; a nation of heathen sunk in the lowest and most degrading forms of idolatry; for the Yezidees, as they are called, worship the *Devil*. They are the descendants of an ancient Persian race, and it is said number one hundred thousand. Their symbol is the Peacock, an image of which they worship at their "sacred shrine," and they also have a sacred fire. The doctrines of

this devil-worship are just what we might expect. "Our priests," they say, "teach us that it is essential to manhood to lie, steal, murder, and, in fact, be dogs.* One cannot be considered a *man* until he has killed some one!" This class of pagans can also be reached by the new instrumentality soon to be prepared in the Harpoot schools, if God do but grant His blessing.

Five or six brief, earnest prayers followed this account, and never did the Missionary Hymn sound sweeter than when it welled up from hearts newly quickened to give the "lamp of life to souls benighted."

THE REVIVAL; A PENTECOSTAL SEASON.

Months have come and gone, bringing fresh changes to our little band of missionary brothers and sisters. Soon after Mrs. Walker's bereavement, she came to Harpoot with her orphaned children, and tarried among us a few short weeks: And when she returned to her solitary and desolated home, she was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Williams,—for Miss Pond has turned aside from the school, to enter upon another mission, "ordained of God,"—and the door of my release for a season of rest, is still more closely shut!

But we are enjoying a precious visitation from on high, and God is powerfully working in our midst;—such a work as my eyes never before witnessed in this land! How we have longed to see such an awakening; a genuine work of

* The word dog is, in Armenian, synonymous with adulterer; in fact, the noun is formed from that word; therefore the Scripture injunction, "Beware of dogs," literally refers to men of vile and dissolute lives.

the Spirit, which should sweep away all the refuges of lies, and cobwebs of superstition which hide the truth from so many hearts among this people! And now it has come;—first in the hearts of God's people, then reaching those outside, rebuking our want of faith, and bringing us down into the dust at the Master's feet, that all the glory may redound to His holy name, who has "visited this people with His salvation!" The windows of heaven are opened wide, and blessings descending upon the Church of Christ in this city, are overflowing into the villages of the plain. This blessed "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" commenced during the "week of prayer," in January.

The snow lay thickly upon the ground as we left our dwelling for the place of prayer, just after sunrise, yesterday —Monday—morning. As we entered the room, we saw that every head was bowed, as if in secret devotion. Pastor Marderos was at the desk, and about twenty men were seated on the floor, the solemn and impressive stillness only broken by the coming in of others, till the large room was well filled; and all seemed to feel that God was in the midst. More than an hour was spent in prayer, and praise, thanksgiving, and confession of sin,—the subjects for the day. We felt that it was good to be there, good to unite in the fervent petitions of those Christian brethren, good to share in the heavenly atmosphere which seemed to pervade the place.

Soon after noon there was a special gathering of the sisters of the Harpoot church (which numbers about one hundred members). The snow fell fast, and the pathways were much blocked up; but there were twenty of us gathered in an "upper room" for prayer and conference. After reference had been made to the special subjects of prayer for the

day, one of the mothers in this Israel led us to the Master's feet, in a prayer which came warm and glowing from the heart. The passage in Malachi was then read, where those that "feared the Lord" are represented as speaking often one to another, and the sisters were urged to do likewise,—to confess their faults and open their hearts to each other. After a moment's silence, the wife of the head-man of the Protestant community told us of the visits which she had lately made to three or four villages, expressly to benefit the women there. This was from the promptings of her own heart,—her desire to serve Christ and save souls,—as she has no children to keep her at home. With much simplicity and modesty she spoke of the meetings she had held in those villages, how the room would sometimes be so crowded that the women would have to stand and hold their babes in their arms. She had counted seventy women at some of these meetings;—poor, hard-working women, mostly dependent on their daily labor for daily bread, yet willingly leaving their carding, spinning, weaving, or other work, to come and hear the words of life.

On one occasion, she said, she had just mounted her horse to leave a village, when a number of these poor souls followed her some distance, and her heart was melted at the cry of an aged woman, who, with tears rolling down her wrinkled face, and hands outstretched as if for help, continually exclaimed: "*What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do to be saved?*" And in every village they entreated that she would soon come again to teach them.

As this good sister finished her story, I said to her—"And *you*, did *you* not receive a blessing also, Eughaper? Did not your own soul get warmed in thus working for others?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, with beaming face, "I never before experienced such joy, such happiness! When I first proposed going, some of my friends opposed me on account of my poor health, but although the weather was cold, it has been with me just the same as at home. God has taken care of my health, and given me this joy beside." (I afterwards learned, that when this good woman spoke to her excellent Christian husband about her plan, he demurred because of her feebleness, saying, "I am afraid to have you thus exposed in cold weather; you may die!" "Ah, yes!" she answered, "I *may soon die*, and that is one reason why I wish to go!)

One can imagine the overflowing joy with which we missionary sisters listened to this simple recital; feeling that the influence of *such* a woman, in labors among her own people, —self-moved, or, rather, moved by the Holy Spirit,—is above all price; worth far more than our own efforts, for she is one of themselves, has a perfect understanding of their circumstances, mode of thought, customs, and habits, and can make the most ignorant understand the language she speaks, since it is her own tongue!

This joy was greatly enhanced in my own mind when Mrs. Wheeler remarked, with emotion: "While our sister was telling us of her work among the village women, my mind went back to the first years of our own work in this city, when Mrs. Allen and I labored to persuade her to learn to read, and sought to bring her under the influence of the Gospel!" The tears started to Eughaper's eyes as she nodded assent. Mrs. Wheeler then proceeded to urge upon that band of Christian women the necessity of personal consecration, in labor for individual souls,—at

home, in their families and neighborhoods,—as well as without.

The ice was now broken, and one sister after another spoke of her trials or hindrances, her lack of faith and love. One, a woman of influence, two of whose grown-up children are graduates of our two schools, and both in the Lord's work, spoke with an almost broken heart of her unconverted husband,—of his becoming more and more wedded to the world, and of his influence upon their younger children. She begged most earnestly the prayers of all, and now that her mouth was opened, could hardly stop speaking. With tearful eyes the little company promised to make special supplication for that house. After several ineffectual attempts, a poor blind girl addressed us. She said: "My sisters, you know that I am but one *alone* in our house. I have none to sympathize with me. Sometimes I am not allowed to go to God's house. Pray for me, that I may patiently suffer the Lord's will, and glorify my Father in heaven."

One whom we have always esteemed more spiritually-minded than most of our women, told us of the conflict which had disturbed her peace of mind for months past. In consequence of a difficulty between herself and a neighbor, also a member of the church, a "root of bitterness" had sprung up in her heart. Her sad face showed something of the struggle she had undergone before pride would yield the contest. This was followed by another and yet another confession on the part of the sisters, mingled with petitions to the throne of grace.

Another interesting feature of our meeting was the presence of the preacher's wife, from the other part of the city.

Horopsima has no children at home, and goes from house to house reading and teaching God's Word as she has opportunity. She asked our prayers, that the good seed might be watered by the Holy Spirit,—that her labors might not be a curse instead of a blessing.

Prayer was also requested for Maranos, our good assistant in the Training-school, who is spending the Winter vacation in visiting many of the villages in this vicinity. She spends a couple of weeks at each place, making her home with the helper's wife, and working with her, visiting among the families, and holding meetings for the women and girls. Her letters are full of joy in the Lord's work, and encouragement for our faith in prayer.

When the meeting closed, we found that we had been together more than two hours; but even then it was with reluctance that we separated. Our hearts were warmed toward each other. We felt more truly that we all belonged to the One Great Family of Christ. It was pleasant to note the lingering of these Christian sisters, to speak with one another, and to get a little closer to their teachers, or "*mothers*," as they often style the missionary ladies. As one after another came to me, and I clasped her hand (for these Armenian women seldom do this, unless we make the advance, confining themselves to their own graceful salaam), my heart was full:—for earth can yield no purer joy than the consciousness that Christ is using us in His highest, holiest service. And the more we serve Him, the more deeply do we feel that without His ABIDING PRESENCE AND POWER IN US, we can do nothing! As often in years gone by (when God was working in our school at Hasskeuy), I have almost feared to write an account of that which so rejoiced our

hearts, lest, from the magnifying of means employed by the Master, or a glorying in human instrumentalities, the Spirit should be grieved, and withdraw His gracious presence:— Sometimes my pen has been stayed as if by an unseen hand!

BASILOS AGHA.

It was Saturday; the last day of the "week of prayer" in January, when we four missionary sisters, and one brother, were gathered for our daily noon season of united supplication in our mother-tongue, for the outpouring of God's Spirit upon the people of Harpoot. Mr. Barnum and Mr. Wheeler were laboring among the villages on the plain, and Mr. Allen urged that, as he alone was left to conduct the meeting, the "sisters" should also take an active part. This we had never yet done,—for the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches in which we had been trained at home, did not advocate the speaking and praying of Christian women, in "mixed" assemblies.* But our brother's kindly plea, and incontestable argument, was conclusive; and Mrs. Wheeler broke the ice, followed by the rest of us, with

* Perhaps one overlooked source of the prosperity and strength of the Baptist and Methodist branches of the one Church of Christ, is owing to the *education and utilization of womanly talent*, by means of "class" and "covenant meetings," where, as in a *family*, the members are, from the beginning of their Christian life, expected to speak to each other, and to God, of that which is to them of supreme interest. The things pertaining to religion, personal experience, and the power of the Word, are not tabooed and shut away from sight and hearing, to smoulder in secret for want of contact with the warmth and glow of other hearts: And though there may be abuses of this method, it seems the great *desideratum* of the Christian Church at the present day. The words of our Savior to Mary at the sepulchre, stand as an eternal testimony to His approval and use of this power in the Church (in all womanly ways), of proclaiming Him, who is the "Res-

hearts humbled and willing to do any and everything which should remove impediments out of the way, for the coming of our King!—As yet we had seen no tokens of the Spirit's working outside of the Church.

On that very day, Basilos Agha, an Armenian broker of wealth and influence, was sitting alone in his office, when suddenly, as by a mighty rushing wind, he was overwhelmed with a conviction of his sinfulness before God! He was about thirty years of age; a man of more than ordinary intelligence, had traveled extensively, and was imbued with French infidelity. But being anxious for the elevation of his people, retained his connection with the "Liberal party" of the Armenian Church, advocating the sweeping away of old superstitions and forms, and giving, instead of the Bible, the teaching of Aristotle, and other ancient philosophers. He made the acquaintance of Pastor Marderos and his intelligent wife; and, partly from curiosity, and partly from a desire for increasing his information, sometimes sought their home, occasionally attending a preaching service in the chapel. But his proud spirit scorned the hum-

urrection and the Life." And it is interesting to know that women thus trained in early years, occupy in the American Baptist Mission, posts of great usefulness. Mrs. Wade (from whose lips, when but a child, I received indelible impressions) was at one time the teacher of "Pastoral Theology" to a class of young Karens, besides translating various books, etc.; etc., while "making it her first duty and pleasure to care for her husband, anticipating his every wish in the cheerful, comfortable home where she so efficiently and economically guided her well-ordered household." And other ladies (unmarried, or widows) of acknowledged wisdom, and tried experience, belonging to that Mission, stand at the head of important Stations, are consulted by the brethren on all questions of moment, and have a voice, and sometimes a casting vote, in business matters of the greatest importance.

bling doctrines of the Cross, and he seemed very far from the kingdom of Christ. Now, however, the Spirit of God was powerfully striving with his soul, and closing his office, he went home. His young wife was alarmed at his appearance, and at once supposed that he had heard bad news from their distant relatives. But to her eager inquiries, he only answered, "No, no; it is my sins, my sins!" "*Your sins! Nonsense!*" she scornfully replied. But the strong man was bowed in anguish, and when, for the first time, she saw him weep, she was amazed. Lifting his head, he said, "I wish you would go and call the pastor." As she wrapped herself in her veil, she murmured, "He has lied to me, and now I'll deceive him!" And when, on her return, he inquired, "Is he coming?" she said, "No; he says he won't come!" Then, thinking himself forsaken by God and man, he turned to the Bible so long despised; the first passage upon which his eye fell, was the parable of the barren fig-tree; and as he read the sentence pronounced by the Savior, "Let no fruit grow on henceforward for ever!" he groaned aloud in despair: "*I* am that accursed tree! I have never borne any fruit to the glory of God, and now my condemnation is sealed." His agony increased, and while he sat there, the pastor came in, and seeing his distress, anxiously inquired the cause. The Agha could not speak, but pointed with his finger to the fearful word of condemnation, and the pastor also wept.

For a week his sins were set before him in black array, and he found no peace by night or day, till he finally resolved that he would serve the Lord, whether He saved him or not! And one day, when he was pleading with an Armenian who had rejected the divinity of Christ (the first

case the missionaries had ever known among that people), light broke in upon his own soul, and a flood-tide of joy such as he had never before experienced. What a transformation! He had bowed the pinions of his soul low at the foot of the Cross, and one touch of Infinite Love conferred nobler honors and privileges than earthly potentates can bestow; the once proud and haughty worldling arose a "Son of the King," a prince of the Royal Family! He was a man of noble and commanding presence; but now his face glowed with a light and beauty that made one think of Moses coming down from the Mount where he had communed with God!

The news of this wonderful, this incomprehensible change that had come over Basilos Agha, created a wide-spread sensation through the town.

It was rumored that he was going to tell about this new experience,—so strange and unaccountable to his old companions,—and on that evening they flocked to the chapel to hear what he would have to say for himself: Men of rank and power who had never before entered that place of worship. From our seats in the corner next the desk, we saw those Turkish and Armenian grandees sweeping in with an air of lofty pride and arrogance. The brethren gave them the seats of honor, near the front; and soon the chapel, which was capable of accommodating from five to seven hundred people, was closely packed (the dispensing with pews and seating the people upon the floor, being a great economy of space in church erection). After the opening exercises, Basilos Agha stood below the desk, and in low, clear tones and simple language, told the story of what God had done for "this miserable sinner." And then with

touching pathos, and an eloquence which I had never heard surpassed (and of which I did not suppose the Armenian language capable), he pleaded with his countrymen to come to that Savior whom he had so lately found. As in tones trembling with suppressed emotion, he dwelt upon the Love which he had found so unspeakably precious—"*Sweeter than love of father, or love of mother, or love of brother, or love of sister—this love of Jesus to my soul,*"—an electric thrill ran through that spell-bound audience. One might have heard the beating of his own heart in the impressive stillness; and when, with uncovered heads, the people had received the benediction, those haughty Aghas stole out as softly as if they had been in the Presence-Chamber of the most high God! . . . . . The next week I called at the house of Basilos Agha, and with a face shining with the love and peace born of forgiveness and reconciliation with his heavenly Father, he gave me the early history of his life. When but a lad, his father (who was a chief man in an interior town of some importance) placed him with an Armenian banker in Aleppo, to learn the business. He was about fifteen years of age, when for the first time he saw a copy of the Testament in modern Armenian, and read the story of our Savior's life and sufferings. It had a powerful effect upon his heart, and he wept convulsively as he read of the agony in the garden of Gethsemane, and upon the cruel cross. After a while, desiring to see whether it would again produce the same effect, he borrowed the Testament of a Protestant, and it moved him much as before. He then procured from the same source, a copy of "Luder,"—(Daubigne's History of the Reformation), and commenced reading it aloud to the banker's wife; but her husband

coming in and finding the book, fiercely took it away, and effectually stopped all intercourse with the Protestants—filling the mind of the youth with atheistic principles: "And yesterday," said the Agha, his eyes kindling with the thought of his new-found treasure, "I received a letter from that banker in which he sneeringly writes,—'We hear that you have accepted the doctrines of the *miserable fishermen!*'" How those words carried one back to the times of our Savior! The "offence of the cross;" still the same, and will ever be, while human hearts remain the same!

We heard that the father of Basilos Agha was coming in wrath to take away the wife and the child from the reprobate son who had forsaken the faith of his people! And our hearts were deeply touched when he who had so newly begun the Christian life, brought his first-born to the altar for baptism,* and, in the presence of God's people, covenanted, so far as in his power, to train the child for God and Heaven. The next week the grandfather came, his heart full of bitterness and rage, to break up the little family. There were those among the Protestants who said, "Stand up for

* The rite of baptism was about the same time administered in the Armenian Church to a Jew who professed to have accepted that faith. The form was that practiced by the Greek, and other Eastern churches—which we once witnessed at the private baptism of a Greek child, in Smyrna—viz.: triple immersion, *all but the head;* also triple pouring, or sprinkling, besides the anointing with holy oil, and the ceremony of exorcism, when the god-mother, with the infant in her arms, turned her back upon the little company, and blew and spat upon the invisible demon, whom the priest adjured to come out of the child! The whole ceremony ending by clothing the babe in pure white garments, betokening the righteousness of Christ; in which, now cleansed from original sin, its soul was said to be arrayed!

your rights, Basilos Agha! You are a man! Why should your father trample you under his feet?" And he made answer thus: "Yes, I am a man; but I am also a son, and a Christian! I will honor my father as becomes a Christian son, and by-and-by he too may be persuaded of the truth;" for his religion had taken deep hold of his nature; it had penetrated to the very roots of his being!—

His business had been chiefly that of lending money at the exorbitant rates which are common in Turkey: Where the law allows twelve per cent., from twenty to one hundred per cent. is demanded by men who have no fear of God before their eyes.* Basilos Agha felt that he could no longer pursue a business which was so contrary to the teaching of God's Word, and decided to abandon it; but this was not enough to satisfy his awakened conscience. Like Zaccheus, he wished to restore that which he had taken unjustly, and was poring over his account-books for that purpose, when his partner and others tried in vain to dissuade him from what they deemed a most outrageous piece of folly, saying, "Do as you like hereafter, but let by-gones be by-gones, and don't make a fool of yourself." This partner, who, when first associated with Basilos Agha, was shocked at his infidel sentiments, and, although no friend of the Protestants, advised him to go to them and procure a Bible, which should prove an effectual cure, was himself a subject of the strivings of God's Spirit. He had

* There were "bankers, but no banking system in Turkey, so that if one wished to transmit money, he must carry it in person at the risk of robbery, or send it at a greater risk of embezzlement." The missionaries at Harpoot first introduced "drafts" upon Constantinople, and we often saw men coming to Mr. Allen, the Station treasurer, with great bags of copper coin on their backs to be exchanged for such "checks"

been greatly enraged at the turn things had taken, and one day when intensely excited, used the vilest language of abuse and blasphemy towards the young convert. But that night he was in such mental agony that his friends thought him dying. He sent for Mr. Wheeler, who plainly set before him the way of life and peace. For two or three days he seemed to have accepted Christ, and people said that Mesrob Agha had also become a Protestant. But the cross was too heavy, and he went back to his old life and ways, saying to his companions, "If you wish to enjoy perfect peace of conscience, do as I have done; go to the Protestant meetings and get convicted of your sins, and then come back to the 'Old Church.'"* A most striking case of a seared conscience and a hardened heart which is given over, past feeling; the end whereof is death eternal. "For if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning."

HARVEST-TIME.

Every week was a week of prayer; and morning, noon, and night of every day saw a company of God's people gathered to seek for yet greater blessings in accordance with the word of the Lord:—"I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them." And many souls were flocking into the kingdom of Christ, not only in Harpoot, but the surrounding villages.† Answers to special

* This incident is also given in "Ten Years on the Euphrates," by Rev. C. H. Wheeler.

† No positive numbering of converts took place, but the lowest estimate was about two hundred. The work was very thorough;

prayer greatly helped our faith. At a "thanksgiving meeting" with the Christian sisters in the church, the wife who had with tears begged us to pray for her husband, was rejoicing over his conversion. He was a self-righteous Pharisee, and his heart had long been steeled against every good influence; but soon after that season of prayer in his behalf, he took to his bed as if ill, but declined all medical aid. Finally, he called his pious son, and said, "Tell me what I must do to be saved." This speedy answer to prayer astonished the young man, and he asked if he should not call the pastor. "No; tell me yourself," said his father, and with humble diffidence but heartfelt joy, the young man led his father to Christ. The youngest child of the family, a boy of ten years, had given his heart to Jesus but a few days before, and the father said that the thought which led him to be concerned about himself was, that all his family were going to heaven without him!

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aged women, all their lives accustomed to drinking wine, and who would have felt insulted not to have the usual *tass*, or bowl, offered when calling at a neighbor's, now, led by the Spirit of God alone, threw away their cups, convinced that it was "evil, only evil, and that continually." In some of the villages, the wine belonging to the Protestants was freely poured upon the ground, in large quantities, since with their new convictions of duty they could not sell it. It was truly a "drink-offering to the Lord." [In the Syriac Church, the oldest in the world, it seems that fermented wine is not used for the Communion: When the fresh juice of the grape cannot be obtained, raisins are soaked, and the juice expressed for that purpose.]

Late accounts from the Harpoot field speak of a reaction among some of the Protestants in regard to the use of wine. "We have been too strict," they say, "there is no harm in a cup now and then. Of course we will not drink too much; let those who cannot restrain themselves refrain altogether," etc. But the moral effects are as baneful (though more slowly experienced from the purity of the liquor) in Turkey as elsewhere.

Many of the children belonging to the Protestant community were also coming to Christ; there were seventy boys and girls present at the first meeting which I held with them, to talk of their eternal interests, and one hundred and eighty came the second time. The meetings of the women, held from house to house every afternoon, were largely attended and exceedingly interesting. Opportunity was always given for requests for prayer, and some of those requests were most touching, and formed the burden of the petitions that followed from those who knew how to pray for themselves and others. At the close of each meeting a number lingered for personal conversation in regard to the salvation of their souls. The season was unusually severe, and though I was clad in a fur-lined cloak, and with boots similarly lined, constant speaking in the chilling atmosphere of those unwarmed houses, finally produced a serious affection of the vocal organs, which caused much suffering and anxiety lest it should be permanent, and hinder future usefulness. It was even worse in my occasional meetings in the village chapels, where, in addition to the cold, the air was often filled with clouds of dust from the earth-floors as people moved their seats to accommodate the late comers.

Sometimes, when I returned at dusk,—to the "Barnum cottage," where I was spending the Winter,—too exhausted to utter another word, it would be to find some poor woman who had been waiting for hours to converse with me about her "spiritual state," and I could not send her away unfed. But such prolonged efforts were often followed, at night, by sudden suffocations (intensified by a lack of pure air), which sometimes threatened to stop the wheels of life.

KEY TO OPEN THE BIBLE.

Two or three hours of every morning were spent at this time in preparing a much needed Progressive Reading Book in the Armenian language. This was entitled, KEY TO OPEN THE BIBLE; for it made the steps so easy, that one who had mastered its contents was indeed able to enter upon that which is the store-house and fountain-head of all wisdom.

The only reading and spelling-book hitherto used in our Mission-schools, was a literal translation of the "Tract Society Primer;" and, as words of one syllable in English were often two and three in Armenian, it presented many difficulties to beginners, especially to adults who were learning to read the Word of God. This was so marked among the older women of our Training-School, that in my supervision of the primary classes, I frequently dispensed with the book, and printed letters upon the black-board,—in simple combinations, representing familiar things, which should render the lessons easier and more attractive, besides the advantage of thus instructing a larger number at the same time.

Still, a "Lesson Book" was greatly needed, and at last, finding that no one else was ready to undertake the task, I set about it myself, not taking any similar book for a model, but embodying in the simplest form the results of observation and experience in view of the needs of the people; and they, hearing of the attempt, begged that it might be of a size which could be easily "carried in the bosom" (the loose folds of the outer garment) or the girdle. After giving the alphabet in large type (for the many who have weak eyes), and presenting them mixed, and in groups of three or

four, they were combined in very brief lessons. The reading lessons were prepared from words previously used in the spelling-lessons, and selected with special reference to the plainest expressions of truth. These lessons were also very short, with special directions for the "little teachers"—children of the day-schools, who found a delightful Christian work in teaching grown people from house to house, free of charge, or in some cases receiving a few paras for each lesson. The division of syllables (which is difficult in Armenian) was always a great stumbling-block to such teachers and pupils, and the introduction of the hyphen was a great help. Capital letters, marks of punctuation, figures, and abbreviations, were not introduced till the close of the first few chapters, and after all the preliminary part was completed; the last third of the work was devoted to attractive stories illustrative of Scripture topics. Under "Prayer," were various specimens from the Bible, a translation of one or two of Watts' hymns for children, and (for the first time in the Armenian language) the time-honored "NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP" of Christian homes, accompanied with the direction that every mother should teach this to her children as soon as their "tongues begin to turn." Besides one or two original hymns, there were such sections as, Scripture Counsel to Aged and Young Women; About Cursing and Blasphemy; A Constitution and Pledge for a Children's Temperance Society, with a few words of advice in regard to commencing right when young; A few Considerations concerning the use of Tobacco, with appropriate passages of Scripture—such as "Whether, therefore, ye *eat* or *drink*, or *whatsoever* ye do, do *all* to the glory of God;" The Good Resolutions of a Child; What it is to be

a True Christian, and be prepared for Heaven; Resolutions of One commencing (with the help of God) the Christian Life; A few words of counsel and encouragement to the Reader,—now brought to the threshold of the Word of God, "which is able to make wise unto salvation." Ending with the hymn, "We won't give up the Bible."*

Mrs. Allen is also engaged in similar work, seizing all her leisure moments to prepare a Geography in Armenian, which shall supersede the one now in use.

FRESH CHANGES AND CLOSING SCENES.

Thus another Winter passed away; and when the Spring

* This manuscript Mr. Wheeler conveyed to the United States, where it was beautifully printed and illustrated by the New York Tract Society, and the edition of 20,000 copies was all sold within the limits of the Eastern Turkey Mission in two years; hundreds of adults, as well as children, learning from it to read the Bible. The cost of the edition was $2,392.40, towards which the Tract Society made an appropriation of $1,500, the remainder being contributed by benevolent Christian friends. A second large edition of this compact little book of 107 pp., was published a few years later. The avails of such books of course go to the general fund of the mission. But more precious than any pecuniary compensation, is the rich return that comes in the knowledge that the "dwellers in Mesopotamia" and Armenia are learning from it the "wonderful works of God." . . . . The night after leaving Harpoot (on my return) we tented; and as the day dawned, heard the bells of a caravan going by. Some one looked out, and saw twenty or thirty mules, each laden with two heavy boxes. "There go the Books!" he cried (as they passed on to the end of their long tramp from the Black Sea.) It was all we saw of them for months, besides two small and long-expected boxes filled with tokens of remembrance (the first ever received from the friends at home)—and *missionary boxes* are an "*institution!*" A new book, an engraving, a little gift "*born of affection*;"—ah! how they cheer the weary worker!

And the shouts of joy from the children, as toys, pictures, or needed articles of dress make their appearance (the latter saving the mother's time for direct missionary labor) would amply repay those who send such love-tokens, could they but catch the echo!

came, the busy hum of preparation sounded for the contemplated departure of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler and three children to America (after an absence of ten years), accompanied by Mrs. Walker with her four, the youngest an infant in her arms:—A long, lonely, and weary retracing of the journey so hopefully taken with her beloved husband, who with watchful tenderness had smoothed every step of the way when they joyfully returned to their life-work, only a year and a half before.

Mr. Williams has brought his Arabic-speaking "Station class" to Harpoot, to try the experiment of training his helpers and preachers at this point, and thus obviate the necessity of establishing a Seminary, and a School for Women and Girls at Mardin. This brings an influx of pupils to our Training-School, in the wives of the students, besides several girls, and the wives of the new Koordish-speaking Armenians whom the people are educating to go back as "home-missionaries" in Koordistan. Our school-room is so crowded that really there is scarcely room to move about. And as these last comers know neither Turkish nor Armenian, communication with them is very difficult. The first day we could only speak by signs; but we have since found an interpreter in one of the Armenian girls, who knows a little Koordish. Armenian is, of course, the prominent language; but as those who are here for a few months cannot in that time acquire it sufficiently to profit much in general study, Sadie has come from Diarbekir to take charge of the instruction of our new department.

We are much pleased with this new element in our little community. There is much that is very interesting about these sturdy, stalwart Syrians; they seem to have more solidity and breadth of character than some of the races in

this region, but need the Gospel as fully as their neighbors.* Two years ago Mr. Williams sent us Shumon, a Syrian girl from Mardin, to be educated. She was about twelve years of age, her face marred by small-pox; and since her prospects of marriage were thereby diminished, her friends consented to allow her to come to school as a last resort! Shumon acquired the Armenian tongue in a surprisingly short time; and when her mind and soul awakened, her face began to light up with an expression and animation that made her seem another being. Our "bodily exercise" gave clearness and color to her complexion, and one day on my return from visits among the families, when Shumon ran to open the gate, her face flushed with exercise and beaming with affection, I suddenly saw in her the change which had been so gradual that it had not been especially noted. When the Howadji came from Mardin, he exclaimed, in astonishment, "What a marvelous change there is in Shumon! Why, she is really handsome!" And so it seemed, thought others; for she finally captured the heart of the student who, of all the class, was considered the prize by the Mardin mothers! Showing conclusively that "godliness is profitable unto *all* things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

THE BLACKSMITH, AND YEGHSA, HIS WIFE.

I had often noticed in the Harpoot chapel a large, tall man, "head and shoulders above his brethren," with broad, open, sunny face, that seemed shining with good nature and

* Mr. Williams told us of a place in his field, where there were several cases of one woman having two acknowledged husbands with whom she lived at the same time!

Christian feeling. At last I inquired who he was, and the reply was, "Why, don't you know the blacksmith? That's Menzar, our good blacksmith." It appeared that this good man had been for several years a Christian, and was very useful in teaching others the way of life. When a villager came to his shop, Menzar would draw from his bosom his constant companion, the New Testament; and reading a verse (with his hearty manner and ringing tones), while hammering away upon the horse-shoe, he would every now and then direct a blow at the man's conscience. And when the work was done, would "catch him with guile," by saying, "If you would like to take that book, I'll lend it to you." Another Testament would quickly supply its place; and, in fact, he generally kept one "lying around loose," as he said, to catch the eye of those who dropped in; and when a copy was returned, would say, "Well, now, as this book is a little worn, if you want to buy it I'll let you have it for less than the cost." In this way the gospel leaven was introduced to many a village. Menzar's wife was a pleasant, winning little woman, whom I had occasionally seen in my meetings at the other side of the city, but I did not know who she was till one day, when visiting an aged Christian, I found her by the bed-side; and when she had modestly slipped from the room, the good mother said, "That is Yeghsa, the blacksmith's wife; she often comes to sit with me, and reads the Bible and prays."

It appeared that Menzar had become a Protestant and a Christian two years before his wife accepted the truth. Although he had never treated her as badly as some Eastern husbands (the best of whom considered it a necessity in family government to use the rod upon the wife now and

then—one of the consequences, no doubt, attendant upon such early marriages—and some of the untrained Protestants in Palu actually beat their wives to make them learn to read!) this little woman, now that she no longer feared chastisement, behaved as badly as she knew how. Sometimes she locked her husband out at night; then she would not prepare his food, and in many ways tormented him, till his patience and gentleness won the day, and she accepted the gospel herself. She acknowledged that she believed long before she let him know it, often disputing with the women at the fountain, and saying, "It is the truth, and I know it." But when at last she confessed to him, she said, with a spice of the "old Adam," "Now I believe; but not for anything that *you* have said. I found it out all myself."

She was thirty years of age, but her husband at once gave her a lesson in reading. Fully imbued with his spirit of imparting what she had received to others, she ran over to a neighbor, and, holding up her book, exclaimed, "See here! I have learned Aip, Pen, Kim, and now you must learn!" When that was accomplished, away she went to another, and still another neighbor, continuing to do so as often as she received her own lessons. By the time she had finished her first reading-book, seven other women had, through her neighborly teaching, done the same, and some of them were better readers than herself. By-and-by the blacksmith was seized with a desire to "preach the gospel," and came to one of the missionaries to ask admission to the Seminary, that he might have a course of training for the ministry. "Why, Brother," Mr. Barnum said, "you *are* preaching the gospel now, and we can't spare you from the work. Suppose that you spend four years in being trained in the Sem-

inary (with some help from us in the support of your family during that time), and then go forth to preach. The people will say, 'It is his business; he makes his living by it,' and your words will not have half the effect that they do now, when they see you moved by love for their souls without seeking any return."

"Well," said Menzar, at last giving up the project for himself with a sigh, "what will my Yeghsa do? According to your rules, if I am not received into the Seminary she cannot be admitted to the other school, and she has set her heart upon it."

After some pleading on his part for the wife, Mr. Barnum told him to go and see the Varzhoohi; and after a little conversation, I asked him to send Yeghsa over to talk about it. She came to my room, and when she had stated her desire, I said, "You know how to read, Yeghsa, and you are now thirty-three or four years of age; why do you wish to come to school?" "Because," she answered, "I want to learn more. Our house is just at the edge of the rocks, and I look down and see the little Turkish villages where the women are sitting in such darkness (and you know you missionaries never go to them), and I think that if I only knew more of the Bible, I would go down there and teach them. But I am very weak. I know too little." I had decided in my own mind to receive her, but cruelly perhaps, tested her a little more; when she, thinking that the prospect was very doubtful, looked up with tears starting to her eyes, and said, in a touching tone of entreaty, "Oh, Varzhoohi! I only want to come and hear you explain the Word of God; that is all! And if you can't take me into the school, why, *just leave the door ajar, and I'll come and sit on the steps!*" My own

eyes filled as I said, "I think you can come, Yeghsa; I will see the other missionaries, and unless you hear some word to the contrary, you may enter the school on Monday morning." She could not speak, her heart was too full; but the look of gratitude that she cast upon me as she passed out of the door, was more eloquent than words.

Monday morning bright and early Yeghsa presented herself at the school-room door. She had cooked the family breakfast, had finished her preparations for the evening meal, sent her two children, ten and twelve years of age, to the day-school, and, taking a bit of bread and cheese for her own luncheon, had trudged across the city nearly two miles, (though far from being strong or well,) carrying with her the big family Bible, because its large type suited her weak eyes. After the usual devotional exercises, the classes filed off to the recitation-rooms, and my Bible-class was seated on the floor at my feet, each with her reference-Bible—for the Protestants of Turkey would not look at a Bible without references! Yeghsa looked wistfully from the corner where she sat, and when I said, "Yes, you may come," she bounded from her seat and took her place among the rest, with her great Bible on her lap. And how she drank in the instruction given during those hours! As the days and weeks came and went I could almost see her soul grow! And her face was a continual inspiration. Our usual course of Biblical study comprised, first, the three Gospels, then Acts, followed by the Pentateuch, and Hebrews as its Key, ending with the precious gospel of John, which seemed to embody the Spirit of the One Great Whole. The daily Scripture reading took us through the entire Word, taking the Old Testament for the morning exercise, and the New Testament for

the evening. Besides this, we had a very profitable Topical Exercise, each pupil repeating a passage selected and committed to memory with reference to the subject given out the day before. The evidence thus heaped up concerning certain duties, or sins—such as prayer, or praise, pride, slander, deceit, etc.,—was often very powerful; our pupils were enjoined to search their Bibles for new passages on these points, and not to content themselves with reciting the old ones. As one verse seemed to fit into and cap another, (when each in turn brought the treasure she had gathered from the wonderful store-house,) we all gained a new conception of its extent and richness. Sometimes a suppressed murmur of surprise and admiration, in addition to the general smile of appreciation, would witness to the effect produced. Another method of instruction which grew out of our Object Lessons, was very useful and interesting to all of our pupils—a diagram upon the black-board to represent the human heart, in a Tree, with its roots striking downward. SELFISHNESS was written upon the main root, and our pupils were allowed to name the branches springing from the stock:—As Pride, Anger, Falsehood, Ambition, Vanity, Lust, Avarice, Covetousness, etc., were named, and each in turn written upon the branches, or new twigs added to show what was the natural fruit of each, the interest of the women was even greater than that of the girls.

And when the tree of Satan's husbandry, with its fearful fruitage was completed,—and another was drawn, with LOVE for its root, and Joy, Peace, Long-suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance, etc., springing thence under the culture of the Spirit, and our pupils had loaded its branches with everything that is lovely and

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desirable,—they stood in silent wonder before the two, and learned a lesson not easily forgotten.

During my Winter visits to the villages where our pupils were laboring, it became very evident that the women particularly needed special instruction in the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel. Since, however little they might know, they were considered "educated," in consequence of their admission to the Harpoot school, it was not uncommon for priests and others belonging to the Old Church, to draw them into argument, and seek in various ways to entangle and puzzle them by questions and subtle distinctions for which they had received no previous preparation.

To meet this want, we commenced a systematic course of training, aside from our daily Bible lessons.

The Trinity, the Atonement, etc., etc., were great themes for these poor, untutored women to study; and knowing how careful I must be in conveying ideas to their minds, lest like children, they should get vague, or distorted conceptions of truth, I surrounded myself with all the help contained in the three missionary libraries. But finding that almost without exception, the very points upon which light was most needed, were either omitted, or lightly passed over by the various commentators, they were all discarded (with the exception of one or two to give the meaning in the original), and Scripture was left to interpret Scripture, by the aid of the Spirit. And the teacher learned even more than her pupils—who ever after called them "Those Blessed Lessons."*

* The savor of those last chapters of John in the Bible lessons remain with us still. On one occasion we spent nearly two hours over the last six verses of the eleventh, and the first verses of the twelfth

The delight with which Yeghsa listened to these instructions can be better imagined than described. She remained through each day, and when not listening to other recitations which embodied Scripture truth, was always poring over her big Bible. One evening the good blacksmith came to see me, and said, with a deep sigh, "Varzhoohi, it is too bad that they didn't take me into the other school! My wife is getting ahead of me!" "That will never do, Menzar!" I replied. "Suppose you go over the lessons with her every evening, and now and then, on Sunday, put your little wife on a donkey, and take her down to some of the Turkish villages, and while she talks to the women, you can talk to the men!" He did so, and after a few weeks had passed, came again with shining face, and said, "Varzhoohi, if my wife does a great work for Christ—you know *we are one*, and I gave her up for Him—if she

chapter of Hebrews; not so much in exegesis, as in earnest talk about God's Plan of employing man in labor for the salvation of man: How He shrinks not from suffering His most faithful and beloved servants to be "afflicted and tormented," in want, "destitute," to wander about the earth homeless, to endure tribulation even to the end. And then we recalled how He "spared not His own Son;" and how Jesus said to His disciples, when about to leave them—"Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his Lord." The subject was more fully brought out, because the husbands of two of the women in the class had told Mr. Barnum that they could not live upon their monthly allowance; and he had said to them, "Go back, then, to your trades!"

When this tender point was touched (though without personal allusion), they, and one or two others winced, and began to excuse such complaints. This gave more force to the application; and all the class seemed much impressed when we came, at last, to speak of the Great Day of Accounts, and the reward which the Master will give to His own faithful, self-denying servants. One of the good women summed it all up when she said, "*If the heart is full of love to Jesus, all that we do and suffer for Him will come easy.*"

does a good work for the Master, don't you think that *I can have half the credit?*" . . . . . Yeghsa left the school to gather from the streets, for instruction, thirty or forty dirty little ragamuffins, covered with vermin, into her one tidy room, where the family ate and slept, with the unleavened bread for several months consumption, stowed away in the smoky rafters overhead. She did this voluntary (unpaid) work for the love of Christ. And the number so increased within a few months, that, with the twenty-six women whom she was teaching to read, and a weekly meeting which she commenced (with sixty women), among the neglected Syrians of that quarter, her hands were too full, and the missionaries provided her with an assistant.*

BEDROS, AND THE BOOK.

One Sunday morning, I sent over to the stable for Bedros, who took care of the horses, and when he came, told him that I wished him to accompany me to the village of Yeghikeuy, where I was to hold a meeting with the women. He looked very blank, and then said in a disappointed tone, "I was going myself with one of the brethren to a village two hours distant, for the Lord's work." "I am very sorry to disappoint you, Bedros, but when I went over to Yeghikeuy last week (where the work has newly opened), the women were mostly in the fields, and I promised if it were pleasant on Sunday morning, to come again, and I must keep my word." Just then our new missionary brother, Mr. H. S.

* She greatly mourned the next year because she could not again be received into the school. But the missionaries could not spare her from her work, saying, "She is, of all the women, the most useful helper that we have."

Barnum, passed through the hall, and inquiring the cause of Bedros's sadness, offered, greatly to his joy, to escort me in his place, and the two new teachers joined us. When the people of Yeghikeuy saw a man with a *hat* coming through the place, they at once supposed that a Badveli was going to preach: And soon after our arrival at the house of the teacher, he told us that fifty *men* were gathered in the school-room, besides the women who were collecting. "Tell them that this is a new Badveli who cannot speak the language," we said. He returned in a few moments to say that they would not go away; they were bent on hearing a discourse. So Mr. Barnum put together a few phrases in Armenian, with my help, and went in to tell them that he did not know their language, and could not preach; but that Mr. Allen would come down another Sunday. Still they did not move; and at last the teacher came to me and said, "They want you to interpret for him." "O, that is impossible," I exclaimed. "Don't you remember what Paul said?" And Mr. Barnum also shook his head over the proposition. Still the men lingered, and just as they were sending a delegation to confer with me, I concluded to go and see of what sort they were. I found an honest, simple-minded set of villagers, and returning, said to Mr. B., "If you will select your text, I think I can manage it so as not to appear too conspicuous." In a few minutes it was all arranged. I took my seat upon a pile of cushions placed against the side wall, between the men and women. The room was full, there being about eighty or a hundred present. The teacher (who was not a man of much ability, his wife being considered by the people as much his superior), conducted the opening exercise; after which the young missionary arose, and repeated, in

English, "God *so* loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

I echoed the words in Armenian, and instantly every head was turned, and every eye looked around to where I was sitting! But when Mr. Barnum again commenced to speak, all but two or three aged men, who were evidently deaf, kept their eyes upon him, while for an hour he continued his discourse in brief sentences, which I gave to the people in the simplest village colloquial that I could frame. It was hard work, and the perspiration gathered upon my face; but I was delighted to see the fixed attention and unflagging interest manifested by the people.

The story of the serf who threw himself from the horses which he was driving through the Black Forest, to save his master and family from a pack of hungry wolves, saying, "*One must die, or all!*" at once arrested every mind, in the commencement of his discourse. And this method of illustrating and enforcing truth, was what I had above all things desired to see generally adopted in the preaching of the Gospel. It was a happy commencement of work for the new missionary; and the people fully appreciated his effort. After the service closed, they expressed their gratitude to him, and not a few lingered to thank me also. . . . We afterward had pleasant remembrances of the "sermon that *we* preached!" But when two or three weeks had passed, and Bedros was taking me to another village, he suddenly said, "Varzhoohi, two men came over from Yeghikeuy the other day to see if you wouldn't come down and preach on your own account." "Well, what did you say?" "O, I said, *It will never do!*" "Why not?" I asked, somewhat curious to see

how his mind would work on such a question. "Because," he replied, "the Book says, 'Let the women keep silence!'" "Very well," I answered, "but you know it says, 'I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your *daughters* shall prophesy (*i. e.*, teach), and upon the hand-maidens I will pour out my Spirit, and they shall prophesy.'" But again Bedros replied, "*The Book says*, '*Let the women keep silence!*'" "Yes," I continued, "but even Paul, who wrote those words, said, 'But every woman that prayeth, or prophesieth with her head uncovered, dishonoreth her head;' and that shows that some women *did* prophesy, or teach!" This argument staggered Bedros a little, but after a moment's silence, he reiterated with additional emphasis, "THE BOOK SAYS, 'LET THE WOMEN KEEP SILENCE!'" And I laughingly replied, "Well, Bedros, you have learned your lesson thoroughly!"

During the Spring, I had been in the habit of taking an early morning ride (having for the first time a horse of my own, through the kindness of a few friends at home, who must have been moved by the Spirit to furnish the funds, for they did not know of the necessity), and Bedros often accompanied me. He never failed to come at half-past five o'clock, whatever the weather might be; and an hour's ride upon the hills before breakfast, gave the much needed strength for the work of the day. On such occasions we sometimes talked about the evangelization of his people, and he told me with great simplicity of what he called a "Stable Society," of six brethren like himself, who met there every Friday evening to pray for the coming of Christ's kingdom. That they had a bag for their weekly offerings, with which they were sending Bibles and Testaments to the dark and distant

region of Moosh. They had already sent a number of copies, and were planning to send more in the Autumn, by the hand of a brother Protestant. "But we tell him," said Bedros, "to take in exchange from the people, anything that they will give; dried fruit, cotton, bulgoor, no matter how little, because if we should *give* the books to them, they would think that we didn't care for them ourselves, or we would not part with them for nothing!" This, from such a source, was delightful; and I asked if the missionaries knew of the "Society." "No," said Bedros; "as we meet in the stable without any light, as yet they have known nothing about it." It seemed that these seven brethren had pledged themselves to take turns in going to some of the nearer villages on the Sundays, to teach the people the Word of God. And Bedros had some very interesting stories to tell of the generally kind way in which they were received. He said that sometimes as many as thirty persons would gather around them as they sat in some door-way to read and explain the Bible. [The results of these efforts were very gratifying, and when in the church prayer and conference meeting, Bedros very simply and earnestly told of a delegation sent from one of these villages (which had not even a priest) asking for a teacher, and saying, "We are hungry and starving for the Bread of Life," several of the most intelligent brethren offered to work among the near villages, and Bedros and his companions then extended their labors among those which were two and three hours distant; and when I did not need my horse on Sundays for similar work, he was loaned to him for missionary service.] Bedros was half blind, and when it was his turn to go, one of the Protestant boys accompanied him to read the Word, while he did the talking: Knowing him to

be a simple minded, weak brother, and that it would be very easy for one who was inclined to dispute, to entangle and upset him in argument, I earnestly exhorted him to stand firmly by the Word and the Testimony, and not by any means be drawn into *controversy*. All which he faithfully promised, and performed, as I had now learned in a very practical and amusing way!

THE SCHOOL "MISSIONARY SOCIETY."

As the MISSIONARY SPIRIT is emphatically the SPIRIT OF CHRIST, I looked about for some new method of awakening and increasing the interest of our pupils in the conversion of the world. It was necessary to enlighten their minds respecting the origin and aim of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and similar societies in other branches of the Christian Church, and make them realize that they,—the Armenians,—were not *the* people of all others for whom the American churches were contributing and expending their funds. And, in order to enlist their sympathies and prayers for heathen nations, they needed some pictures, or "inside views," which would bring home to their hearts the true condition of those who were far below themselves in ignorance and degradation. For this purpose, I commenced a series of Missionary Lectures. These were given on the Wednesday afternoons devoted to general exercises. Taking first the Hawaiian Islands, I gave them the story of Obookiah, who, on reaching our American shores in a sailing vessel, was found sitting on the steps of the Yale College Hall in New Haven, by a son of President Dwight, was educated, converted, and earnestly praying for the salvation of his people—hoping to go back and preach to them the ever-

lasting Gospel;—of his early death, and the sending forth of the first company of missionaries to that benighted region: Picturing the parting (for life, as they supposed) with fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, of those young husbands and wives; the six months' voyage, with all its trials; the arrival, and the deep degradation and profound ignorance and vice in which they found the people sunk, from the highest to the lowest, with some of their early trials and labors among them. After these preliminaries, to which the women and girls listened with intense interest, I said, "We will now leap over ten years, and see what has been accomplished by that band of Christian workers: The number of the people who have learned to read, schools, conversions, churches,"—giving statistics as gathered from the "encyclopædia of Missions." Then we stepped over twenty years, and finally thirty years, ending the wonderful array of facts and figures, with an account of the great Sunday-school celebration at Hilo, when thousands of children in holiday attire, and crowned with garlands of flowers (like a moving garden), came with their teachers in joyous bands, with songs, and banners flying, and after music and speeches in the great church—addresses by Christian chiefs and high officials of the now Christian government,—they marched in companies to an immense tent and were ranged around tables bountifully spread with provisions provided by their own people.

After they had sung, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and were enjoying the feast, one of the missionaries spied an aged woman who was continually going around, and as she surveyed the scene, seemed greatly distressed, now beating her breast, and now throwing up her hands as she wept and wailed.

When she drew near, he said, "Why, mother, what is the matter that you should weep over such a beautiful sight? You surely should rejoice to-day, for you can remember when things were very different among your people!" And the poor soul cried out in bitter anguish, "*Why didn't the missionaries come before? These hands are stained with the blood of my twelve children*, and not one remains of my flesh to rejoice here to-day!" And again she cried, "*O why didn't the missionaries come before?*" *

When this story was ended, many of my auditors were weeping. Some of them with difficulty controlled themselves from sobbing aloud; and the prayers that followed for the "nations still sitting in heathen darkness," were full of fervor and unction.

India, with its millions of various races, languages, dialects, and religions, was the theme of our next lecture. And with the map to help in giving fixed and tangible ideas, the expansion of thought and sympathy among our pupils became very visible. The next thing to be done was to

* Infanticide was fearfully common among those Islanders before the introduction of Christianity; many a Hawaiian mother—when her infant cried,—dug a hole in the ground close by the place where she slept, and, throwing it in, heaped the earth upon it, and stamped it down with her feet to stop its dying moans! The early writings of the missionaries contain many such fearful facts, verifying the Apostle Paul's words—"Without natural affection."

In fact, there was a "Secret Society" among the people, to which those highest in rank, men and women, belonged—every member being pledged to destroy his or her children; not to allow one of them to live! Perhaps the primary cause of this horrible custom was the widespread licentiousness of all classes; where the marriage relation was unknown, the *family* did not exist! and in this most revolting picture, one can see the social, moral, and spiritual DEATH inevitably entailed by a disregard of the laws of God.

utilize this newly-awakened interest. A Missionary Society was formed in the school, with officers of their own selection, Maranos, our good assistant, being wisely chosen as Treasurer, and one of the most intelligent of the women as President. They immediately set about handiwork of various kinds, which should bring in funds for the spread of the Gospel.—And these articles they were to dispose of among their own people, as I said to them, "Don't look to the missionaries in any way, but manage it entirely by yourselves."—[This little Missionary Society prospered and bore good fruit. The next Spring, one of its members who had been teaching all Winter in a distant village, besides holding a regular weekly meeting for the mothers, and a Sunday-school for the children—and who was so successful that the Old Church Armenians offered their school-house for her use—came to see me at Harpoot. She was a young widow of sixteen when she entered the school; now engaged to be married to a widower with six children, who had done excellent work as a pioneer in former years, and was going to "regions beyond" in the Moosh district.—It seemed that Nectar hesitated about "marrying so many children," fearing that she would have little time for Christ's work; but finally concluded to accept the position which included both home-missionary and outside work! I inquired whether she had received her wages (for the labor of five months), and finding that she had not, procured the fifteen dollars from the Station Treasurer, and placed it in her hands. She seemed very grateful, but said little of herself, and nothing of her needs in view of her approaching marriage, for which a special wardrobe is esteemed as necessary in the East, as in other lands. Our conversation was almost entirely de-

voted to the past and the future of her service for Christ. The next day I asked Maranos in an incidental way if Nectar had contributed to the Missionary Society before leaving; and she replied in the affirmative, stating the amount: Greatly to my surprise, it was *one-fifth* of the sum received for her Winter's work. This fact I should never have known had I not made the inquiry.]

But gathering funds for missionary purposes did not fully satisfy our desires, or the activity of our pupils, and I pondered much over the subject: How to systematize and give permanency to their efforts in real Christian work?—That was the question; for the Armenians have a good degree of natural enthusiasm, which leads them to undertake a new enterprise with zeal, which is apt to cool when the novelty has worn off and difficulties arise. The inspiration came in the night-watches: "Organize a band for direct work for souls, and call it

THE SOUL-LOVING SOCIETY."

"That is the very thing!" exclaimed the eager group that had gathered around my school-room table.—"Every member of this Society shall pledge herself to special Christian work for souls around her—aside from incidental opportunities—going out, at stated times, a certain portion of every week, to 'seek and save the lost.' And, moreover, such member shall consider herself pledged to establish a similar Society wherever in the future her lot may be cast."—This was the simple pledge to which our pious pupils gladly set their seal. And the next Sunday some of the women went with their husbands to the villages to gather the mothers around them for a Bible-reading, and two of the older girls were allowed to go under the escort of a helper and his wife. They returned with hearts

full of gladness, and our Monday morning devotional exercise was turned into a missionary-meeting to hear their reports. At the village of Heulakegh, one hundred women came to the meeting held by Maranos, and ten or twelve to Sooltan's gathering of church members. They had a most interesting story to tell. At another village they met thirty-five women, besides a few others by the way-side, and at the public fountains, to all of whom they told the story of Redeeming Love. One of the Arabic-speaking women had gone on Saturday to Ichmeh. It is impossible to describe the glow of soul with which she told her story, in broken Armenian. She had tried to teach thirty-five women in a tongue not her own, and though in feeble health, seemed to have come back renewed in both soul and body. The effect upon the school was most blessed Not long after, three or four of the younger girls came and begged, with touching earnestness, that they might be allowed to go with the older sisters, and teach the *children*. A new baptism seemed to descend upon us all, and the voice of prayer ascended morning, noon, and night. For weeks I have frequently passed around through the corridor at evening twilight, and listened, unperceived, to the earnest petitions from various rooms where little groups were gathered. Maranos was generally in her own room, alone, similarly engaged ; and at such hours this house has seemed to me the very gate of heaven. [When the term closed, Maranos went to the city of Palu, four or five days' journey distant, and found the work there in a very low state. The church and community was almost rent asunder by a party spirit in regard to the preacher, who had been forced to leave. There were a number of Protestant women who could read,* but they were very cold and indifferent.

* These were the women whose zealous husbands applied the rod

Maranos started a Soul-Loving Society, and it proved their salvation! Eight couples pledged themselves to this work,—since it seemed better to go "two and two," as our Savior sent forth His disciples. Their heaviest family work was done early in the week, and Wednesday was the time which many of them chose for this sowing of gospel-seed. The two who were to go together met at an early hour, and knelt in prayer that God would go before them and open doors and hearts. They then sallied forth with their Testaments, perhaps stopping by a fountain where the Rachels and Rebekahs were coming to draw water, and reading to the little company (standing around with their jars upon their heads or shoulders) of the well of Samaria, and the gracious words of Life to the poor woman who came, like themselves, to seek that water of which if a man drink he shall thirst again. Then, passing by door-ways where women were busily spinning, they sought to interest them in the Savior's words about the "Lilies of the field which toil not, neither do they spin," and of the glorious raiment of Christ's Righteousness. And again a company of passers-by would collect to listen to that which was so new and strange. And thus they spent the day. For, in a country where life is so simple and unartificial, where the family all eat out of one dish and sleep in one room, and the fashions change so slowly that the great-grandmother's dress laid away in the family chest for grand occasions, will serve the granddaughter equally well, the women, if they have the spirit, HAVE TIME TO WORK FOR CHRIST. Maranos remained several weeks, and returned with her heart full of joy to communicate the glad tidings. She said that those Christian sisters themselves testified

to make them learn to read, and succeeded, as related by Mr. Wheeler in his "Ten Years on the Euphrates."

that they were never so happy in all their lives as since they commenced to work for others. They "had no time now for gossip, or quarreling, as before, for their hearts and hands were so full that Satan kept away!" "It was delightful," said Maranos, "to go into their houses and see the women whom they were teaching to read, coming in for their lessons. They left their weaving and spinning, and after patiently hearing them spell out their tasks, themselves read a few verses from the Bible, and prayed with them before they let them go. And, the more they did, the more they wanted to do! One day eight of them took their Testaments and went in force to a neighboring village,—because they feared the women would resent their interference, and numbers gave them more courage. But greatly to their joy, they were kindly welcomed, and came home praising the Lord.*

* At Marsovan, on my return, one of these Societies was started. And since all these full details are even more for the assistance of those newly commencing such work, than for the encouragement of Christians at home, the method may here be stated: After reading to a company of Christian sisters, of the women who, when our Savior went "throughout every city and village preaching and shewing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God,—were with Him and the Twelve —and MINISTERED UNTO HIM OF THEIR SUBSTANCE," I inquired, "What do you suppose those women did? We know what Martha did when He went to Bethany. She was intent upon honoring her Guest with the choicest dishes that her hands could prepare; perhaps she made pilaff, and dolmas (I have often heard you say that it takes two to make dolmas.) Martha loved the Master, and desired to hear His precious words; but she did as many of you do when we come to see you—run into the kitchen to prepare some refreshment, when we care only to impart to you spiritual food (perhaps there was some truth in the German commentator's interpretation of 'One thing is needful'—meaning *one kind of food;* for the people rarely have more than that when by themselves). Suppose that you had been with those ministering women, what would you have done for the Master? Would it not have been a delight to have made and mended His clothing, pre-

A MOTHERS' ASSOCIATION.

When Miss Seymour reached Harpoot, she said to me, "I have brought you something from your mother." "That can hardly be," I replied, "for my mother has been in heaven for two or three months." "Ah, yes, but I have; and it is something which I should esteem very precious." And the next day she handed me a time-stained printed paper with a list of names, among which was that of my mother and some of her children. It was the "Constitution of the First Maternal Association" of my native place. What sacred memo-

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pared His food, and the couch upon which He was to rest? Or to have bathed those way-worn feet, or anointed with precious oil that weary head?" "O yes!" said the women; "would that we had been there!" "Well, you can minister to Him now just as truly, and I will tell you how. Christ himself says that He will regard every service done to others for His sake, as if done to Himself. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these my disciples YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.'" They listened with great interest to the account of the Palu women, and when asked, many were ready to become members of a "Soul-Loving Society." A few directions were then given in regard to choosing their companions in this work; that it was wise for an elderly, experienced Christian, to select a younger one, as each would help the other—one could read better, and the other give instruction. And that by their sympathy for the sick and suffering, wherever they should find them, caring for their bodily wants, the door would often be opened for spiritual work. Then the work of selection commenced, the older sisters having the first choice. "I will take Takohi!" said one. "And I Mariam;" "And I Juhar," and so on, the scene becoming very lively and interesting.

Months after, the missionary ladies wrote that the little seed sown in much weakness by the wayside, had "borne rich fruit." [When the news of the great fire at Chicago reached Marsovan, the sympathies of these Christian women were greatly enlisted. Of their own accord, and from their poverty, they made up a purse amounting to eight dollars, and brought it to Mrs. Leonard to send to the sufferers, saying, "We must do something for those who have done so much for us."]

ries and hallowed associations it recalled! On the swift wings of thought I was carried back to the home of my early life. I saw myself a child of six years conning my lesson in the catechism, and the hymn which I was to recite at the "Quarterly Meeting of mothers and children."—It is a warm Summer day; the soft breezes fan my cheeks as I rock back and forth in the foot of the vacant cradle, repeating the favorite lines:

"See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms."

And then with the faithful mother and the younger sister at my side, pass through the broad "Main street" of that lovely village, to the shaded home where we all gathered.—Saintly women were there whose presence was a benediction. So gentle, so loving in looks and tones, that I loved to look upon their meek faces, around which I could almost see a halo. They little imagined that the timid, shrinking child, was reading lessons of life in every countenance. There were women,—a few—from whom, even then, I instinctively shrank—loud-voiced, harsh, and forbidding; but such were not of the "Maternal Association." Ah, what seeds were then sown in the tender soil of young hearts, to spring up and bear fruit long after those mothers should have entered into rest!

As I held that paper in my hand, it seemed a wonderful link in the chain of Providence; God had lodged it in the hands of a good mother in Israel—far from my old home—who, finding that Miss Seymour was going to Harpoot, was led by a sudden impulse to send it to me. At that very time my mind was much exercised about those mem-

bers of our school who were mothers. They needed special training for their duties in that most important relation ; and some plan or system must be devised to perpetuate the instructions and impressions which they might receive. This was the very thing ! The mothers of the Armenian nation must have Maternal Associations of their own !

With some assistance from Maranos, a Constitution was drawn up in Armenian, based upon the old one, but modified to suit the circumstances of the people. Our women were much interested in my account of the "precious paper" brought by the new Varzhoohi, and when a "Mothers' Association" was proposed among themselves, received it with gladness. When the Constitution was read for their acceptance, several heads were seen together in consultation ; hands were raised, and when an opportunity was given, they said, "There is nothing about money in it." "Very well ; but that does not matter." "O, but who ever heard of a Society without giving money ?" they cried. "But what will you do with your money ?" I asked. After a moment's thought they said, "We will give it to care for the orphans of the society, or to help the widows." And a clause to that effect was inserted. We organized, and chose a committee of four to manage the business and conduct the meetings in turn, semi-monthly. There were twenty-nine Armenian mothers belonging to the school, with "fifty children now living," besides the Koordish and Syrian women, making in all forty mothers, according to the record made by the secretary. It was arranged that the children should come with their mothers once a month.

At their request, I conducted the first meeting, for as all were pledged to establish like Associations elsewhere, they wished to

learn how; and to train them for this, was our aim. And the second meeting, at which the children were present, was conducted by one of our most intelligent women, the wife of a preacher. She did admirably, reading the first verses of the sixth chapter of Ephesians, and talking to the mothers most earnestly, appropriately illustrating her remarks. Then she turned to the children, and as I listened to her pleasant words my heart was cheered. After two brief, earnest prayers, I catechized the little ones, and heard them recite their hymns and passages of Scripture. Each mother sat with her group of children around her feet; and every child, however small (the infants were not brought), had something ready—the Syrian children in Arabic. Some of the timid, wee ones, needed all the prompting and cheering of their parents and older brothers and sisters, to repeat "God is Love," or "Suffer the little children to come unto me." A manly little fellow of eight years repeated the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians. When he came to the verse, "When I was a child, I spake as a child,—but when I became a man, I put away childish things,"—every one laughed, and though he could scarcely keep from doing so himself, he went on to the close with a clear, steady voice. How those mothers' faces shone! The school-girls were occupying seats behind the rest, and were so much interested that they stood, most of the time, to see as well as hear. The melodeon had been brought down, and we sang many pieces between the other exercises. At the close, all seemed very happy, and as they passed out, dropped their free-will offerings into the little box held by their treasurer. Many a mother held up her child with the copper in its little hand, that it might have the privilege of casting it in, thus learning the luxury of giving to the cause of Christ.

After these preliminary meetings, the "committee of four" took their turn; and since they were very timid about it, we allowed two (at a time) to share the responsibility and care of each meeting, sitting side by side at the table, and supporting each other. One took the first part, and the other the second; and it was delightful to see and hear them in those first attempts. It evidently led them closer to the Source of all wisdom and strength. By-and-by, time was given for the mothers to relate their experience and peculiar trials in the training of their children, that we might know better how to help them; and when some freedom of utterance was obtained, many questions were asked and valuable information gained. One would tell of her inability to govern her children as she wished, because of the constant interference of the grandparents (who, in the East, have more authority than the parents). Another asked what course she should pursue when her child was ill and would not take the medicine, or obey other requisitions. And still another wished to know what she should do when her little ones behaved badly in church, knowing that she would not punish them there. This greatly added to the interest, and gave the desired opportunity of dealing with facts, and imparting practical instruction. Now and then a mother of some experience would state her way of meeting such cases, saying, "*I* do so and so." But one very important question weighed upon the hearts of all: "What shall we do to keep our children at home in the Winter, when they cannot play out-of-doors as usual, and collect in the stables (because of the warmth), where they learn all manner of wickedness?" To this we replied, "The remedy lies in making HOME the best and HAPPIEST OF ALL PLACES to them." "But they will not

stay at home, however much we may command and threaten to punish them," said some of the mothers. "Perhaps they will be quiet for a few hours, and then the first thing we know they are gone!" [This had been said to me by some of the women in the villages which I visited during the Revival, when those who were Protestants, and even one or two church members, confessed, with great shame, that they "*could not keep* from their old habit of *cursing their children* when angry!" "Now tell me, what do you say at such times?" I asked, for my ears had never caught the meaning of such rapid talk in the streets, and the women were very careful of their speech in my presence. After begging hard to be "let off," they told me with downcast faces, that they said "*May you be blind!*" "*May you enter the ground!*" *i. e.*, be dead and buried. This was just what I wished to know, and gave point to many a talk to mothers; when I repeated some of those wicked words (in my village meetings) the women would look at each other in astonishment, and say, "*Why, she knows!*"] "Children must play," I said to these mothers; "it is as natural for them to frisk and frolic, as for the little lambs to gambol in the field. And you must furnish proper exercise for those busy, restless little hands and feet, or they will seek it where they can find it." "Well, tell us how!" said the women. "Teach them simple games that will entertain them at home, and sometimes play with them yourselves." "We do not know how to teach them," they said (and the idea of their playing with the children seemed preposterous). "Well then, we will teach you." And after the meeting closed, we invited them to the parlor, and commenced the "Lesson of Games" with "Jack-straws." As one after another picked up the tiny straws,

while all the others looked on, we were pleased and amused with a scene which was so new to us in this land. The "mother of thirteen" was quite jubilant over her success She had acquired a fairy charm which would keep four or five of her youngsters still for hours in the one room of their Winter home, and thus give her more leisure and quiet. We next tried the simple game of "Hide-and-Seek," sending half a dozen girls—whom we had called in to take the place of children—out of the room, while we hid a ball of cotton. Then "Hide in Sight;" which greatly amused the performers: The merriment became unbounded when the ball was placed in full view upon a picture-frame, and the girls (although told that it would be in plain sight) were diving into pockets, and searching all imaginable places; at last, supposing from the guiding word, that they had found the place, they seized upon one of their mates sitting just beneath it, while some of the mothers were so convulsed with laughter, that the tears rolled down their faces, and others held their sides, or clapped, and we looked on and enjoyed to our heart's content the seeing Old Armenia waked up after a fashion which we had never seen before! When we started "Blind-man's Buff," their elephantine tread soon caused it to be dropped; and the game of "Trades" followed, into which they entered with spirit, manifesting much imitative ability; going successively through the art of making cloth, from the raw cotton to the completed web from the loom, bread-making (from the seed sown), silk manufacture, shoe-making, ending the game by a trade, or profession, selected and acted out by every one left in the room, which was to be guessed from the pantomime, by those who had been sent out. We closed the entertainment by singing

"Love at Home," and "Come, come away from labor now reposing," recently translated. And then with joyous faces, and many a hearty "Thank you," our flock of mothers repaired to their homes and their little ones.

The next time, we held our mothers' meeting in a pleasant garden beyond the city; and after it was ended, and we had partaken of fruit and bread, we had a few lively games with the children upon the green grass beneath the trees. This proved so delightful that it was often repeated during the Summer term, and at our last gathering, we gave up the entire day, inviting the husbands and fathers to join us. When I reached the garden—previously secured for the purpose by payment of a few piastres to the Turkish owner—half a dozen of the men came, with great politeness, to assist me in dismounting from my horse. The encampment looked very pleasant; hammocks for the babies were swung beneath the trees, and the older children were scattered in every direction, enjoying themselves. A pond afforded a swimming-place for some of the boys, under the care of their fathers, who seemed to enjoy the hilarity of the occasion.

After a simple luncheon provided by each family, the "meeting" was "called to order." When the children had gone through with their part, they were addressed by the fathers, and we had some excellent speeches and animated singing. Toward evening we returned to the city, and it was pleasant to see those Christian men walking with their wives and children, and carrying the little ones in their arms: Another proof of the elevating, refining power of the Gospel of Christ; for, till they felt its renewing influence, nothing could have induced them to be seen doing such a thing!

THE CLOSE OF THE SCHOOL YEAR.

The half of what "GOD HATH WROUGHT" among this people can never be told! Eternity alone will reveal everything in its true light. But this has been a blessed year; rich in fruitage. Results were speedy; the sowing and the reaping going on simultaneously; scattering with one hand, and gathering with the other! It has been inexpressibly sweet to *work* and *walk* with Jesus! conscious alone of His eye, and His ear, and caring little for the knowledge or approval of the world:—to feel sure that every stroke was helping in the erection of a Spiritual House,—polishing the corner-stones for the temple of our King.

The early Summer brought with it a great personal bereavement in the sudden and wholly unlooked-for removal from earth, of the precious, praying mother, whose face I had once more hoped to see. But her departure, to serve in the presence of Him whom her soul loved, may have been the means of choice blessings to this school. And even before the blow fell, the blessing came, from prayers "laid up" before the throne! [When I wrote to my mother of the precious outpouring of the Spirit during the Winter, she replied, "I am not at all surprised. It is just what I have been praying for every day for months past!" Ah, who can say, "*I—I did it!*" When those who have "turned many to righteousness" shall be gathered in Heaven, there will be not a few of earth's *hidden ones* who will shine "as the stars, for ever and ever!" For every prayer of faith that wings its way to the throne of God *there*, falls in showers of blessings *here!*" And really, there is no FOREIGN WORK, it is all HOME-WORK: As truly as the unseen springs

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among the hills, send gushing streams to gladden the valleys below, do parents in the sacred seclusion of Christian homes, faithful pastors, and teachers, prepare the agencies that bless the "FIELD"—WHICH IS "THE WORLD."] Very precious was the tender sympathy manifested by our pupils, "Rejoice that you have a mother in Heaven; and you and I will be more diligent, that we may one day enter in!" said one good woman. "I too have lost a Christian mother," wrote one of the dear graduates; "a mother is a sweet thing! we can have but one mother; and only God's arm is long enough to reach down into the heart, and touch that tender place." One Sunday, a few weeks after the tidings came, I was conversing with one of our dear girls of her future course. [Baidzar was really a granddaughter of the Constantinople School; for her mother was one of the early pupils, who, when first married to young preacher Simeon, returned to the School during my first connection with it, while her husband resumed his studies preparatory to his settlement in a distant part of Armenia:—When the missionaries asked him what most he wished to learn during those few weeks, he replied, "SIN, AND SALVATION:"—But this, their first-born, was very unlike her gentle mother, when at twelve years of age she entered the school at Harpoot: She had a good mind, but was so proud, self-willed, and passionate, that for the first two years, we felt that unless God should change her heart, it would have been better had she never come to us, because the people of Bitlis would look upon her as a representative of educated, Christian womanhood.

The first indication of a change came in the tenderness manifested when reproved during a recitation, instead of her usual sullenness. And during the last year, her growth

in Christian character had been so marked, as to give great hope for her future.]

This was her last year in the school, and after speaking of what she might do if faithful, for the women and children of her distant home, I said, "We may never meet again on earth; but I shall look for you on the right hand of the Judge at the last day, with the souls that you have brought to Christ." Baidzar seemed much affected, and after a moment's pause, timidly said, "It is a joy to me, that I hope to meet you in Heaven. Marta and I were talking about it the other day, and she said, 'If you or I should die, and go to Heaven before the Varzhoohi does, we will go and find her mother, and say, "Your daughter led us to Christ"'!" And her eyes filled with tears as she spoke. This was a sweet bit of comfort, direct from the Lord, and quite melted my heart.*

Our school prayer-meetings were seasons of great enjoyment, and that of Monday morning, in place of the usual twenty minutes' Bible reading, was a special time of blessing and preparation for the week's work. We generally selected some special topic for prayer,—the unconverted fathers or brothers, the preachers of the Gospel,—or Con-

* Not many weeks after Baidzar reached her home, I received from her a letter enclosing a silver nose jewel, set with a turquoise: "This," she wrote, "is the first fruits of my work for Christ. After my first meeting with the women and girls, at which I had talked to them of denying ourselves for His cause, one of the women brought her nose jewel, and gave it to me for the Lord. And I send it to you to take to America." Baidzar became the wife of a preacher of the Gospel, who was settled in that region; and she has (within a few years) gone to Heaven, "before the Varzhoohi." But the correspondence maintained with her during that period, proved the necessity of SAVING PREPARED MATERIAL by keeping the connecting links bright!

stantinople and its churches. Three or four minutes were occupied in presenting the subject, and a verse or two of Scripture in connection with it, and the meeting was thrown open for all who felt moved to pray.—Our pupils had been cautioned about going all around the world, and ending in heaven, in their petitions at such times, and were told not to try to "wind up," but to stop, when they had finished, and say, "Amen." So that we not infrequently had eight or more pointed, fervent prayers within fifteen minutes. Not a moment was lost in waiting, and the gain on former years in point of brevity, and specific petition, was very evident.

Our little "experience meetings" for the Christians, were really delightful. It was very difficult, at first, to get their mouths opened, but when once the silence was broken, all unnecessary reserve melted away, and hearts were drawn together as never before. . . . In the Bible and Doctrinal lessons, we felt the Living Presence of Him whose Life and Teachings we studied. We had carefully examined twenty-three topics pertaining to the foundation doctrines of the Gospel. After going through with them once, we commenced again; the class copying upon their slates each question and answer, as I gave it, in concise terms, with three or four proof-texts affixed—to be afterwards transcribed upon blank-books, for future use: Two of the Syrian women were in this class, and took theirs down first in Armenian, to be afterwards translated into Arabic. As the term drew near its close, the class wished much to go on, and begged permission to drop other studies to gain all they could in this—several of them saying, "These manuscripts will be of great use to us this Winter; we shall read and study them

much." I could see them developing, day by day, both mentally and spiritually, and felt, as often before, that there is nothing in all the wisdom of the world which can so elevate and ennoble the whole man, as this being constantly brought in contact with THE INFINITE MIND!

The public Examination took place in October. In addition to the usual order of exercises, there was one in Dictation, which was quite new to the large company of auditors, and excited much interest. Two or more words were given, and a complete sentence was required at the expiration of two minutes. Slates and pencils were busily employed till the touch of the bell, when one and another was called upon to read her sentence. The pastors present were asked to propose words, and it did one's heart good to see the eyes of the husbands glisten as their wives arose, and modestly read what had been so quickly composed and written. When considerable applause was elicited, the husband's face said, as plainly and as proudly as if the words had been spoken—"*That is my wife!*" There was a dignity and self-possession in the deportment of the graduates that attracted the attention, and drew forth the commendation of all who were interested in their progress.

The Doctrines selected for examination were the Trinity and the Atonement, and the pastors were requested to ask any questions they might choose, which they did, testing the class very thoroughly. The readiness with which they answered, and their apt quotations of Scripture, gave much satisfaction; and while they spoke, not a few countenances were all aglow, showing, as one afterward remarked, that they *loved* those truths, and had received them into their

hearts. And I looked on, and wondered, and rejoiced in the transformation wrought (during those few years) in so many of those souls,—and bodies too! Their manuscripts were then passed among the Theological students and pastors, and closely scanned by them, only one mistake being pointed out, and that in phraseology. In Wayland's Moral Science, the section relating to Government and Law excited much interest.* Besides the customary essays, there were two dialogues and a "School Paper." These were entirely new; and the dialogues especially, attracted attention, treating of subjects much discussed by the students of the Seminary, viz.: The Study of English, and the Pastors' Support. I had given the plan, and a few leading thoughts, to the four girls, and they filled them out in a very creditable manner, considering their youth, and inexperience in that line. So clearly and emphatically were they read, in conversational tones, that not a word was lost, and more than once there was a visible sensation in the audience (the students would scarcely credit the production to the readers, believing that it was mostly the work of the Varzhoohi)! The Paper was read by the two assistant teachers; it contained many items of interest respecting the School and the Lord's Work in this land:—A list of chapels built during the year, or in process of erection, by

* The method pursued in that study during the last year, was particularly helpful in the prosecution of other studies. In order to teach the class how to prepare their lessons, we took it as a daily reading exercise. After a sentence or paragraph had been read, the class were requested to close their books, and one and another was called upon to give the central thought contained in that passage. Then the leading *words* were scanned till the *roots* were found; and after this dissecting process, the paragraph was again read with clearer apprehension and new pleasure.

the people in the Harpoot field. An account of the former graduates of the school; what they had done and are doing in the Master's service. A report of the various Societies in the school; the sum of three hundred piastres having been contributed by the pupils, of which one hundred and thirty were given for a debt on a village chapel, and the remainder appropriated to the new school to be sustained by the people. There was also an interesting letter from one of the graduates respecting her school in Bitlis, and the good work in that region, three of her boarding pupils coming from Moosh. There were a few little bits translated from English journals, to give spice and variety, and the "latest news from Missionary Wheeler, now in America, going about from city to city, and village to village (as he was wont to do here), stirring up the people to more zeal and self-denial in the Master's service." Lastly, notice was given of the coming meeting of the "Harpoot Evangelical Union," at Diarbekir, the twenty-third of October, and of an expected installation at Mardin, and, it was hoped, at Bitlis also. At the close of these exercises, which had been varied by singing, Pastor Marderos presented the diplomas to a class of fifteen women and girls, as they modestly stood before him. His remarks were very impressive. Among other things, he said he well knew that every one would take with her one or more evil spirits. One would say, "'Now you are somebody; you have been educated, and are able to do what others cannot do,'" thus puffing her up with pride and self-conceit; another would whisper, "'After all, what has your time in school amounted to? You know but very little, and are not fit to set yourself up as a leader to others!'" He warned them of the dangers that lay in these two extremes, and

exhorted them to keep close to the Master in the simplicity of faith, saying to the first suggestion, "By the grace of God I am what I am; and only through Christ can I do any good;" and to the second, "Get thee behind me, Satan! I am in the place God designed for me; and what He has taught me, I will, with His help, teach to others!" As each one stepped forward and gracefully received her diploma, I could scarcely look upon that dear, very dear company, without tears,—that I should never more teach them the words of Eternal Life. When they returned to their seats, we sang, "Sow in the morn thy seed." Several of the other pastors present followed in excellent and practical addresses. Their hearts seemed to overflow with joy at what they had seen and heard; and yet they felt that much danger lay in the future. Said one, "Our joy is not yet *full*. We shall wait to see your future course—what you will actually do when you go out into the world again. It may be that some of you will cause us to hang our heads for shame; you may so conduct yourselves as to make your teachers say, 'Would they had never entered this school!'"

The missionaries then addressed the school,—Mr. Williams through Mr. H. N. Barnum—in one of his characteristic and telling speeches. Referring to the means used to promote growth in grace, he enjoined upon all, and especially those who were now thrown upon their own responsibility, to practice *spiritual rumination*,—meditation during each and every day, upon the morning reading of God's Word, be it ever so small a portion: Alluding to the ruminating of cows and buffaloes. Our new brother, Mr. H. S. Barnum, also made a brief and pleasant speech by the aid of his namesake's tongue. And Mr. H. N. Barnum gave a most solemn and

thrilling turn to his closing remarks by pointing to the great Examination Day awaiting us all, when the Master will give His "Diplomas" in the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" The effect was electrical.

THE FAREWELL.

The next morning—Friday—the school assembled for a "farewell meeting," the graduates being seated by themselves. I read portions of Scripture which I wished them to mark in their Bibles, and often read; and then reviewed the past three years—looking forward to their future, and to Eternity. It was a solemn season, and we all wept together. Then Maranos spoke of our pleasant relations, and what a joy and comfort some of those dear women had been to her; and, as I had addressed her as my "faithful fellow-worker, without the aid of whose influence, much of my labor would have been lost,"—she now turned to me and said that I had been "a mother, and more than a mother to her." Sadie next addressed the company,—fifty in number. She told them how great had been her desire to see the Training-School at Harpoot, and when God brought her there to take a part in it, her joy at its prosperity was very great. She gave some excellent words of counsel, and then led us to the mercy-seat in a fervent prayer. Fatima, of Diarbekir, followed in such an outpouring of soul in supplication, thanksgiving, and praise, as could only come from the indwelling of the Spirit of all grace! I was amazed, humbled, and rejoiced. Misses Seymour and Warfield were both present, and said a few words, through me—asking the prayers of the school for their success in the study of the lan-

guage during the Winter; and I followed with a few words about the homes and friends which they had recently left—what it is to give up all for Christ.

After they were dismissed, I saw the good Preacher Simeon surrounded by a group of the girls, in earnest and apparently solemn conversation. He soon after requested an interview, and asked me if there was one among our pupils who would be willing to go and labor for Christ in Moosh. Wishing to test them all, I went down-stairs and said, "B. Simeon desires to know whether any among you are ready to go and serve the Master in the dark regions beyond!" The word flew from room to room, and five answered to the call, with faces so bright and joyous that one have thought some great happiness had come to them. They almost ran to meet the preacher. It was no idle enthusiasm. They had counted the cost, and received this message as a direct answer to prayer.

It reminded one of Secretary Anderson, or Secretary Clark going to Mount Holyoke Seminary for missionary teachers. Most kindly and faithfully did B. Simeon place the difficulties of such an undertaking before them, portraying the trials which they would be obliged to endure among a people so low, degraded, and ignorant. He told them of his wife's experience in Khanoos, where their first child was born in a stable partly under ground, dark and dirty. How the water leaked from the earth above, and was kept from her bed by a shelving board. And then he spoke of the blessedness of sowing Gospel seed, and gave them encouragement to hope that it would one day spring up and bear fruit. The visit with this godly man made me realize the importance of keeping alive the bond of sympathy between our pupils and the pastors among their own people. . . . . .

Saturday morning came, and I was invited to meet some "friends" in Mrs. Allen's parlor. I found there assembled the class of graduates, who greeted me most cordially, and conducted me to a seat of honor. After a few moments of pleasant chatting, Fatima advanced, and in behalf of the class, presented me with a handsome silver "back-comb" (suitably inscribed), as a "testimonial of their grateful affection." She added, as the tears started to her eyes, "We owe you more than words or gifts can tell!" The class looked very joyful, and expressed the wish that I would "wear it every day."* It was a perfect surprise. I had no thought of their attempting anything of the kind, and told them so; and that I did not seek *theirs*, *but them:* That, much as I prized this proof of their affection, there were other expressions far more precious, forever engraven upon my heart, in words and deeds, perhaps forgotten by them,—little tokens of love and sympathy—which had cheered me more than treasures of gold or silver! And I could say in all sincerity, that I loved them very tenderly; and were it not for the hope of meeting them in the Beyond, when our earthly work should be done, the parting would be very sad.

The class also presented Maranos with a silver pen-holder, prettily inscribed, and she responded to their kind words.

Finding that there would be no social gathering of the graduates this year, I resolved to get up a "Reunion" myself. The school-room furniture was removed, and carpets, rugs, chairs, tables,—with pictures, flowers, and lamps suspended upon the pillars and walls, quite changed the aspect of the place.

* This they had gotten up entirely among themselves,—no one outside the class knowing of it. Taking a comb of horn to the silversmith, they had him try till he succeeded in suiting their wishes.

A liberal supply of bread and grapes was procured from the market, and native sweetmeats, with tea, were provided for the entertainment. The guests came, at the ringing of the chapel bell, just after sunset: The students of both schools, Arabs, Koords, and all, married and unmarried, besides the pastors, preachers, and teachers who were in the city, with their wives—making, with the missionary families, a company of about one hundred and eighty souls. In fact, we were too crowded to allow of that stiff, formal gathering of the men on one side, and the women on the other, which had been customary. The principal entertainment was singing, with the melodeon (accompanied, now and then, by a flute and violin). All seemed at home, and the conversation was pleasant and unrestrained. It was good to see our new sister-teachers mingling with the crowd (most of whom sat on the floor), and endeavoring to make use of their freshly-acquired Armenian. Glancing in that direction, I saw Marineh lightly touch B. Marderos, of Malatia, as she said to Miss Seymour, "*This is my pastor.*" That word and look was more than a sermon to my mind: It spoke volumes for the endearing relation of pastor and people. Mr. Williams entered heartily into the spirit of the evening, and I saw him trying to converse with B. Simeon, of Bitlis: As his language was Arabic, and his stock of Turkish words was limited, he requested me to ask the brother from Bitlis how he would enjoy being really settled over his flock, drawing his support from them. And when the good man said that he had been thinking much about it since he came to Harpoot; and, now that he felt it was the will of God, he could no longer withhold his consent, Mr. Williams was overjoyed, and exclaimed, "Glory to God!" Adding, "There is no more blessed work on earth than that of a loving and beloved pastor of a

loving people. Your beard is still black; you may yet bring hundreds into the kingdom."

In the course of the evening "Come to Jesus" was sung by the six Koords (or Koordish-speaking Armenians) now supported by the "Union." Soon the Syrian students joined, with their Howadji, in Arabic; then the Armenians, and others, in Turkish and English, till all were singing in five different tongues! Pastor Marderos, of Malatia, was requested to conduct the closing exercise; and he directed our thoughts to the great company of the Redeemed, by reading a chapter of Revelation. He spoke with much pathos; said that he could think of nothing but Heaven all the evening; and in a few chosen words, caused us to look forward to an eternal reunion in the presence of our Lord and Savior. We sang, "Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move," and then united with him in prayer.

It was half-past ten o'clock when all had departed. At leaving, each one came to thank me for the pleasure enjoyed. Their faces expressed even more than their words. Sadie said it had been a "sweet evening;" others remarked that it was the pleasantest evening they had ever enjoyed, and that they could never forget it. The missionaries voted it a "success;" and I was more than satisfied; so happy that I could not sleep, that night, for very joy!

FINISHING TOUCHES.

Sunday was a blessed day! The Anniversary sermon in the morning, by Pastor Hagop, of Heulakegh, was excellent, and full of the apostolic spirit; and in the afternoon we had a precious season of Communion around the Master's table.

It was interesting to see, in that crowded chapel, so many of both schools, to whom it was a special preparation for the

service upon which they were soon to enter. B. Simeon offered the closing prayer, and to the petition, "May we all grow gray in the service of Christ, enduring hardness as good soldiers," our hearts responded, "*Amen!*"

Monday brought a constant succession of callers to my room to say good-bye; in the afternoon three of the pastors came, with a couple of laymen, to examine five of our girls for admission to the church. These girls belonged to other towns, but it seemed wise that the examination should take place where they had professed to have commenced a new life; and B. Simeon particularly wished it in his daughter's case. I was much gratified with the appearance of the girls, and queried whether the "Committee" had ever before received so intelligent and prompt, yet modest replies, from that class of candidates. They seemed quite affected by some of the answers given to their close and searching questions. [Three of the girls were accepted, and the others advised to wait awhile.] Manoosh, especially, appeared wonderfully well. Her mind had undergone a marked transformation by the inworking of the Holy Spirit; to nothing else could I attribute such a waking up of intellect and heart. She was most anxious to go to Moosh; and they wished to know the impelling motive of her desire to labor in that dark and distant region; why she could not as well serve Christ in her native town, where were plenty of souls as precious and as needy. At last she could say no more; she had said all that she could say with propriety, when an older companion very discreetly remarked, "Manoosh cannot well state the reason why it is better for her to work elsewhere. She has seen other graduates of the school there turned aside from Christ's work, and she fears that if she remains at home, it will be the same with herself." This sent

a few quiet drops from Manoosh's eyes; the pastors were very sympathetic, and said at once, "Ah, we understand it now." Strangely enough, I had failed to see her difficulty, and helped to probe the case even more closely; not thinking of the danger which was now very evident, of worldly friends marrying her to some one in common business life.

The missionaries had tried to guard against this from the commencement, by making a rule that every pupil educated at the expense of the Board, should teach for two years after finishing her course of study; and that if she was married to other than a helper or preacher, the sum expended should be refunded. This was actually done in one or two cases; a merchant in town bringing a sum of money and a watch to the missionaries, because he had taken for his own worldly self one of our educated and trained maidens! The rule, however, served its purpose as a safeguard; for one such example made others more wary! But it is delightful to note the change in public opinion. "*Educated wives*" are esteemed the more highly from the very fact of their scarcity and choiceness. The people have sometimes said, "You missionaries have *angels* for wives!" "Very well," was the reply. "Christianize and educate the daughters of the land, and you also can have 'angels for wives!'" And the mothers, even of the Old Church Armenians, are now anxious to secure Protestant husbands for their daughters, "because," they say, "*they are kind to their wives.*" The close of a school-year is generally signalized by matrimonial engagements, and perhaps a wedding or two among our students. And, as of old, my aid has often been called in requisition. It seemed rather remarkable, however, that the first case which presented itself after my arrival in this region, was that of the disconsolate preacher who lost the prize

upon which he had fixed his eyes, when a theologue at Constantinople. He came on from Sivas, where he was stationed, and finally carried back with him a fair, blue-eyed damsel, who healed the old wound in his heart!

THE SEQUEL OF SUMMER WORK.

That same evening one of the students came with his wife to my room, and remained for four hours in earnest conversation. He was evidently disaffected; for he wanted more English and less Bible! A man of talent, but of a worldly spirit. I advised him to go to Robert College,* at Constantinople, where he could get all he desired, by paying for it; but this he did not seemed inclined to do. . . . . But it is all over at last! We have seen the schools disbanded, and watched a large cavalcade of missionaries, pastors, preachers, teachers, delegates from the various churches (and students to be examined for licensure), leaving the city to attend the meeting of the Evangelical Union at Diarbekir, whence they will proceed to Mar-

* That College, for all nationalities, founded by Christopher R. Robert, Esq., of New York (though without the slightest intention of having his name connected with it,—which was, in fact, done without his knowledge or consent, as the Constantinople trustees esteemed it the least obnoxious to the Turkish Government),—has already acquired a name and a wide-spread fame thoughout the country under the administration of its well-known President, Dr. Hamlin, whose varied and remarkable gifts have made him a power in the land, alike admired and feared by Government officials, who have tried in vain to thwart his plans. "When will that man die?" cried an indignant Pasha, who had repeatedly sought to crush his efforts, only to see them renewed in some other form, and despaired of doing anything with such uncommon material! As a self-supporting institution, it is a complete success. And its two hundred students, comprising Turks, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Bulgarians, and others, sometimes amounting to *seventeen* nationalities, are fitting for the high places of power and influence in the East.

din, and then to Bitlis: An "Army of the Lord," whose progress through the country will leave in its train, not devastation and famine, but the richest blessings which the Gospel can bestow. And as we close the window, take a seat in an arm-chair, and fold our hands in quiet, we draw a long breath, and ejaculate (as we were wont to hear our mirthful "Father Goodell," in former days, when he had seen a company fairly started upon their journey), "'*And the land had rest forty years!*'" [How we miss the charming letters from that facile pen, since he joined the company of the Redeemed!

In his "farewell" to me on leaving the country, he wrote, "And shall I never see you again this side Heaven? Well, I hope through grace to you and to us, we shall meet there; and meet many other dear friends too—and more especially HIM whom we have long known and professed to love, and through whose infinite kindness it is that we have ever learned the blessed truth, that '*he who dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God*, and GOD IN HIM.' . . . . . We are now in the midst of packing, and selling, preparatory to our removal. You can hardly conceive what an amount of 'takum-makum'—of pure trash—I have, which is not worth the carrying away, nor worth the burning up—if you have to purchase the fuel. Such, I suppose, is the character of a great deal of our Religion, which we are at great pains to carry with us all through the world, but which we can never cross the Jordan with; and the sooner we get rid of it, the better! Let us hold to this,—

> "I'm a poor sinner, just nothing at all,
> But Jesus Christ is my all in all." . . . .

Everything else we may let go, being better without than with it. . . . . And now, my dear child, *farewell*, till we meet again,—

"On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of Life doth bloom."] . . . .

"Well, if one ever feels that he *is* a 'poor sinner, *just nothing at all*,' it is after such a prolonged strain as this! There comes such a season of depression, that it makes you doubt whether, after all, you are a Christian! Who knows? All this activity may be merely the result of natural energy, and the work accomplished so much 'wood, hay, stubble,' which shall be burned up at last. 'For, the Day shall declare it; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.'"

"Oh, yes; we all know that you are a '*great sinner*'!" says the Howadji, laughing. "I have been watching for this, or for an illness, the last few weeks; and I think that the best course to be pursued now, is to show his Satanic Majesty the back door, as quickly as possible!"

The question of my departure is again revived by letters from Marsovan. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard are going home in the early Spring, their first vacation after ten years of unwearied service; they are very solicitious that I should accompany them,—and Mr. L. will come to Sivas to meet me, if an escort can be obtained to that city. And a letter from the motherly friend in New York, says, "*Pack your trunks at once, and go to England!* As long as you stay there, they will keep you at work." (It is the first approach to a command, or even an injunction, received from that source.) . . . . . The escort is found, in a young physician lately added to our staff of missionaries, and my preparations are being made, when one Saturday, two of the women come to my room, and before they can make known the object of their call, burst into tears. "What is the matter?" I inquire. "Oh, we hear that you are

going away!" And for a moment they can say nothing more, but hand me a letter written by one of the preachers, in behalf of all the others, as also of the School. "Stay one year longer," they plead, "till the new teachers are ready for the work, and then if you must go, we will say no more." I promise to to consider the subject prayerfully, and they leave. Sunday is given to the consideration of the matter, and before the night, I conclude to remain. (It afterward appeared that these women and others had observed that day in fasting and prayer.) Duty to myself seems to call me away; but there are times when self must be sacrificed for the "greatest good of the greatest number."

November was drawing to a close, and for two or more weeks no tidings had come from the absent Badvelis, who were traveling through a dangerous and desolate region. Our apprehensions for their safety were growing very decided and painful, when one morning they made their appearance. They looked, indeed, like battered soldiers, returned from the war! The Apostle's experience "in journeyings often," was literally theirs; for they had passed through perils in fording rivers, perils by "false brethren," or guides, and perils by robbers. And the youngest of the three, fresh from College and Seminary life, — to whom this initiation into the hardships and exposures of missionary life had been very abrupt and severe, — seemed utterly exhausted, and staggered against the wall, as if unable to stand. The older missionaries were somewhat hardened to it, but this journey was, even to them, a very trying experience. It is so much trouble and expense to carry beds, that they burden themselves with as little as possible; a traveling shawl for a covering, and saddle-bags for pillows, is about all that they use in that line. This may do for a night

or two, but when it extends to weeks of hard travel in missionary tours demanding incessant labor, added to irregular, and often very poor fare, it is hard to "flesh and blood;" and they grow old fast. It appeared that on this journey they had gone without the usual stimulus and cheer of tea, because of the large company with whom they were traveling. And the milk, which they procured as a substitute, was often poor. In fact, the country through which they passed was so poverty-stricken, that they scarcely found anything in the shape of food or lodgings which could be called comfortable. Pastor Marderos told us that he never yet had seen any of his countrymen so poor, as a class, that they could not afford beds, or clothing sufficient to cover their nakedness. "We parted with every garment of our own that we could spare for them," he said, referring to himself and his brother pastors.

A few weeks later, Mr. H. S. Barnum was prostrated with typhoid fever of the most alarming character; and when his naturally strong constitution rallied, and he was beginning to appear among us once more, his wife (who had cared for him when only her voice and hand could soothe) was suddenly taken ill, and in one short week, was laid to rest by the side of her infant, prematurely born: In less than one short year, a bride, a wife, a missionary, a mother, an angel!

At the same time Mrs. Williams was lying very low in another part of the same house:—And during that period the doctor ordered a "quarantine" for all who were not in necessary attendance upon the dying one, who he feared had some contagious disease (much resembling confluent small-pox). Words can never picture the trying scenes of those weeks! But the storm passed over, and again we rejoiced in the mercy and goodness that left us so many blessings.

HOOELI, AND HAJI ANNA.

Soon after my arrival at Harpoot, Mr. Wheeler invited me to join him in a ride to the village of Hooeli, two or three hours distant. It appeared that the people of that place were very bigoted, and had long resisted the introduction of the Gospel; but now the leaven had so spread, that the little band of Protestants there gathered, were ready and anxious for the building of a chapel. We had a rapid and pleasant ride over the plain, and while the Badveli was surveying the ground for the new house of worship, I clambered up a rude ladder to the roof, where the helper had his room. None of the missionary ladies had ever visited Hooeli, and I was an object of much curiosity and interest to the women. They swarmed around me like so many bees, examining and chattering about every article of dress which was to them new and strange. A number of them carried their children on their shoulders, and stood, gaping, with open eyes and mouths; and altogether that company of twenty or thirty women and girls seemed more rude and uncivilized than any whom I had yet seen around Harpoot. With some difficulty, they were persuaded to enter the room, and be seated, while I read a few verses from the Testament; but new ones were coming in, and others running out and laughing, till I almost despaired of doing any good. Finally, I said, "Wouldn't you like to learn a little prayer?" The idea of their saying a prayer was something entirely new. They had supposed that the priest must do their praying for them, in the church, and therefore asked, "How can we pray, when we are not learned?" "I will teach you a little prayer," I answered, "if you will only be quiet for a few moments." This pleased them, and I at once repeated a translation of Watts'

'Lord, teach a little child to pray"—changing it to "Lord, teach this poor sinner how to pray;" the syllables being the same in Armenian. Giving them one line at a time, very slowly and distinctly, they were soon engaged in repeating it in concert, swaying the body back and forth, and nodding their heads at one another, like so many rampant school-children. Now and then I would pause, and explain the meaning of the words,—the remainder of which were, in substance,—"And send Thy Holy Spirit down, to cleanse my sinful heart." By-and-by one of the women cried out, "I can say it!" "Well, let us hear you." She broke down, however, causing a general laugh; but in a few moments another repeated it correctly, which inspired all the rest, and they exclaimed, "Let us say it some more!" And then one, and another, and still another recited the verse without a mistake. Word was now brought that the Badveli was ready to go; so I bade them not forget what they had learned, but say it over and over a hundred times a day—in the cotton or tobacco fields, or the vineyards; at their spinning or weaving, or scrubbing, whatever they were doing, to lift their hearts in prayer to God, and to remember that if they really *wanted* what they asked, He would surely give it to them, for He looked right into their hearts, and could tell whether they were in earnest. As I bade them good-bye, they inquired my name, that they might remember me. . . . . .

Two years passed away; and for the second time I visited the village in company with Mr. Wheeler. It was during the Revival, and Hooeli had shared in the blessing. We were received at the house of two of the leading Protestants, men of influence and property, who had freely spent their time and money to promote the cause of Christ among their people. Their mother, Haji Anna, was about sixty years of age, strong,

thrifty, and rather rough, if not coarse in her way of speaking; evidently a woman of acknowledged force and power among her own sex. She had been very bitter against the truth from the first, and raved at her two sons, Peter and Paul, for expending their money so freely in building the chapel.

It was almost time for the evening meeting, and Boghos, who wished to honor his guests, proceeded to make us a cup of tea. His business frequently took him to Erzeroom, and he had brought home a few pounds of the fragrant herb, also the small sheet-iron stove, by which we were sitting. When the tea was prepared, he poured it into a glass (after the Russian fashion), and dropping in a lump of sugar, stirred it with a pewter spoon, and then tasted it; this he repeated half a dozen times, and then with a triumphant air (as if fully posted in our custom of serving the ladies first), handed it to me! Greatly to his discomfiture, I was obliged to tell him that I never took sugar in my tea (which was very true). And he seemed amazed, for according to his idea, that was the best part of it! As we passed from roof to roof the length of the street, on our way to the meeting, a woman came out from her inner stairway, and the bride (wife of Boghos), said, "That woman remembers you, and the prayer that you taught us!"—So much had occurred to occupy my mind during the interval, that I had forgotten the particulars of that visit. The neighbor came toward us, and at once remembered me, stopping there under the stars, to repeat the little prayer. We descended a ladder, crossed the muddy street, and entered the chapel. The house was nearly filled, with a quiet and orderly assembly of men and women. Cushions had been piled up for me at one side of the pulpit, on the women's side, but I drew one of them away and sat down among them, at which they were pleased. It was the

evening of Friday, and Mr. Wheeler gave a very practical discourse on fasting, suited to their need,—for a most fast-ridden people are the people of Hooeli!—and when the meeting was ended, the women gathered around, with smiles of recognition. "This is the Maritsa that we have been wanting to see!" they said, adding, "We remember the little prayer that you taught us!" And one and another repeated it, asking, "Do you remember me?" as they pressed closer and closer. The fact was, I remembered but one, who had lost the sight of an eye, and had a very peculiar face, which had impressed itself on my mind; but I did not wish to hurt them by saying so, and my surprise and pleasure at their progress diverted their attention. The next day I was much surprised when Haji Anna took her seat by my side, and said, "I know nothing; teach me, pray for me!" When I told her that she must pray for herself, she replied, "I can't; I don't know how!" I taught her the little prayer in verse, and she repeated again and again, "Lord, teach this poor sinner how to pray, and send thy Holy Spirit down to cleanse my sinful heart,"—sometimes shutting her eyes tightly to repress the tears. At noon, we go to the chapel for a "women's meeting." A crowd have already assembled, and more are thronging in—a noisy gathering. The frosty air plainly shows the exhalations from their lungs, and we are almost stifled with clouds of dust from the earth floor! Standing in front of the desk, we lift up our voice, and enjoin order and silence. In a few moments the women have all taken their seats, and Maranos looks after the larger children, and those who may come in still later. After singing a familiar hymn, and uniting in prayer for the presence and aid of the Divine Teacher, we read a portion of Scripture. But when we proceed to un-

fold its meaning and apply its principles, we see a vast difference among our hearers. The Spirit has evidently been at work upon some of these hearts; their anxious countenances show deep concern for their souls. Tears are filling the eyes and wetting the face of many an aged woman as the query comes,—"Which road are you traveling?" for life and death has been set before them, in the "Narrow," and the "Broad way." Before we close, we ask all those who think that they have given their hand to Jesus to lead them in the "straight and narrow path," to rise. Slowly and solemnly one after another rises, till ten women are standing before us. After a few words to these, we ask for those who really desire *now* to give their hearts to Jesus. They all seem impressed with the responsibility of the act, and none appear to act carelessly, or without thought. Fifteen more, both old and young, are now on their feet, and very still and solemn is the place; we feel that God is present, and in silence bow our heads while Maranos leads us to the throne of grace in a prayer of consecration to "Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, *that we might henceforth live, not to ourselves*, but to His honor and glory." And after a few words with those who lingered to entreat our prayers, that company of one hundred and fifty women was dispersed. . . . . An occasional visit since that time, served to deepen the interest in those who seemed so promising. The progress of that people has really been astonishing. The first chapel proved too small, and of their own accord, and with little encouragement from the missionaries, who thought them foolish for attempting another so soon, they built a second and larger one, turning the first into parsonage and school-rooms. And this Winter our good Maranos has been

spending there in teaching the women and assisting in the superintendence of a day school for girls, taught by one of our younger pupils. Boghos, the son of Haji Anna, was always ready to do anything in his power to help, during these visits. The chapel would be swept, and the bell rung, (for, during one of his visits to Erzeroom, he received from a Russian merchant with whom he did business, the present of a good-sized bell for the chapel, and as there were few Turks in the village, had succeeded in using it).* He frequently called to see me, when in the city, and after Maranos had commenced her work there, said, rather significantly, "Varzhoohi, we need a stove for Maranos's room; you know she is not strong, and the weather is very severe." "Very well," I replied, "B. Garabed has plenty of them for sale." He smiled, but said, "You know that is not what I want!" "Yes, I know what you want; it is that I help you to purchase one. And I would deny myself to do it, if I did not know that it would injure the cause. Maranos has never been used to a stove, at home: And suppose that we should make an exception in her case, there is Juhar, Takoohi, and several others of our graduates who are teaching in other places; and if we help one, we must help all. The people will make no exception." He was not convinced, but went away without any aid. I feared that he did not feel kindly,

* Boghos told me, with much pleasure, of his thinking out a system of signals for this bell.—So many strokes would indicate a meeting of the church mejlis—council—and so many denote ordinary gatherings. "One day," said he, "I was sitting in the Turkish mejlis, and the bell began to strike. I listened, and then said to the Effendi, 'I must go, for a Protestant is dead!' He was greatly surprised, and asked me how I knew, since none had come to tell me. And I explained to him that the bell told me: for I counted four, which meant a man; and he stroked his beard, and said, 'Mashallah!'"

but a few weeks after received a polite note inviting me to come down with the new teachers to the examination of the two schools. It was March, and the day appointed proved very stormy and unpleasant. But here was an opportunity to show the people that we do not seek our own pleasure in riding about. My horse slipped and fell on the ice, before we had gone many yards from the konak; but though the wind blew the sleet in our faces, we were so well protected that with the escort of Bedros, we reached the village without much discomfort. Boghos came out to meet us with a hearty welcome, expressing surprise that we had ventured in the storm. "The people had come in from the other villages," he said, "but we were going to send them away, if you did not come, and have the Examination another day!" However, he rubbed his hands in glee that no change was necessary, and we would have encountered much more than that eight or ten miles' ride, in spite of mud and sleet, rather than have caused such a disappointment. The examination of the two schools took place in the chapel at the same time; each in turn going through with an exercise, and both uniting in the singing. Yusef, one of Mr. Williams's students, who had learned Armenian, had charge of the boys, and Marta, one of our pupils, was the teacher of the girls: Each had a written programme, and followed it to the letter in regard to time. Classes were examined in Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Reading, "Spelling down;" and Writing Books were passed around for exhibition. There were also exercises in recitation, declamation, and reading of essays, which were really very creditable; and when one looked back to the state of utter ignorance in which that people were living but four or five years before, the change seemed marvelous.

In the midst of it all, I was pleased to hear a villager call out, "I like this! Go on; I could hear it all day!" The two teachers, standing on either side of the pulpit, were very dignified and self-possessed. They had evidently copied after our City Schools in their plan and conduct of the entire arrangements. At the close, several speeches were made by the brethren, in which most honorable and grateful mention was made of the "'American Board Society,' to whom under God, they as a people owed everything that was good and hopeful for the future."

Misses Seymour and Warfield were obliged to leave with Bedros, an hour or two before it ended, that they might reach the city ere it was dark; and I meanwhile had promised to remain at Hooeli for a few days. I would not have missed one word of those simple speeches, so full of heart, and showing how it develops a people to do for themselves! The beaming looks of satisfaction upon the faces of those plain, substantial men, was worth more than stores of gold! Boghos had provided a stove for the chapel, which was comfortably warm, and he opened the door of Maranos's room to display another, saying, with a smile, "We did get it, you see, after all!" "Yes, and I am glad of it, since it was with your own money!" I replied. And after we had returned to his home, and were talking over the events of the day, he remarked, "The more we do for ourselves, the more we shall realize what the missionaries have done for us!" "That," I said, "is exactly the way with children; I have heard many a mother say that she never knew how much she owed to her parents, till she had a child of her own!"

The "week of prayer" still continued in Hooeli, and that evening the spacious chapel contained a goodly assembly of

earnest men and women for a Prayer and Conference meeting.

When we had returned to the house, the people began to come in, and soon the room was quite filled. A white-haired, venerable-looking man in the corner had taken the big Bible, and when an opportunity offered, he began what I knew would be an endless discussion about "foolish questions," and "words to no profit,"—according to the custom of many Armenians,—by saying: "Varzhoohi, when the angels were spilled out of Heaven, was it because they would not fall down and worship the new-born Son of the Virgin Mary?" Every eye in the room was now turned upon me, and every ear open to catch my answer.

Wishing to "leave off contention before it be meddled with," according to Scripture, I simply answered, "*I don't know; for I was not there!*" The laugh that followed, caused the old man to close the book, nor did he again open his lips, though I afterward understood that he was primed with many equally profound questions with which to gratify his own vanity, and amuse the bystanders. Taking my Testament, I turned to Paul's words to Timothy on that subject of "fables and endless genealogies, which minister questions, rather than godly edifying which is in faith." After a little pleasant conversation, one of the brethren said: "Won't you please teach us that new song that has just come out in the Avedaper?—'Shall we gather at the River?'"—And soon all were singing it, over and over again, never wearying, till my voice grew husky in leading them. At length they left, and I was hoping for a little rest, when Boghos, after going out with some of the brethren, came to me with an air of mystery, and said: "Four or five of us brethren wish to talk with you about a very im-

portant matter." "Why, it is now nearly midnight," I said, looking at my watch. "Well, it won't take more than a few minutes," he replied, and seemed so earnest about it that I could not say him nay. The women were sent out of the room, and to my surprise, the "important matter" was about the selection of a spiritual shepherd. Their preacher had done admirably in laying foundations—he was a natural pioneer; but not so well fitted to "feed the flock."—As they expressed it, "his *stock of feed had run out!*" (and he could not, or would not, study to secure a fresh supply). Long and earnestly these brethren talked of their great needs, and begged for my assistance in securing one—a student upon whom they had set their hearts.

I told them again and again that in such matters I had no voice; but finally, as I felt the force of their arguments, consented to give the weight of my influence in that direction. [It afterward appeared that the man of their choice was elected for Palu—a centre of great importance in a large, outlying district. The account of his ordination, as given by one of the missionaries, was very interesting, especially the "charge," by Pastor Marderos, of Harpoot. "Alluding in a touching way to the youth of the candidate—'the youngest among us on whom hands have yet been laid for this high office'—he went on to say that two memorials would be constantly before him to aid him in remembering his duty. Pointing towards the Euphrates, which flows at the foot of the hill on which the city is built, he said, 'This river witnessed the expulsion of Adam from Paradise, because he forgot the high dignity and responsibility of the position in which God had placed him, and sought his own selfish indulgence.' Again, pointing up to the lofty castle-crowned height which separates the two portions of

the city, and one of whose caves, dug in its rocky summit, Armenian tradition makes the residence of Mesrob, the saintly man who, many centuries ago, gave the nation their alphabet and Bible, and dwelling for a few moments on his history and character, and especially his self-denying, self-forgetful labors to elevate his people, he added, 'HE ONLY IS WORTHY OF REMEMBRANCE ON EARTH WHO FORGETS HIMSELF!'—Words fit to be engraven in letters of gold!"]

During my former visits the entire family had camped down in that which was known as the "living room"; the floor thickly covered over with beds, Maranos, or another of my pupils, sleeping at my feet, and the Badveli on the divan, Haji Anna in one corner, and so on.

Now, however, greatly to my satisfaction, the family adjourned to another room below, and I was left to solitary repose. Though very grateful, I was rather surprised at this, for nothing had so awakened the sympathy and compassion of my pupils as the fact that I had to sleep in a room "all by myself!" An allusion to it brought tears to their eyes at once. The first rays of the cold, gray morning were coming through the window, when I heard the voice of my good host calling, "Come, sister!" This was for the sunrise prayer-meeting in the chapel, which was well attended. At twelve o'clock I went to see the Bible class, which Maranos taught for an hour every day in the same place. There were twenty-five women, forming a semi-circle around her, each with a Reference-Bible in her hands; and the answers they gave to her questions denoted an intelligent study of the Word. Outside the railing sat a row of mothers-in-law and grandmothers, with their Primers, waiting their turn to take a lesson. "At first," said Maranos, "they wept, and felt disgraced to have their 'brides'

uncover their mouths* and speak, or read aloud, in their presence; but now they are quite proud of their progress."

The remainder of the week was spent in family visitation, with meetings for the mothers and children.† Sunday dawned; I was to leave the next morning, and a meeting for the women was announced from the desk, to take place after the second service. As we were going to the chapel, several gay-appearing women met us on the roofs, and one of them, catching my hand, cried: "Come, now, and dance with us, and we will have a merry time!" While speaking to her of

* These women were accustomed to wear a dark kerchief over the lower part of the face, by day and by night, in Summer and in Winter: And it was pitiful to see the blush of shame that mantled their faces when it was first drawn aside,—that their voices might be better heard in reading. When eating or drinking, the head was always turned away, and the mouth screened from observation, especially of the husband's relatives:—Sitting among them, and mentally contrasting their condition with that of the self-styled "lords of creation," I too have felt a sense of degradation, and, for the first time, wished that I had been born a *man!*

† One hundred boys, fifty girls, with twenty-five women, gathered for the first Children's Meeting. Their attention was soon secured by an account of similar meetings at the City: And then I asked, "Children, which do you like best, a *good* boy, or a *bad* boy?" Instantly every voice replied, "A good boy!" "Why? what is it that a bad boy or girl does?" They began to enumerate—"Lying, stealing, swearing, quarrelling,"—and every now and then, as they were set to thinking of more bad things, a bright face was lifted up with a new thought beaming from the eyes. Next came the question, "Which are you?—good, or bad boys and girls?" With one voice they answered, "WE ARE BAD!" "Oh, how sad! but what becomes of bad boys and girls?" and the unqualified and startling answer from many lips was, "*They go to Hell!*" This paved the way for a clear setting forth of the Good Shepherd, and His love and care for the lambs,—whom He will keep from the Destroying Wolf,—if only they follow Him. We closed by singing, "I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold,"—and the mothers (who sat behind) were much affected.

God's command to honor His holy day, some men drew near to listen, and said: "She is right; it is wrong to break the Sabbath;" and it ended in our inviting a number of those women to our meeting that afternoon.

Two hundred Armenian women sat before me, wrapped in their white sheets, at the time appointed. Among these were some whose faces were there seen for the first time. I was speaking of Christ's words, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" and asked the question: "Are you now ready to forsake ALL for Christ?" when, as I paused, a sound came to my ear as of one speaking, and glancing at Haji Anna, who at every meeting sat as near my side as she could get, I saw her hands tightly clasped, and her eyes closed to prevent the gathering tears from falling, and heard her say, "Yes, Jesus, I *will* leave ALL to follow Thee!"

At the close of the meeting, I told the Christian sisters that this was probably my last visit, for the School would soon commence, and I must ere long go to my native land to renew my strength, if I was ever to labor more for their people; adding, that I would like to unite with some of them in prayer. Without waiting, one arose and poured forth her soul in supplication and thanksgiving; and then another and another, till six prayers had been offered. And such prayers! So Scriptural, so elevated, and in such language that I could scarcely credit my hearing; and again I exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!" Could any mere HUMAN TEACHING have accomplished SUCH RESULTS with SUCH MATERIAL, in the space of three or four short years?

The meeting had closed, and the women were lingering a little, as usual, when I said to them: "Sisters, the brethren

have requested me to ask whether you cannot do a little more to help pay off the debt on this chapel. They acknowledge that you have already done nobly; but there is still a debt of eight hundred piastres, and if you and they strain every nerve, they think that every impediment in the way of the Lord's chariot wheels may be removed."

There was a moment's silence, as they looked at one another as if to inquire, "What *can* we do more?" when Haji Anna came to me, and holding up her right arm—upon which was a broad, heavy, and elaborately-wrought silver bracelet - said: "Varzhoohi, will you push out the little slide by which it is clasped?" It had probably never left her arm since placed there in her youthful days (it may be fifty years agone), and the slide was so worn and wedged in with earth by constant wearing at her work in the vineyards, as well as at home, that it was impossible to dislodge it. One of the men (of whom there were always a few lingering around the door, from curiosity, or to pick up the crumbs which fell from the table) was called forward, and by the aid of a nail he succeeded in knocking it out, and the last of Haji Anna's jewels was dropped into the treasury of the Lord! And then commenced such a cutting off of ornaments as I had never yet seen. A bride, who, now that her "Maker" was her "husband," had forgotten, or lightly prized other than the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," took off a very graceful festoon of silver chains and leaves, which hung from her head-dress, upon her forehead; and another detached from her necklace, a beautifully-wrought and expensive "charm," in the form of a triangle (a symbol of the Trinity), embellished with a turquoise and rubies, and containing, as in a locket, a piece of paper with a few magic words, written and blessed by the priest, to preserve

her from the "Evil eye."* But with the Lord for her Preserver and Protector, the superstitious "charm" was no longer needed, and she gladly cast it into His treasury, as a token of her trust and love. A poor, middle-aged woman wore upon her neck a copper chain, upon which was suspended a row of silver coins, so worn by time that the inscription upon them was nearly effaced; and the large ornamental piece in the centre was re-fastened to its time-worn silver lining, by rivets of brass. It looked very ancient, and may have been handed down for many generations in her family; but, although it was the only relic she had left of former times, it was esteemed as nothing in comparison with the infinite and priceless treasures of which she had now become an heir through the Love of her Savior; and for His dear sake she joyfully cast in her little all! I could not utter one word while this wholly unexpected and entirely voluntary contribution was in progress. I had never in my missionary life suggested or even hinted the propriety of taking off one's jewelry in self-denial for Christ's work, for I felt that here, as at home, every conscience must act for itself in such matters.

But my heart was full of praise as I looked, and listened, and wondered at the precious fruits put forth by these new plants of righteousness in the Vineyard of the Lord. A large handkerchief filled with these free-will offerings was given me to carry to the city, to be melted as old silver, and exchanged for coin, consecrated to the Cause of Christ. . . . . As some

* The wearing of a charm is universal in the East. If a Turkish mother has a beautiful boy, and sees some one gazing intently upon him, she is terrified unless he is protected by a charm; lest envy or malice should bring down maledictions upon his innocent head, causing an early death, or all imaginable evil. Favorite horses are also thus protected among all classes.

last words were being exchanged with the dear disciples, Haji Anna came to me, and touching my arm, said: "Come, Varzhoohi, come home; you have preached long enough. You will make your head ache. And as she drew me away, she whispered: "I have some refreshment prepared for you!" Greatly to my surprise, it was a roasted fowl, which she would never have provided at mid-day for her own family. How different this from anything I had ever seen or heard of her in other years, when she rudely, if not scornfully, laughed at the idea of a head-ache, or fatigue from the continual talking and excitement kept up till midnight of every day; and she never dreamed of giving one any food during the day, aside from a bit of cheese and coarse black bread, such as she ate herself. A softening, refining process had surely been going on in her heart, and so gradually that I did not dream that she who was once a bitter opposer had really become a Christian! But that evening, as we were gathered for dinner around the low tray, and I was conversing with her sons about the employments and enjoyments of Heaven, she looked up very wistfully, and said: "Oh, Varzhoohi, do you think that *I* will ever get there?" "Ah, Haji Anna, did I not hear you say to-day that you would 'leave *all* to follow Christ'?" "Yes," she answered, again clasping her hands, "I will forsake *all* to follow Jesus!" "Well, He is the Way; and if you truly follow Him you will surely get there!" She was silent a moment, as if in thought, and then said, with great earnestness: "Varzhoohi, if I ever *do* get there, I'll hold on to you just so!" catching hold of my dress as she spoke. "No, indeed, Haji Anna; you will not cling to me; you will cling to Jesus all the way, and *He* will be the 'chief among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely!'"

And just then, as her veil fell aside a little from her brow, I noticed, for the first time, that the bands of heavy gold coins were not there; and a more scrutinizing glance revealed the absence of ear-rings, necklace, and clasps around her arms; she was divested of every ornament and jewel with which she was wont to appear; and in great surprise, I exclaimed, "Why, Haji Anna, where has all the gold gone?" She made no reply, but smiled, when one of her two "brides," who were serving, bent over her shoulder, and whispered, "*It has all gone where the bracelet went!*" And as I looked again upon the meek and chastened face, once so haughty in its native strength and self-will, the conviction flashed through my mind that God had set His seal upon that soul; that she who bore upon her arm the mark (tattooed) of a pilgrim to the earthly Jerusalem, was now indeed a Christian Pilgrim to the better, even the Heavenly City of the Great King!

Speaking of my return to America, she pleadingly said, "Oh, *don't* go, Varzhoohi! Stay longer and teach us!" And afterwards added, "Why *didn't* the Missionaries come before? If they had only come when I was *young*, I, too, might have worked for Christ!" . . . . Four of the brethren escorted me to the city in the piercing wind of a bleak morning; and as I unlocked the door of my cold room on the roof, and trembling with fatigue, made a fire, thinking all the while of the mother who, in by-gone years, so welcomed, after a brief absence, the return of her child with all the warmth, and love, and comfort of one's own home, it was very difficult to repress an attack of the old home or heart-sickness,—the flood-tide of utter desolation—which sweeps through the soul most frequently when the "flesh is weak." At such times one can derive little comfort from the thought of work done, and treasures laid up in

heaven, in place of the life and strength so freely expended here; for it seems very, very little, the part which *we* have had in it: And the soul finds its only rest in looking away from self and works "unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

A VISIT TO MALATIA.

When the heavy cloud of disease and death had been lifted from the missionary dwellings, no longer calling for days and nights of watching and nursing by the bedsides of our friends,—though the forms of two more precious children lay under the sod, and two more voices were added to the infant choir above,—the three teachers frequently visited the six or eight village out-stations in the vicinity of the city. Mounting our horses after breakfast, and escorted by the faithful Bedros, we sallied forth to examine a school taught by one of our pupils, at the nearest point, and then passed on to another, sometimes arriving just as the day-school was closing for the noon recess. The children were bidden to run home and tell their mothers and sisters that the Varzhoohi had come, and would hold a meeting. In half an hour (by which time we had finished the simple luncheon brought with us) from thirty to sixty women were gathered in the rude place of worship. On one such occasion we arrived at the village of Heulakegh. [The good pastor flew about with more than usual energy to make preparations for the meeting; and as his long blue-cloth outer-garment impeded his movements, he held it back with one hand,* making us realize that, with the new life and enter-

* Very much as ladies gather up their trailing dresses at the present day, bringing to mind an illustration of David's dancing before the

prise inspired by Christianity, there must of necessity come the replacing of that old, effeminate, luxurious, and ease-provoking style of apparel, with the garments worn by the men of civilized races. Nearly all the students and preachers trained by the missionaries in Turkey have now adopted the European dress. But at first they feel very awkward and stiff in their new attire, and the majority of them, it must be confessed, lose much of their former dignity and stateliness, as their stature was apparently increased by the Oriental costume.]

Fully one hundred mothers and children assembled to hear the words of Our Savior. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" was the word upon which our thoughts dwelt; and the conviction that Christ really cares for, and *wants* our love, seemed to come home to those hearts as a wonderful revelation. "*How to show that love*," was the closing theme of discourse, and the sisters in that little branch of Zion promised with tearful eyes to begin to work for other souls around them. [Not many weeks after, Mr. Allen was coming from a Sunday service, and he met eight of these women, each with her Testament, and upon inquiry, found that they had been carrying the Gospel to their less favored sisters in another village.] . . . . The snows of Winter were melting, and the narrow pathways of the city were becoming still more narrow and unpleas-

ark of the Lord, when he laid aside his flowing, kingly robe, and appeared in his tunic and drawers, and Michal—she of the sore heart and bitter tongue—sarcastically said, "How glorious was the King of Israel who uncovered himself to-day, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself!" . . . Hearing the music of a wedding procession entering the city one day, I looked from my window, and saw the aged mother of the bridegroom dancing before the bridal party, now advancing towards them, and now retreating, with hands uplifted, frequently giving a leap in her joy over the marriage of her Benjamin—a very ancient custom not often seen of late years.

ant, when I called, one day, at a house close by the missionary konak, upon a family that belonged to the neither rich nor poor class of society. In a room perhaps eighteen feet square, I was cordially welcomed by the numerous occupants, and given a seat on the cushions which surrounded the "tandour,"—a low frame-work, covered by a carpet, or thick quilt, placed above a depression in the floor, which held a vessel of hot ashes and coals. Around this the family sat, ate, and slept at night (when their feet were extended beneath it for warmth, while their heads radiated in every direction)! The walls were dingy; no plastering or whitewashing concealed the rough clay: The floor was partly covered with pieces of coarse carpet, or matting; and the windows were filled with oiled paper instead of glass. At one side, the aged, paralytic grandfather reclined upon a thin mattress of cotton spread upon the hard floor, his venerable companion hovering near by. The air of the apartment was chilly and penetrating, from the dampness which no fire dispelled. One of the four brides was lying on her bed, with a new-born infant by her side; and a babe three weeks old, belonging to another bride, was sleeping, partly under cover of the "tandour." Seven older children, besides a widowed daughter, and her three little ones, helped to swell the family. After a moment's interchange of salutations, the aged mother said, "How well that you came; I was just asking one of the brides to read." The little, withered form is seated close beside me, and the faded eyes turned with eager interest upon my face, while I read and explain the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm. Presently, the tears begin to roll down the wrinkled face,—for God has made that stony heart soft. The little grandchild, with whose dark hair her hand unconsciously plays, looks up in wonder, as the drops

fall upon his young face: For some years, the strong prejudices of the old people have been gradually dissolving under the powerful rays of Gospel light brought into that house by the four sons—all Christian men. But not till a late day were the first relentings seen. The Spirit of God had been convicting "of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come," and as the old grandmother rocks back and forth, she says, "I have been guilty of every kind of sin; *these hands have stolen—for these children!*" The grandfather,—a sinner of a hundred years, who rebelled against God with a hard heart, and a high hand, now smitten, and helpless,—listens, and weeps, and prays, "*God be merciful to me a sinner!*" What a picture! that once towering form prostrate; that grand head, hoary with the frosts of many Winters, bowed, for the first time, in penitence, at the foot of the cross! Three of the brides belong to the family of Christ (they are members of Mr. Barnum's Bible class), their heads bowed in silent prayer, while the only way of salvation from sin, is plainly set before the parents. Then we kneel around the mercy-seat; and when I have asked the Father's blessing, two of those young women follow in earnest and humble petitions. When I leave, the grandmother begs me to "come often;" to my reply that other houses need me more, for she has "readers" at home; she answers, "Yes, I know; but these also need to be taught and guided; they cannot teach like you." And then she adds, with a tenderness, so unwonted that it touches a hidden chord,—"You are a stranger in a strange land; when your heart is sad, and full of longings for your friends so far away, *come here*, and see the brides, and get your *shut heart open!*" . . . . . When the Spring had opened, and the School was fairly under way, I felt impelled in spirit to visit the city of Malatia, about three days journey

from Harpoot; knowing, also, that it would be good for the new teachers to "paddle their own canoe" for a little while without my assistance, since they must soon assume the entire care and responsibility of the establishment.

At first no escort offered; the missionaries were all too busy, and it would hardly be safe or proper for me to travel so far without their protection. This, however, was provided by the new brother who had so lately recovered from his long and dangerous illness, and had just returned to the study of the language. Then a second obstacle interposed in the failure to secure a muleteer. As a last resort, an appeal was made to Menzar, the blacksmith, who, solely "for the sake of what he and his wife owed to the Varzhoohi" (as he expressed it), consented to become our guide and guard, though it involved the shutting up of his shop for more than a week and the losing of custom thereby. We left on Tuesday, reaching that "City of Gardens" on Thursday, and returning to Harpoot the following Thursday, being absent nine days. Menzar was unwearied in his kindness, walking by my side at every steep place, with hand upon the saddle; and when I thanked him, he said, in his honest way, as he turned his broad, beaming face toward me, "Why, Varzhoohi, I could carry you in my arms all the way for what you have done for my Yeghsa!"

The weather was very propitious, and the change, and travel in the open air, might have proved very beneficial to health, had the night brought with it any repose. We traveled as lightly as possible, taking no encumbrances in the way of bedding, (excepting clean sheets and pillow-cases in our saddle-bags, using the latter for pillows and spreading the former upon carpets, or "yorghans," provided by our landlords wherever we might spend the night.)

By some oversight we had forgotten to take either salt or matches—two indispensables in Eastern travel—and could procure neither at a Koordish village, where we spent the second night after crossing the Northern branch of the Euphrates in a rude ferryboat.

The stable where we were accommodated was also the village place of worship, and twelve or fifteen swarthy Koords came in to perform their Moslem devotions at nine o'clock in the evening. When they had departed, and we had settled ourselves in separate corners of the rude platform, upon the hard beds, or harder ground, and our feeble light was extinguished (a bit of rag burning in a little earthen cup of oil and water), our horses, who were sharing the other end of the apartment with sundry donkeys and cows, began to quarrel in their too narrow quarters. The fire of thorns in the chimney-place had died out, and Menzar had no tinder to strike a light; nor could he rouse the villagers from their heavy sleep to secure any. While the furious and frantic outcries, and rushings to and fro, continued, I could scarcely restrain my mirth at his frequent and stern calls to the unruly animals, intermingled with such emphatic ejaculations as, "Wicked! Cruel! Fools! Cheats!" (which sounded very much like "pious swearing!") Every few minutes the chorus commenced anew, and the good man was greatly exercised about the "poor Varzhoohi," whose peace was thus destroyed; while, though outwardly quiet, I was really apprehensive that our disorderly neighbors might overleap the low railing that separated us, and perform their antics around, if not upon, our heads! The sleepless night wore away; and after a pleasant ride over hills and valleys, and by rippling or rushing streams, we reached Malatia toward evening, and received a cordial welcome from the pastor and his family, and the brethren who speedily came to greet us. . . . . .

Two of our last year's pupils, both young widows, are living in Malatia; one of them finds a home in this family; and at night when we occupy the divans of the pastor's study, where the brethren have congregated till a late hour, Makroh sleeps at my feet.

The time of our coming seems not very propitious for Christian work among the families; for Easter Sunday is near at hand, and the women are all so busy in making the usual preparations, and house-cleaning, that it is unwise to attempt much visitation among them till it is over. So we give ourselves to rest, go to the Turkish bath, and visit the gardens, on Friday; and on Saturday, ride a few miles to see the "Old City," which presents a most desolate and sad spectacle in long streets of deserted and ruined dwellings, khans, shops, churches, and mosques, some of which were fine buildings in their day. As in Arabkir, Turkish soldiers were quartered upon the city during a civil war (waged between the Moslems and the Koords), and the inhabitants fled to their gardens, leaving the work of pillage to go on unhindered, till the town was left a desolation, to which they never returned. But Malatia, at the present day, is said to contain a population of forty thousand; twice as large as Arabkir, and almost a third larger than Harpoot. It abounds in fruit, and nearly every garden around each dwelling, has a gushing spring of the purest water.

Sunday morning dawns, and the city is all astir; every family, of the Christian inhabitants, revels in colored eggs and Easter cakes. But as the Moslems are inimical to all this rejoicing and display, and the more fanatical, delight to annoy and vex the Christians at such times, a number of cavasses, or soldiers, acting as policemen, are sent by the Government to the various places of worship; and the Protestant

chapel (which is the lower part of the house occupied by the pastor's family) is surrounded by these officials, nothwithstanding all protests to the contrary: It is Communion Sunday, and but very few women make their appearance; in fact, the work in Malatia hitherto, has been chiefly among the men, the women in general having held themselves aloof from the teaching of the truth. It appears that in many a large household, there is but one avowed Protestant. But these Protestants seem to be at work for the Master. At the close of the afternoon service, there is a report from their Bible and Missionary Society. Several of them have been in the habit of selling Bibles and other good books in the market, carrying them thither in baskets for that purpose, and they have met with encouraging success. Our good Menzar is all interest, while the brethren give details of their efforts to sow the Gospel-seed; and when an opportunity offers, he tells them his own experience, and method of spreading the Gospel leaven, which seems to be just what they need. At the close of the services, the pastor announces that "the Varzhoohi from Harpoot will visit every house on the morrow, and that word must be given to the women to be at home, and also invite in their neighbors to receive her." On Monday morning, at an early hour, accompanied by Makrohi, and a boy to take charge of my horse, we commenced the round of visits. At the first place, cushions and carpets have been spread upon the veranda, and fifteen or twenty women are gathered to receive us (and without seeming to see, we are conscious of the presence of several men, who sit within the room, and listen, screened by the curtains of the windows). The reading of a few verses of Scripture, and singing, "Come to Jesus," (in which they soon unite) with a few earnest words

in connection with its proof texts, occupies fifteen minutes, and then we go on to another house. There we gather in the garden, beneath the trees, or near a fountain, and the sound of singing invariably brings fresh accessions to our numbers. Some of the women follow us from place to place, and much interest is manifested by all. No one seems rude or disposed to quarrel with our teachings, and before many hours we feel sure that God has gone before by His Holy Spirit, and prepared the way. At the house of one of the grandees of the place, we meet a fine-looking woman who at first manifests great indifference; she is a widow, and her husband, who was a Protestant, and a man of property, had lately fallen dead in the street from disease of the heart. When I tell her that my father died as suddenly from the same cause, her interest is awakened, and she inquires, "How did your mother bear it?" That opens her heart, and prepares the way for a presentation of the truths which so comforted that mother in her affliction: and she cannot hear enough! In other houses are aged women tottering on the brink of the grave, who listen to the Gospel as a starving man clutches the offered bread!

Tears roll down their withered cheeks, as one after another say again and again, "Tell me a little more, what I must do to be saved!" Even following us with feeble steps into the court-yard, still uttering that tremulous cry, till our hearts are melted.

At one such place, the aged mother moans out, "Oh! why didn't you come before! *why didn't* you come before! It is *so late* for me to learn the way!" When my own strength is nearly exhausted with so much speaking, I ask Makrohi to pray; the tears gush from her eyes, and

as soon as she can command herself sufficiently to speak, she says, "Varzhoohi, I can't do it! I never saw or heard anything like this before, and my heart is wholly melted!" At many of the houses they beg us to stay till they can "prepare a table,"—that is, refreshment. This we decline till we are obliged to have a respite, and are entertained in one of the neatest Armenian houses that we have ever entered. The mistress is a notable and thrifty housewife; a pile of superior bedding, with much elaborate embroidery upon the covers, in what is called "applique," (precisely the style of that exhibited at "Castle Glamis," Scotland—where the tragedy of Macbeth occurred—as the handiwork of Mary Queen of Scots) attests her industry and that of her two brides. While they are preparing the meal, she takes her seat by my side, and says, to my earnest solicitations that she should learn to read, "If I believed as you do, *how I would work!*" "BELIEVE, then; and show us your faith by your works! You have plenty of time; there are no children to keep you at home, and your husband and sons, who are Protestants, would be rejoiced!" "We shall see;" she replies, and we can only pray that God will water the seed sown, that it may not be choked by worldliness, and soon wither away. At every place, we have urged upon the women, both old and young, the necessity of learning to read the Word of God for themselves; and many have promised to begin. Makrohi is to follow up this work as a "Bible woman," and we tell her, as we pass from one group to another, the course she is to pursue, in her future labors among them:—"Take down the name of every learner, in a blank-book, and provide teachers from the children of the day-school. Apportion to each boy or girl as many as they can well

teach, and follow up their daily lessons with stated and frequent visits, to note progress and faithfulness on the part of both teacher and pupils, at which times there will be an opportunity to impart more spiritual instruction." . . . . . At nightfall we returned to the pastor's house too weary to tell of that which had made us so glad; and at eight o'clock the next morning, a great company of the brethren, accompanied by many of our new-found friends among the women, escorted us out of the city, mounted on horses, mules, and donkeys, making a gay party; and when we were beyond the town, they joined in singing several Sunday-school songs. After an hour, we parted, with many warm thanks on their part, and went on our way rejoicing.

Two more sleepless nights were ours on the return. But never did I so realize the blessedness of fellowship with the sufferings of Christ as in one of those wretched khans! His Presence and Glory seemed to fill the place! The filth, the vermin, and the hard couch were all forgotten; and nothing that *I* had ever endured, seemed worthy the name of self-denial, as I thought of the God-man, "born of a woman," in just such a stable! That to Him who had left the purity and holy companionship of His "Father's House," this earth, with the hearts of men laid open to His gaze, must have seemed a very *hell!* Ah, He must often have sought the mountain-tops, not only to breathe its purer atmosphere, and pray for a lost and ruined world, but also for communion with His Father (far from the haunts of men) with a heart that was *homesick* for Heaven! . . . . . A few weeks passed away, and a letter came from the Malatia pastor, to one of the missionaries, saying, "There has been a great awakening among the women of this city since the

visit of the Varzhoohi. Forty new women are learning to read, and many children are gathered into the day-schools." A few weeks later he wrote again, "There are now sixty women learning to read the Word of God!" This was confirmed by letters from Makrohi, giving particulars of the work which made her "feet weary, but her heart glad!" Ere long eighty women were reported on her list, taught by the "little teachers" of the day-schools, whose instructions she was faithfully following up; though the great distances between the Protestant houses involved many long walks, causing her to return at night "so tired, that she thought she could never go again; but every morning found her fresh and vigorous for her new day's work."

About this time a certain student of some maturity, was expecting to leave the Seminary for a distant part of the field, and he needed a good wife to help him in his future labors. Makrohi seemed the very one, and the only suitable companion for the candidate. Various endeavors were made by the Badvelis to bring her to Harpoot without making known the real motive. But, when every invitation and call had failed, a letter was written to her, and to the Pastor at Malatia, stating the merits and urgency of the case. An answer was received within a week or two. They had both considered the subject, and laid it before the Lord, "with fasting and prayer," and Makrohi wrote as her final conclusion, "I HAVE A GREAT WORK, AND CANNOT COME DOWN!"

MEETING OF THE EVANGELICAL UNION AT HARPOOT.

April 20th was a great and glorious day in Harpoot! And I made a few hurried notes while looking and listening in the chapel, to the pastors and delegates of the Evangelical Union,

of whom there was an imposing array. The Meeting opened with religious exercises. A list of members and delegates in attendance was read by the Secretary, followed by the minutes of the last meeting, held at Diarbekir. Pastor Marderos, who presided with as much dignity and propriety as any Moderator or Chairman of similar assemblies at home, left the Chair, that he might present the subject of a "National School, to be supported by the people;" and a most interesting and able letter written by his wife, in regard to the future training of the daughters of Armenia, was read, and received special attention.

The plan stated by B. Marderos was this: that the pastors give their tenths for the support of the teachers, and the churches send and support the pupils. The meeting was then open for free discussion. The hearty approval of some, and the fears of others, were stated, in which many facts were brought out. One had given to or for the Virgin Mary, in former years; and another gave a certain proportion of his gains to his Old Church till he became a Protestant; he *now* gives a tenth to the Lord. The Arabkir pastor told of his fears the last Autumn; but now his people had come up, and he thought that he could promise from them the support of two pupils.

Hagop Agha, one of the converts during the revival, who had given one thousand piastres in the Winter, spoke well.—Evening, half-past seven o'clock. A noble assembly. Meeting open to all for free communication of thought. The subject of National School continued. A brother from Heulakegh first spoke, in a simple, heart-stirring way. The Malatia pastor next, a good, soul-reviving address; his theme, the influence of pastors in giving tenths. The Heulakegh pastor told of dropping the thought of tenths into the minds of his people.

Then a "poor brother" from Shepik, said he had given first fifty, and now four hundred piastres; adding, "Let me not be proud; to God be all the glory! And, brethren, I don't feel it; I can't say it has left a place (a hole).—Can't tell any more; dropped in to see and hear." Sarkis Agha, the head of the Protestants in Sivas, said, "I had heard of the 'Union,' and thought it was a little thing, not much; but now that I have seen and heard for myself, my heart is full of joy. THIS IS THE TRUE WAY! How I wished, as I sat here, that our people at Sivas could all be with me, to see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears! We must join you in this effort, that God may bless us also." To which several voices responded, "Amen!" The Perchenj pastor next spoke of a brother coming to him to know his duty about giving tenths; and of his own feelings, adverse to that method: Finally, he gave his name, and immediately five of the brethren sent up their names; two women weeping, sent up their names (pledging to pay their tenths), and one said, "When I am dead, all my property shall be the Lord's!" Another woman pledged herself to pay one of every ten piastres which she should earn in her daily labor. The pastor from Cesarea, in Cappadocia, of the Western Mission, spoke in Turkish, from the words, "When I am weak, then am I strong;" followed by the pastor from Aideierman, in the Southern Mission. Then one of the lay delegates made a good speech, and very encouraging, of "staying up" the pastors' hands. Hagop Agha's prayer, alluded to "coming out of Egypt and slavery." The Missionary Hymn was sung. Speech of a helper, "I give myself, my tenths, life, time, honor, *all* to the Lord!" The President's speech about the missionaries: "When the people are independent, they will appreciate the worth of, and love the mis-

sionaries ten times more than before; and we shall work together in harmony and love." Several brief addresses were made by laymen, showing that the pastor must set his people the example; must lead, if he wishes them to follow. Mr. Williams followed his missionary brethren in a few pertinent remarks about the impelling motive—LOVE TO CHRIST; that we love those for whom we suffer and sacrifice something; illustrating the truth by a touching story, and ending with the words, "So Christ loves to have us bring the offerings which He can show to the Father, and say, 'HERE IS THE EVIDENCE OF THE LOVE OF THE SOULS FOR WHOM I DIED.'" Solemn attention was given till the close of the meeting. . . . . In reviewing such gatherings, and the more intimate acquaintance which constant contact with the inner life and thought of the people affords the missionary, and the POWER THEREBY GAINED FOR GOOD IN WORK AMONG THEM, one is deeply impressed with the paramount importance of CHRISTIAN COURTESY in all our intercourse and relations. The consciousness that the Missionary *respects* their abilities, tastes, prejudices, and customs, has a wonderfully elevating influence, and opens their hearts to receive his teachings as nothing else could do. . . . . It is well for a new missionary to know that, much as we pride ourselves upon our superior civilization, many of our customs are as disgusting to an Oriental as some of theirs to us. The dipping of one's hands into the water again and again, in washing—instead of having it poured upon the hands—they regard as very uncleanly. And stories are circulated among them, by those who have visited European and American homes, of other practices (certainly not the most conducive to health), which they regard with unqualified disgust. A number of the *Missionary Herald*, dated in 1825, gives an incident

related by Dr. Jonas King, in his travels through Syria. He and his companions had reached a kahn at the close of a weary day, and reclined upon their carpets to rest, when a party of high Turks, sitting opposite, seemed much disturbed, and repeatedly called out to them with opprobious epithets: As they did not change their position, one of the Moslem attendants came and bade them remember that they were in the presence of Turks. When this produced no effect, he was greatly enraged, and spat upon them! This treatment the "Franks" accepted as "persecution for righteousness' sake;" when, in fact, they had grossly insulted the Turks (by stretching out their feet in their presence); who, in turn, showed the "infidel dogs" the greatest possible indignity in their power.

BLIND HOHANNES, THE WALKING CONCORDANCE

One day, soon after my arrival at Harpoot, I stepped into Mr. Wheeler's study, and there saw a man of rather insignificant appearance, whose sightless eyes were painful to behold. "This is blind Hohannes," said the Badveli, "and he wishes to enter the Seminary; what do you say to our admitting him?" "Does he know the Bible?" I inquired. "Oh, yes; they say that he has it at his tongue's end! indeed, he is so ready in quoting chapter and verse, that the Protestants call him 'Hamapapar'"—Concordance. "If that is the case, I should admit him; for the very fact of his being blind, would, I should judge, attract and interest many in his preaching."

I shall ever remember hearing Hohannes preach his first sermon in the pulpit of the Harpoot church! It was an excessively warm Sunday, and in his excitement the great drops of perspiration rolled down his face; but the poor man had not prepared himself with a handkerchief for the occasion, and

our sympathies were much excited in his behalf. Hohannes was not gifted in speech or intellect; and some of the students were inclined to look down upon their "weak brother;" but God was preparing him for a great work among his people. He was extremely fond of music, and his little, squeaking fiddle was his constant companion and valuable *helper* in introducing the Gospel among his countrymen. In my Winter visits to the villages I often came across his track, and never failed to hear his "Come, now, Varzhoohi, teach us that new tune!" on our return from an evening meeting. After Hohannes finished his course of study,—and I can see him now in the class-room leaning upon his staff, and listening intently to his teacher's instructions,—he was stationed at Shepik, a miserably poor little village, not far from Arabkir, where God greatly blessed his ministry.

He lately visited Harpoot, and preached his Sermon on Tithes. And as I listened to that remarkable discourse, I wished that friends at home could have looked upon the assembly, to witness for themselves the interest of the people. The blindness of the preacher added to the impression. Saying, "We will *read*," such a chapter or hymn, he would repeat the same word for word. When he called upon the people to read, it was for their sake rather than his own; and when the reader had reached the point he desired, he never failed to say "Stop!" that he might take it up just there. Doubtless many a more learned and talented man, among those educated by missionaries, would look with pity akin to contempt upon this poor preacher, who has little book-knowledge except of his blessed Bible; but ah, how far above them he stands in this respect!—making us realize afresh, that a missionary, of all others, needs to be a "*discerner of spirits!*"—This one Book

is his Theological Library. It is his study by day and by night, and he is really a WALKING CONDORDANCE !*

The preacher commenced his discourse by repeating that striking passage in Malachi, "Will a man *rob God?* Yet ye have robbed Me: but ye say, Wherein have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings."—He then, in few words, told us that he proposed to show from the Word of God that the giving of a tenth to the Lord was a primitive institution, attended with great benefits and blessings to the givers, and perpetuated and enforced under the New Dispensation no less than the Old.

"Open your Bibles," he said, "at the 14th chapter of Genesis, and let some one read the 18th and 20th verses." Bibles were instantly opened all over the house, and the passage read, in clear tones, by one of the congregation. "Abraham gave tithes to Melchizedek," said the preacher, "more than four hundred years before the giving of the law to Moses :—Abraham, the 'father of the faithful,' whose children the Jews gloried in being—Abraham, whom even Moslems honor and called 'The Blessed.'"

"Now turn to the 28th chapter and read the 20th, 21st, and 22d verses." Jacob's vow was read, concluding with the words, "And of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth to Thee." He then rapidly drew the contrast between Jacob's *going* to Padan-aram—alone, and in utter destitution —and the *return*, with his flocks and herds and camels, men-servants and maid-servants; for the man had increased exceedingly, in spite of the covetousness of Laban. "And now," he said, "open at the 27th of Leviticus, and read the 30th verse. "'And all the tithes of the land *is the Lord's*,'" repeated the preacher,—"nine-tenths for yourselves, but one-tenth is holy

* This account was first written for the *Missionary Herald.*

unto the Lord. Open at Numbers xviii., and read the 20th, 21st, 26th, 28th, and 29th verses." This was done, and then Hohannes briefly commented upon each verse. He said that the Levites, who ministered in the house of the Lord, were to have no part or inheritance in the *land*, for the *tithes* of the people were to be their inheritance; and of these tithes, *they* were to offer a *tenth* to the Lord, "even of all the Best thereof!" "Read Deut. xiv. 22, and xxvi. 12. See the abundant provision made, not only for the Levites, but also for the 'stranger, the fatherless, and the widow.' Read also 2 Chron. xxxi. 4–10, where the people are described as obeying the command of God, and bringing in '*abundantly*' of the 'increase of the land.' And the chief priest answered King Hezekiah, when he questioned him concerning the '*heaps*' —'Since the people began to bring the offerings into the house of the Lord, we have had enough to eat, and have left plenty; for the Lord hath blessed his people, and that which is left is this great store.'"

"Now read Nehemiah xiii. 10th, 13th, and 14th verses. Mark the contrast! The people no longer gave tithes;—the house of the Lord was desecrated, and the Levites had forsaken their sacred office, and '*fled*, every one to *his own* FIELD!' And now," said the preacher, "we will turn to the New Dispensation. Open at the 23d of Matthew and read the 23d verse: 'These *ought* ye to have done, and *not* to leave the other undone,' are our blessed Savior's words to the Scribes and Pharisees. Ye do well to pay *tithes*,—it is your duty,—but ye ought also to do judgment, mercy, and faith. Now turn to Luke xi. 42: 'Wo unto you Pharisees, for ye tithe . . . . all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God: *these ought ye to have done*, and not to leave other undone.' Read

Luke iii. 7–12: 'Bring forth fruits *worthy* of *repentance*,'" repeated the preacher. "John the Baptist was a connecting link between the Jewish and the Gospel dispensations, and he spake as he was moved by the Spirit of God,—'Now also is the axe laid at the *root* of the tree.' What tree? It was nothing less than the tree—the ROOT—of SELF and SELFISHNESS! What this good fruit is He tells us in the 11th verse: 'He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat (food), let him do likewise.' Where now remains the TENTH?" he exclaimed. "Under the New Dispensation, not one-tenth merely, but ONE-HALF is required!" (At this announcement there was an evident sensation in the audience; many a face lighted up with a smile, as the electric current shot through the assembly.)

The preacher continued: "Read now the 6th of Luke, 38th verse: 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.' *Give*, and you shall have the wherewithal to give! Shut your hand and your heart, and you shut the windows of heaven; you keep back the blessing of God. See what Christ says in Luke xii. 33: 'Sell that ye have and give alms,' which means—consider yourselves as *stewards* of God's grace on the earth; seeking your inheritance in the world to come. You are to set light store by your earthly possessions, and lay up Treasure in Heaven. Now read Luke xiv. 33." Slowly and solemnly the preacher repeated the words of the Master, "'So likewise, whosoever he be of you that *forsaketh not* ALL that he hath, he CANNOT be my disciple!' Ah, my brethren," he said, "it is not merely a *tenth*, or even a *half* of our worldly possessions that Christ claims, *it is our* ALL! Think upon the *meaning* of those words. It is thus He speaks to you: 'If you wish to be my disciple, you *must count the cost!* You cannot serve *two* masters. You

must give up everything that the children of this world seek after. You must hold yourselves *aloof* from your earthly possessions (the Armenian version of the text quoted from Luke xiv. 33), holding to them *loosely*, setting your affections on things above. Your comfort, pleasure, honor, ease, yea, your *very life*, you must esteem as *nothing* in comparison with My Service! And in thus losing *all* you will find ALL, and that for ever!"

"Open your Bibles at Matthew xix. 29, and at Mark x. 29, and read the glorious promise to those who truly '*forsake all*' for Christ and His Cause. See," exclaimed Hohannes, after solemnly repeating the passage, "see how Rich the Reward! A hundred-fold in this life, and *life everlasting* beside! Now open at Luke xix., read from the 2d to the 10th verse. Note the words of Zaccheus: 'The half of my goods I give to the poor'—and mark the answer of our Savior. But what say you? Is salvation to be *bought with money?* We all know that it is 'without money, and without price.' Why then this blessing upon Zaccheus?" "Because," answered one of the congregation, "the *giving* was the fruit of his *faith!*" "Yes," rejoined the preacher, "Zaccheus brought forth fruit worthy of true repentance, and immediately received the promised blessing.

"Now let me tell you a story. When I was in the class in sermonizing, in the Seminary, our teacher was very anxious that we who were soon to go forth as Preachers, and perhaps become Pastors, should work upon right principles; and he often talked to us of our duty, as leaders, to teach the people to do for themselves. He sometimes told us of places where much money (of the American Board) had been expended by missionaries, and little real good accomplished, because the people

had not been taught to give for Christ's cause. 'In one little village,' he said, '40,000 piastres of the Board's money was spent, the people giving only 50 piastres during thirteen years! And the work in that place amounts to nothing, to-day, in consequence of this unwise course.'

"It so happened, that when my course of study was finished, I was appointed to that village. It was the last place I should have chosen. I had no desire to go to that field, but God had so ordered, and I went. The missionaries told me that my wages would be 1,500 piastres per year,* of which the people were to raise 600 piastres; and before I left, Badveli Wheeler took me aside, and counselled me to make it as easy for the people as possible, by eating at their houses, because it would come hard to them at *first* to do so much. Soon after I went there, a neighboring pastor came over to the village, and we held a meeting with the brethren. We talked about my support, and it seemed that they had, with much difficulty, subscribed 500 piastres per year. I told them the missionaries had said they would raise 600. '*Never!*' they exclaimed, 'we cannot raise another *para!*' And Pastor M. said it was impossible—they were too poor. 'Where then, shall I get my other hundred?' I asked. 'We will help you from our place,' he answered.

"But my mind was not at rest. That night I thought much on the subject. I said to myself—'Suppose the American Board should some day withdraw its support from this and other feeble churches, what will become of them?' And I prayed: 'O Thou who knowest all things, and with whom are all plans, show Thy ignorant servant how Thy kingdom can best be established in this land.' And it seemed to me that a voice

* Sixty dollars. The piastre is about four cents.

said, in my soul—'It can be done, *by giving one in every ten!*' When I thought it over, it occurred to me to test it first in my own case. One tenth of my 1,500 per year would be 150 piastres. 'No!' I said, 'I can't give as much as that; I should suffer for it.' But when I came to take it out of every *month's* allowance, it did not seem so much. 'One tenth of my 125 per month, will be 12½ piastres; *I can do it*,' I said, 'and *I will*, even if I do have to pinch a little!'* It happened that Pastor Bedros visited us about that time, and I laid the subject before him. 'It can be done,' he said, 'and it must be. I will give a tenth of my salary.' And so said Preacher Hagop, who also came over. 'Well, then,' I said, 'do you think it will do for me to lay it before the brethren?' 'Yes,' they replied, 'it is the best thing you can do.' So I prepared myself and preached to the people on the next Sabbath. The Lord blessed His own word. They accepted it, and came together to be 'written' for their tithes. When we made a rough estimate, it appeared that their *tenths* would amount to more than my entire salary! 'Why, how is this?' they all said; 'it was *so hard* before, but now it comes very easy, and is truly pleasant.'

"Now, to show you how God blessed that little flock, I will mention one case. There was one of the brethren who had a vegetable garden, which the Turkish official, in writing down the taxes, had estimated at 900 piastres (for that year's produce), taxing him 90 piastres. Others said it was too much; it would not produce that amount. But mark the fulfilment of the promise in Malachi iii. 10. That brother sold 3,000 piastres' worth of vegetables, besides what was eaten by a household of thirty-two persons, and given away, amounting to full 3,000

* Hohannes had no family to support.

more.* Others were also blessed, and all acknowledged that they had never known a year of such prosperity. The people not only supported their Preacher and School-teacher, but also paid over 2,000 piastres for other purposes."

The preacher was about to close his discourse, when a member of the congregation arose, and asked permission to say a few words. "I have learned," he said, "from one of the missionaries at Oorfa, another truth which has great weight in this giving of one-tenth of our income to the Lord. Under the old dispensation, the Jews were only required to care for their own nation, but under the New Dispensation the Command is, 'GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE!' Therefore a *tenth* is not enough for Christians to give." To this the preacher responded: "A *tenth* is the *very least* that a disciple of Christ can give. Over and above that, he should give as God prospers him." "And now," he added, "let us seek the aid of the Holy Spirit, that we, and all our offerings, may find acceptance before God."

It is difficult to do justice to a scene and a sermon so unique. When that sightless man was led up into the pulpit, his appearance was anything but attractive. He looked rough and uncared-for; quite inferior in person. But he had a Message from the Lord of Hosts, and well did he deliver it; reminding one of the words: "God hath Chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are DESPISED, hath *God* CHOSEN."

It was worth much to see and hear one who had been so evidently taught of the Spirit, and made the honored instrument of laying a new foundation-stone for the building of Christ's

* As we left the chapel, Maranos whispered, "It is all true, for that story was about my father."

Church throughout the world! For the new ray of light that dawned in that obscure village of Armenia, two years since, has begun to radiate from many distant points, and we believe that it will solve the problem of the support of Christian institutions in all lands, and hasten the day when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God. Well may every worker in foreign lands say, with Jesus: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." The following brief statement of the influence exerted by this abstract of Hohannes's discourse is copied from a leading journal.*

When we learned a year or two later, that Blind Hohannes had gone from earth to the Work and Worship of the heavenly world, we could but feel that he was taken away from the evil to come. It is not in human nature, even when under the influence of renewing grace, to endure, without injury, the

* The January number of the *Christian Work*, a standard English missionary publication, reprints with due acknowledgment, from the *Missionary Herald*, blind Hohannes' Sermon on Tithes, with the suggestion that it be circulated by hundreds of thousands among the Christian people of England. There is hardly anything more remarkable in the history of modern missions than the influence God has been pleased to give to this poor blind man, set to laboring as best he could in one of the poorest mountain villages of the interior of Turkey. His words, enforced by his humble spirit of self-sacrifice, have proved a power in the hearts of the native Christians from the Bosphorus to the Tigris; have been repeated on the plains of India, in China, and Africa; (and translated into Welsh have awaked a great interest all over Wales), causing the establishment of several churches with pastors supported by the people, read with interest by thousands in this country, and are now urged upon the attention of Christians in Great Britain. The kindly sympathy of the gospel shown by the missionaries at Harpoot to one of the "little ones," is bearing the most precious fruit.

praise and applause of the world. And had the good man lived to know what results were accomplished by his setting forth of the truth which God had imparted to him, it might have puffed him up with pride and conceit.* It is a painful fact that such has been the result in other cases, where those who had been trained by missionaries to preach the Gospel among their own countrymen, have read or heard so much in praise of their ability and usefulness, that the balance of their mental equilibrium had been greatly disturbed. "I can write a sermon in fifteen minutes, which will take Mr. —— two hours," exultingly said one of the young Armenian preachers who had been petted and praised by that generous and magnanimous missionary. "Miss S., when are you going to write about me?" asked a young Hindoo girl of her teacher, after reading (in English) an interesting account of a school-mate, published in a missionary periodical. And we have heard of others who looked through such journals to find their own names; and of still others, who could not appreciate the true motive of the

* The eulogiums and laudations which one often hears, and reads of living personages ("tormented before their time,") according to the custom now so prevalent,—calls to mind the experience of an eccentric character who had always insisted that every man ought to hear his own funeral sermon, since it concerned *him* more than anybody else! So, when he was very ill, and sure that he was "elected to die," he sent his good wife to the old minister, who kindly complied with the novel request; and when he had prepared the sermon, came with all gravity to read it by his bedside. "I never was much given to being proud, or sot up," said the old man (who lived to tell the story,) "but that sermon almost did the business for me!—To think of the church crowded full of people, and some standing in the aisles, and me, lying there in my coffin, and the minister looking down from the pulpit, and saying all that for an hour! Why, I almost *backslode!* I came mighty nigh falling from grace! I tell you, if there's anything that 'll make a man *sot up*, it's HEARING HIS OWN FUNERAL SERMON!"

missionaries in publishing the details of their work, and attributed the entire enterprise to a desire for fame!

Blind Hohannes died at the village of Havadoric, an outstation of Bitlis; which a colporteur had reported but a short time before, as being a "heaven on earth." "In that village of but forty houses among the mountains, where a few years since the people were notorious as robbers and murderers, now how changed," writes Mr. Knapp. "Sixty are learning to read, some of whom are upwards of *eighty* years of age! I spent a night in that village last Fall, and while I sat out of doors talking with the villagers about the necessity of educating their sons and daughters, I noticed a couple of the latter who came tugging up the exceedingly steep mountain, each with a ponderous load of brush-wood and roots upon her back, which had been gathered upon the adjoining hills. As they threw down their loads near my feet, panting for breath, and the perspiration flowing from their faces, an old man turned round and said, 'Educate our *daughters!* Why, if we should do that, *who would bring our wood?*' . . . . . They are having religious meetings every day, and are collecting stones from the mountain sides, hoping to build a chapel in the Spring." Only a few days later the same pen records the death of the faithful worker.

"Hohannes died after three or four days illness. He was apprehensive that he should not survive, and spent much of his time in giving counsel to his little flock, and in making arrangements for the future comfort of his wife. So calm was he, and so confident of his approaching end, that he gave special directions as to his burial, and had himself clothed in the apparel in which he wished to be interred. Preacher Garabed went with some of the Christian brethren from Moosh to officiate at the last sad offices of burial, expecting, as usual in such cases,

to meet with much opposition from the Armenians (who refuse a place in their cemeteries to Protestants). But so completely had Hohannes won their hearts during the four months of his labors among them, that, greatly to the surprise of Garabed and his party, they found that the Old Church Armenians vied with the Protestants in honoring the departed, and especially in seeing that his last requests were carried out to the letter. The Armenians were genuine mourners with the Protestants at his grave, which they allowed in their own burial-place. He was greatly beloved by all classes, and the Christians of that now stricken village deeply mourn his removal. Hohannes earnestly besought us to throw our influence in favor of the tithing system; and he *practiced* what he preached. His salary, necessarily on an economical basis, was only $8 a month; and although he had a wife and a lad to support from this, he gave, without fail, one-tenth into the "store-house," leaving $7.20 for the monthly support of his family. . . .

In looking over the columns of the *Missionary Herald*, and noting some of the far-reaching results of the life and work of him who, without danger of spiritual pride, will reap its fruits through all eternity, we find an account of an Evangelical Union in the Mahratta Mission, India, with addresses by native preachers on the "setting aside, and giving of a tenth of every one's income for religious uses, as the *minimum*." The question under discussion was, "How can our churches become Self-Supporting?" and one of the leading native pastors said, in substance, as follows: "How does it happen that such a question arises in regard to our churches? Do not Christians provide for their own temporal support? Their *souls* are certainly as much their own as their bodies! People of other religions and Christians of other lands support their own relig-

ious teachers. Why should not Christians here do the same? Does Christianity seem to them of so little value that they are unwilling it should cost them anything? Not so; but there is a proverb which says, 'Who will go afoot when he has a horse to ride?' And in like manner, why should we be at any expense in religious matters when the Mission is so ready to bear it all for us? This leads to another question: Why did the Mission at first assume this expense? and why have they borne it till the present time, instead of calling upon us to take it? . . . Unfortunately the result of this course has proved most disastrous for us. . . . . We have grown up from infancy to maturity, increasing from half a dozen to as many hundreds, and from one to twenty-three churches. The cost of supporting our pastors and our schools has largely increased, but we seem to ourselves utterly unable to lift the burden a finger's breadth. Our indulgent mother (the Mission) must still carry us in her arms, for she and we both think that we cannot yet walk alone! *Had we been accustomed, from the first, to give according to our ability, the ability to give would have increased with our growth, and to-day we might have been able to bear the whole burden!* . . . . What if this support on which we are leaning were suddenly withdrawn, where would it leave us? We cannot expect it to be always continued. It behooves us, then, as wise men, to set things in train for SELF-SUPPORT! . . . . If we take hold in earnest, and make proper exertions, we can bear all the ordinary expenses of our Christian institutions. . . . Did we not buy those lifeless, good-for-nothing idols, build temples for them, and pay for their consecration and worship? Did we not provide the turmeric, frankincense, flowers, lamps, and meat-offerings for the ordinary worship, and special gifts for the festal days of our fictitious

household gods? And the still heavier expenses of sacrifices, oblations, and feasts for the numerous worshippers—did we not bear these also? The bootless cost of long pilgrimages; the fees and ritual expenses, incurred at such places, did we not pay them all? And how much did we give for hearing the legends, purans, kirttans, and other recitations? How much went for needless funeral rites, lunar observations, and feasts for the dead? How much to fortune-tellers, etc., etc." . . . Such testimony from *one of themselves*, is worth infinitely more to Foreign Missions than volumes of sermons by outsiders! When Mr. Williams was in Mosul, last Winter, he heard that there was a Frank traveler stopping at one of the city khans. He called, and found an English banker, who had been spending a year in India for his health. As a Christian man he was deeply interested in Missions, and inquired how the Cause was prospering in that part of the world. When told of the efforts put forth by the Protestant Armenians to support their own (Gospel) institutions, he said, with much emphasis: "THAT IS THE TRUE WAY! As a business man, I have watched the Mission-work in various parts of India, and it is my settled conviction that, where the people are not willing to practice self-denial, and do for themselves, there is no real foundation to the work among them. In the end it will prove a humbug!"

Some of the facts which have lately come to light respecting the giving of a tenth to the Lord by the people of Harpoot and its vicinity are so remarkable that they border on the marvelous. The good pastor of Heulakegh says: "I hardly dare to mention it, lest it should provoke a smile of incredulity, but it is a fact which my own eyes have witnessed too often to be deceived; any one who chooses to glance over the fields of growing grain around our village, can tell those of the *Protest-*

ant tithe-payers by their *excellent condition*, while many of those adjoining have been injured, and present a very different appearance." The business of raising silk is very precarious, almost as uncertain as a lottery; but "*this year* the silk-worms of the Harpoot Protestants (all tithe-payers) have been in fine condition, while Armenians and Turks, engaged in the business at the same place, have suffered a total loss. The chief objection to Protestants engaging in the business is, that for four or five weeks the worms must be fed and cared for on Sunday. The worms, however, are dormant once in eight or ten days, requiring no labor on that day. And it has so happened *this year* that the worms belonging to the Protestants *slept on the Sundays*, thus freeing our brethren from work on that day! We have made inquiry among silk cultivators to learn whether there is any law or habit by which the period of their sleeping can be controlled, but without success. Though we do not predicate anything upon these facts," writes Mr. Barnum, "they seem quite remarkable, and have attracted much attention here." It was not a little amusing to learn that two Turks, in another place, having noticed the unusual prosperity of the Protestants, and attributing it to their new principle of giving a tenth to God, secretly came and begged to have "their names written" as tithe-payers also! Many of the brethren have been so unusually prospered since commencing this consecration of their property to the Lord, that they say their nine-tenths will be more than the *whole* used to be when they gave little or nothing to the Lord. God seems to have encouraged the faith of His simple-minded children, by opening the windows of heaven as promised (under the Old Testament dispensation), and pouring out temporal blessings. They have honored Him with their substance, and He has "filled their barns with

plenty, and their presses burst out with new wine." "Take it quick, quick!" said a merchant, who had promised, like Jacob, to return to the Lord a tenth of all that He should give him, and found that it amounted to so large a sum that he said, "I cannot give so much"; and set aside a smaller amount; when his conscience smote him, and coming to himself, he cried: "What! can I be so mean? Because God has thus blessed me that I have this large profit, shall I now *rob Him* of His portion?" And fearing his own selfish nature, he made haste to place it beyond his reach, in the Treasury of the Lord; coming almost breathless to the pastor's house, and holding the money in his outstretched hand. [This was one of the private transactions witnessed and related to me by a former pupil, the wife of the pastor. And I was delighted to learn, from the same source, of the enthusiasm displayed by the Protestant women, in spinning, weaving, and knitting, to earn money for the support of their Koordish students, and for the "National School." This is even more hopeful, for the future, than the cutting off of jewels for chapel building, (an instance of which accidentally came to my knowledge, in a recent visit to a village, where, soon after entering the pastor's room, I saw a donkey come to the door, heavily laden with two great bags, which a couple of stout men, with evident effort, brought in. Approaching the sacks, I found that they were filled with copper coin, and to my inquiry, the pastor said: "They're the avails of ornaments contributed by the '*sisters*' to help build our new chapel!") . . . . The children of Hooeli contributed, at one of their meetings, sufficient to pay for the two pillars in front of the pulpit in the new house of worship; and nothing in my missionary life ever touched me more than to see those poor lambs of the

fold, giving, with great joy, the money which they had saved, or earned, as "A PRESENT TO JESUS!" instead of spending it for cheap sweetmeats or toys]. The Harpoot church has wholly supported its pastor since the year 1866.* In reply to inquiries made of Pastor Marderos by a missionary from another field, who fancied that there might be some undue pressure exerted to bring about such a result, he frankly said: "It comes as easily as this; if my people promise me six thousand piastres per year, it always amounts to seven thousand. They look out for my interests in various ways. One comes to tell me of wood or coal that can be procured cheaply, another of wheat and other provisions, in the market, at a reduced price, and so on; because they feel that I belong to them!" It is soul-cheering to see actually realized, not only in one—but many instances—the principles so long advocated in the Western Mission by Mr. Parsons, of Nicomedia, and Mr. Leonard, of Marsovan. The subject of self-support has, however, received much attention within the last few years from all

* At the present writing, the out-stations depending upon Harpoot alone are seventy-nine in number. Besides the two Training-schools and the Normal School at the city, numbering over one hundred pupils, there are eighty-eight common schools, with three thousand one hundred and twenty pupils; twenty-two churches, mostly self-supporting, with a membership of over eleven hundred (one hundred and twenty-six received on profession during the year). The entire number of pastors, preachers, teachers, and other helpers, is seven hundred and ninety-eight: and the amount of money contributed by the various Protestant communities for the support and extension of their own institutions, in this one field, during the last year, was $6,868. And the two churches trained by Mr. Walker at Diarbekir and Kutterbul—having a total of one hundred and twenty-eight members—with the Protestant community in the city, contributed for the Cause of Christ in 1866 the sum of $1,150 in gold, supporting all their own institutions, and aiding in active missionary work.

the members of that Mission, giving promise of greater advance in the future.

FINAL WORK, AND FAREWELL OFFERINGS.

The daily strength scarcely sufficed for the daily labor in the school-room, as the months went on; and many of those "Blessed Lessons" were followed by such extreme prostration, that, as I slowly crawled up to the quiet room on the roof, after a season of elevation which had made me unconscious whether, as the Apostle says, I was "in the body or out of the body," the words of the poet seemed very appropriate :—

> "Then down again to earth I fall,
> And from my low dust cry,
> 'Twas not in *my* wing, Lord, but THINE,
> That I got up so high!"

In view of leaving Armenia, with no expectation of a return, I was strongly impelled to gather up the instructions given to my pupils during the past years, and preserve them in a permanent form for their use in years to come. Such a work would prove a kind of Legacy and Love-token more precious than any other gift, since into it would go a part of my life, my very self! This was commenced, and occupied many hours of the Winter, but was laid aside for other labor till the Spring was well advanced. And then, certain hours of every day were devoted to what was entitled "Loving Counsels for the Christian Women of Turkey;" and the wife of Parson Marderos came over at those times, to aid in giving it the purest Armenian construction,* and to make a clean copy, at my dictation.

* Such aid is always requisite in foreign Missionary work of this kind. Noonia had lately completed an excellent translation of Dr.

This book was at first intended solely for those who had been under my instruction in the schools at Constantinople and Harpoot. But when Pastor Marderos and others learned of it, they desired that the scope of the work might be so enlarged as to take in *all* the Christianized Armenian women of the country; which was done. The work was completed, and submitted for criticism and approval to one of the missionaries, who, with Pastor Marderos, read it through a day or two before my departure; the latter expressing his pleasure and gratification with the language, the subject-matter, and the style. He repeatedly expressed his thanks, and the hope that it would prove very useful, and a great blessing to his countrywomen, among whom he should labor to have it widely circulated, as a "CHRISTIAN MANUAL," to aid them in their work for souls.

Goodell's Sermons, from Turkish into Armenian, without any aid or necessary revision by others; and B. Garabed, the young assistant in the Seminary (who aided in preparing the "Key to Open the Bible"), not long ago made an admirable translation of "Day's Algebra," in the Armenian language, for the use of the students.

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

LOVING COUNSELS

FOR THE

Christian Women of Turkey,

IN THE ARMENIAN LANGUAGE.

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* The "*Introduction*," printed in English, is a literal translation of the *Note* to Pastors, for the benefit of those missionaries who do not understand Armenian, but whose aid is sought in its circulation.

† LOVING COUNSELS TO THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN OF TURKEY is the title of a beautiful volume in the Armenian language, put in type and printed at the Tract House, New York. Copies of it have already reached their destination and begun their work. A letter just received from one of the lady missionaries at Constantinople expresses the warmest gratitude for this welcome addition to their short list of reading books, and describes their mode of using it—in Sabbath evening exercises, at each of which a few pages are first read, and then made the theme of free conversation between teacher and pupils. It promises to do a great work among the women of Asia, [two hundred of whom were trained in the Constantinople and Harpoot schools by the author] and rich returns are already coming in letters of the warmest gratitude, from those who have received and read the copies sent them (as a present), from their former teacher.—*American Messenger.*

The funds for the publication of this Armenian book were mostly contributed by benevolent friends; the largest sum, two hundred dollars, being given by Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and the next largest, one hundred dollars, by the Sunday-school of the First Presbyterian Church, Palmyra, New York.

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"Պէտք է մեզի՛ աւելի ուշադրութիւն տալ մեր լսած բաներուն, որ չըլլայ թէ երբեք պակսինք։"—Եբր. Բ. 1։

HEBREWS 2: 1.

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1874

July has come with its debilitating heat. The early morning ride upon the Hartpoot hills (after many a sleepless night), imparts fresh vigor for the new day. It is pleasant to pause upon those summits, and see the shepherds bringing out their flocks, some of the horned sheep have the immense tails mentioned by Herodotus, with the "little carriages" or frame-work upon wheels, to support the heavy burden, and delightful to offer the morning sacrifice where sacred thoughts, like angels, come appealing to our tent door, and we hear,

> "In each faint stirring of the breeze,
> God's voice among the trees."

The Annual Meeting of the Mission is convened in the rooms below; but I am in the midst of "packing" in the "prophets' chamber" upon the house-top, interrupted every now and then by a tap at the door: The faithful Maranos comes in with her heart too full for words; suddenly she slips a gold ring (engraven with her initials and my name) upon my finger, and saying, "Wear it all your life to remember me!" bursts into tears, and rushes to the window to control her feelings. Her history is one of many that would help to swell a volume beyond its proper limit. The first of a large family to find Christ, she suffered bitter persecution at their hands, till at last one after another had accepted Him for their Portion.

She had received some instruction at Arabkir, and was admitted to the school in Harpoot at the time of my arrival. Her expressive and intelligent face glowed with pleasure as she said, when giving me her welcome, "I prayed to the Lord for years, to send me to your school at Constantinople; but instead, He brought *you here!*" And once when I was sad and weary, she came to my room, and said, "I came to tell you,

for your encouragement, that if the Lord brought you here for nothing else, it must have been for me!" Her personal deformity (from curvature of the spine) prevented her marriage, and saved her for a work which few Armenian women were so well fitted to accomplish.

Next came Nazloo and her mother. Nazloo, always modest and retiring, could not say a word, but sat with the silent tears streaming down her cheeks. After a little conversation, her good mother remarked, "You are very busy, and we will not hinder your work. But Nazloo wishes to present you with a token of remembrance and love;" handing me a little package done up in tissue-paper and tied with gay ribbon. To my great surprise, it contained a pair of silver scissors, beautifully chased, and engraved with her name and my own; and a silver thimble, likewise engraved. "She wanted to give you something which would be often in your hands," said Briskigha, "and told her father to have the rim and plain part of the thimble made of gold. 'That will cost a great deal of money!' he said; and Nazloo answered, 'I don't care if it costs a hundred piastres, *for my teacher'!*"

And when they had left the room, she returned to whisper in my ear a secret—since I was going away: her daughter was about to be betrothed to a preacher—a young widower from another part of the field, who had been attracted by her usefulness in Christian work. This was news indeed concerning Nazloo! And as I continued the packing, my mind traveled back to the time when (as a day scholar) she was so unpromising and almost vicious that the missionaries frequently urged her dismissal from school. One day she had behaved worse than usual, disregarding the rules, coming to her class, after repeated calls, with sullen looks and stamping feet,

and was told to remain after school. When all had retired, I called her to my desk, and said, "Nazloo, I am distressed about you; I see that you have no love for your school, or for your teacher!" and as my eyes filled with tears, I hurried away and left her standing there. There was no school the next day, it being Saturday, but I received a note from Nazloo, — written in singular hieroglyphics, and with rather peculiar orthography (for she was in the primary class), but saying, "*I do love you*, Varzhoohi! Now to prove it, let me tell you that whenever, on Sundays, I have to stay at home to care for the baby, I always ask my mother whether the Varzhoohi was there; and if she says 'No,' then I am very anxious lest you are ill!"

From that day her conduct, and it seemed her character also, underwent an entire change. The knowledge that *her love was prized* seemed to have opened her heart as if by magic; and for the remaining two years of her pupilship she never needed reproof. Her love for the "Varzhoohi" was very marked (she often came over, from the other side of the city for a visit, and only wanted to hear the "loving counsels" which were frequently given in the five or ten minutes that intervened ere I was called to some other employment); and the frequency of her letters to Diarbekir, during my stay there, caused many a smile and pleasant remark from the Station postmaster. Her mind was not of the largest calibre, and her personal appearance was unprepossessing; one eye was blind, and her face was corrugated with the ravages of small-pox. But though excessively quiet and unpretending, Nazloo left the school to show an efficiency and persistent energy for which none of us had given her credit.

She gathered the children of the neighborhood into her

mother's kitchen, for a school-room, till it could contain no more. A room was then secured for her by the missionaries, and I found on my first visit sixty boys and girls learning to read, write, sing, and learn something of arithmetic and geography. As a disciplinarian, she was a marvel of success. There was no appearance of power; no outward show of any kind; but in some magical way her pupils had learned the difficult lesson of obedience. As the wife of a preacher of the Gospel in a distant town of Armenia, Nazloo is now filling a sphere of more widely extended influence.

Among the last of the many who brought their little farewell offerings was a company of twenty-six women who had been but a short time under instruction. Most of them were really very poor; having in their scanty wardrobe but two print dresses, and often going with bare feet. After saying a few parting words to each, I expected them to go, when one stepped forward, and in the name of all, presented me with a little offering, saying, "You are worthy of a better gift; but this is all we have to bestow. We have put our paras together to have it made, and we want you to eat your soup with it as long as you live! The Master reward you at the Last Day!" It was a silver soup-spoon, made by a native silversmith, with a basket of flowers embossed on one side of the handle, and on the reverse this inscription in Armenian—"From the (women) pupils of the Harpoot Female Theological* Seminary, as a token of remembrance, etc., etc." But all this was a wonderful turning of tables for a missionary! I remembered very well hearing a coarse but grateful village girl newly received into the Mission School at Hasskeuy, call out to her

* Since the other school rejoiced in that high-sounding title, they, too, must have it affixed to their own, it sounded so grandly!

companion, "Mariam, I am going to make the Varzhoohi a present!" And the reply, "Nonsense; what for do you make *her* a present? It is her place to make us presents!" And the experience of my predecessors, as well as my own (at the Capital), confirmed my conviction that the wisest course was to avoid everything in the way of temporal aid:—That the people might learn to look upon us only as Religious Teachers, and not be actuated by selfish motives. Nazloo had never received at my hands anything but love and teaching. And I had never seen a Turkish or Armenian lady, however rich, using other than a steel or iron thimble; and silver spoons (and scissors that would only cut paper!) were an unheard-of luxury. But the love and the gratitude embodied in those offerings, made them more precious than piles of that gold and silver which "perish with the using!" . . . . . It is hard to break away from ties that tug so powerfully at one's heart! . . . Kitoosh, the Bible woman at Diarbekir, writes, "Would that your America were Diarbekir! You would find much work to do for Christ." And after recounting the encouraging results of "our first work together in visiting from house to house, and persuading the women to learn to read the Bible for themselves," she adds, "We much desired your presence with us this Winter. The sisters do not forget your counsels. Again and again do they desire to hear them, for they love you much. . . . . If you see Mrs. Walker in America, remember us to her, with loving salutations. We cannot forget her. Her labors for us and her kindnesses were innumerable. The Lord be to her a support (a *back*) and a refuge, and comfort her under all circumstances. . . Pray for me—the weak one—that in the houses to which I go, and in the words I speak, I may be unceasingly useful. The Lord

be with you!" More than a year ago, a letter was received from the brethren at Diarbekir—signed by many names—begging the "Varzhoohi" to come and labor among their families; and offering, in the absence of a missionary home, to provide for my wants and care for my comfort in every possible way. The appeal was very affecting; and it cost a struggle to return a negative answer to those warm-hearted and needy souls, bereft of their missionary teachers.

The last word said, the last look given of those whom we might never again meet this side Heaven (alas! the eldest and the youngest of that dear circle of missionaries —Dr. Williams and Miss Warfield—with whom we had taken such sweet counsel, were not long to linger on earth), and we left the great company who had escorted us out of the City, and passed beyond the bounds of old Armenia. . . . . Our route to Constantinople lay over mountains infested with lawless bands of brigands; and the night after leaving Arabkir (where we spent the Sabbath and held meetings) we unwittingly tented by a village of robbers. In fact, some of them were employed as a guard; and after receiving their baksheesh, followed and intercepted us when but two or three hours out. Mr. Henry Schauffler (having come from Stamboul as a delegate to the Annual Meeting of the Eastern Mission) was my escort. He wore a Colt's revolver in his belt, and our three or four muleteers each carried a gun, and we had a footman as guard, who was well armed. Presently, while he was parleying in Koordish with the first of the marauding party, six horsemen, armed to the teeth, rushed out from a pass in the mountains and advanced upon us. A more fierce and wicked-looking set of men I had never seen; and who could tell what might be our fate at their hands in that desolate region! Not a word was

uttered (except by the guard and the scout), and shoulder to shoulder our men marched on, while the advancing party halted and surveyed our strength.

Suddenly the leader gave a signal, and quick as thought they darted into the deep defile of the mountain, leaving us to go on our way rejoicing at our escape. "Had they not been satisfied that you were genuine and not make-believe Franks," said the guard, "you would not have escaped so easily. But they were afraid of that *hat!*"—The English government follows up any insult shown to its subjects with great vigilance, and a whole village might have to suffer, even if the offenders were not caught!—"Keep close together," said the men, as we passed over other mountains, sometimes so steep of ascent that I dared not ride, and almost feared that my horse would topple over backward. There were fearful passes around rocky gorges, at such a height that it made one's heart stand still; and after we had descended, the guide would say: "Do you see those mountains with their heads in the clouds? Well, our path lies right over them!"—The selection of the route had been generously left to me; and with the knowledge of its dangers, this was chosen not only because it was cooler, but it also afforded an opportunity of visiting portions of the field not yet seen. At Divrick Mr. Schauffler went to the Governor to secure a mounted guard; and while sitting in the outer room of the pastor's house, I noticed that two of the children appeared very feeble. Mr. Schauffler had returned, and while talking with the father, kindly laid his hand upon the head of the infant, just brought in, not noticing the eruption upon its face, when I inquired the nature of the disease, and said to the young missionary, who was going home to his wife and four little children: "Take care! The child has the SMALL-

POX!" He started as if stung by a scorpion. "Why did you not tell me?" he sternly demanded of the preacher. And he, good man, laughed at the idea of any one being afraid of *small-pox!* But our quarters were quickly changed; and that evening we had a meeting here also with the little company of Protestant women belonging to that place.

A few days were spent at Sivas, where we found the work in a very low state, and an Armenian school for girls, taught by a "mistress" from France that "when they died that would be the end of them"; learning to dance, to trill operatic airs, and read translations of Voltaire's infidel works! Alas, alas! Thence to Yozgat; where, during the week, besides various meetings with the women, the brethren flocked to hear of the work in and around Harpoot; and from Yozgat to Cesarea, in Cappadocia, where a two or three weeks' stay with the Missionaries — Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, Mrs. Giles, and Miss Closson—showed a great field, and much work. I was particularly interested in the little village of Moonjasoon, where the Protestants had, in their "first love," built a gem of a chapel, now too small to accommodate the increased number; and the women, who seemed remarkably intelligent and spiritual, said, as I was leaving—after a night spent with them and a meeting to which the brethren begged to come, and were willing to take the seats behind the sisters while I told them of CHRIST'S WORK in Diarbekir and Harpoot —"We have been talking over how we can increase an interest in the cause of Christ among us; and are going to fine every sister who does not come to our weekly prayer-meeting, three piastres each time!"

In Cesarea, I found two of my former Constantinople pupils, one the wife of the pastor; and as at Yozgat, there was

a continual stream of callers, from noon until a late hour at night—helpers, brethren and sisters—to hear of the work at Harpoot. The Missionary families were spending the Summer at Talas, two hours from the city, and their accommodations were so limited that my resting-place at night was an alcove in the hall, with a sheet hung before it. The stable was on the other side, and an open sewer under the window; and with the snoring of two lusty Armenians at one end of the hall, and the constant companionship of tormenting fleas, sleep was almost an impossibility; and my already diminished vitality went down, down, day after day, to a very low ebb. But during the two weeks' stay, we visited several old Greek and Armenian monasteries bearing the names of St. John, and Basil, whose birth-place—as also that of "Gregory the Illuminator" was in that region; and the monks, with whom we conversed, were much surprised because I declined the offered cigarette, and rakee. Their questions about America, and concerning the pecuniary compensation received for our Missionary labors, showed an ignorance and a lack of capacity to comprehend such work only a shade less deplorable than that of many at home who pride themselves upon their broad culture and profound wisdom!

Mr. Schauffler had hastened to Stamboul, and on the return to Yozgat and thence to Marsovan, I made my first essay in a wheeled conveyance—a sort of Express-wagon sent out by the friends of Mr. Bartlett. There were no real roads, and often in crossing rough places, among the rocks, we all alighted, and with great tugging the wagon was brought through. One day Mr. Bartlett had just pointed out the narrow paths amid the brushwood of a mountain beyond the stream which flowed at our right, saying: "Those are the paths

by which the robbers come down and catch unwary travelers; for this is the most dangerous part of the road!" when, as we were leaning to the upper side of the wagon in going over a side hill, one of the wheels suddenly crushed under, and we were thrown over! A heavy trunk and other baggage fastened me down, and had the horses started, my position would have been perilous. With great difficulty we made our way to a neighboring Turkish town, where the people gathered around us in crowds, and while they were gazing and chattering over our strange appearance, all made way for a noble young Turk, who was a very Apollo for beauty! Tall, admirably proportioned, of fine classic features, dark eyes that shone with a mild lustre, and a brown curling beard of silky softness, with a dimple playing on his cheek as he spoke, adding to the expression of dignity and sweetness combined, as he bade us welcome, and offered us any assistance in his power.

He was evidently a person of rank and power, and his green turban bespoke him a lineal descendant of the Prophet.* The break-down delayed our journey, and our friends at Marsovan, who came out in great numbers to meet us for two successive evenings, were sorely disappointed. But what a welcome was that which we received, when, at ten o'clock of that Oc-

* The day after my arrival in the country, I started out with the company—fresh from America, after a thirty days' passage in the good barque "Sultana"—to visit the tomb of Polycarp on Castle Hill, in Smyrna. My dress, gloves, scarf, and veil were of the "orthodox color," the sacred green of the Turk, which none but the lineal descendants of Mahomet may wear. The walk proved very long; and when returning through the Turkish quarter (the nearest route) the stones flew so thickly and unerringly around my devoted head, that we all took refuge in speedy flight! It was my first experience of persecution, *not* for "righteousness' sake," but because I was literally *green!*

tober evening, chilled and exhausted, we found our way through the dark, dismal streets to the warmth and cheer of a Missionary home, where loving hands grasped ours, and tears were mingled with smiles, as memories of the past were revived at the sight of dear, familiar faces! . . . . . .

A few short weeks of tarrying with those friends afforded a fresh survey of their work—which had steadily been building upon the true foundations; the two Training-Schools preparing and yearly sending forth workers for all the adjoining fields. And, under the blessing of God upon Mrs. Leonard's increased attendance upon the sick, every house in the town, of both Armenians and Turks, seemed open to receive the Gospel; and many were led to accept the truth. Of the hundreds treated by this medically-untrained sister, for typhus and other fevers and diseases—*not one case* has been *lost!* The people think it almost miraculous, saying to Mrs. L., "Those whom *your hand touches* recover!". . . . . The last stage of the journey to old Stamboul was commenced, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Herrick, crossing the Black Sea in a Russian steamer. . . . . "Yes," said the portly Russian General who, with his staff, promenaded the deck, in conversation with the scholarly and faithful missionary—whose motto had ever been "Fidelity to Duty"—"Yes, if our Government should take possession of Turkey, every Missionary would be sent out of the country! for Russia will not tolerate any proselytising within her dominions!" And if she should, it might not be the worst thing that could happen to the Protestants, we thought; for the Gospel leaven has been widely diffused, and the Armenian Christians, if left to themselves and God, might develop and grow as did the Christians of Madagascar,

when hunted and persecuted till they dared not pray or read aloud, in their hiding-places, yet preserving the Word of God in their hearts, and daily increasing in strength and numbers: — And when, in the "fulness of time," that heathen government was swept away by the Hand of God, lo! a Christian Nation was born!

"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of ALL NATIONS, and KINDREDS, and PEOPLE, and TONGUES, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands: . . . . . These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb:—THEREFORE are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple, and He that sitteth on the throne, shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, or any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

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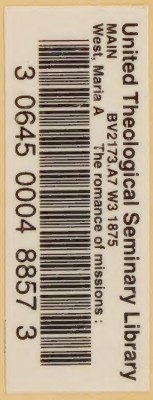

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